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THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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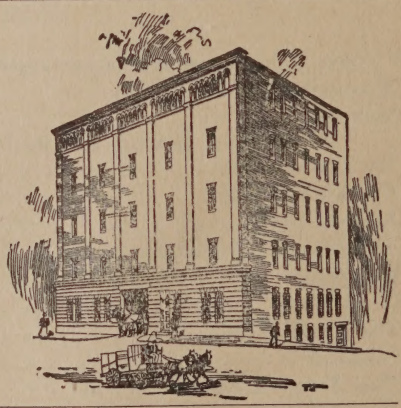

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 OCTOBER, 1897 NUMBER 1

"NEVER GO TO FRANCE UNLESS YOU KNOW THE LINGO"

I

IT was on the road from Salerno to Amalfi that I realized the absolute necessity of one of the party's knowing a foreign language. Salerno nestles in a little corner of the bay and has high mountains for its background. Leaving the town we began to climb the side of the precipice, along which the road extends high above the shore of the blue Mediterranean. Our barouche was not all that could be desired in the way of ease and elegance; our horse had been younger, once upon a time, but our driver had style enough to make up for all deficiencies. He was a young Italian dressed in an indescribable, picturesque fashion; the details of his garments are gone from my mind, with the exception of a broad red sash, which was doubtless quite as useful as it was ornamental; but he was beautiful to look upon, and we hoped that he would prove an agreeable companion. Could he speak English? A smile which showed two rows of white teeth was the answer to our question, and we understood that conversation with the man at the reins was impossible. Really though, we didn't want to talk with him, the scenery was sufficient for our intellectual and æsthetic needs. Mountains stretched away in far reaches of deeply notched peaks until they were lost in the distant sea-mist; little rocky islands which Odysseus himself may have visited were arranged in fascinating groups in the sea far below us. We couldn't converse; exclamation sufficed.

As we went on that sea seemed very far below us; the road was alarmingly near the edge of the cliff; the parapet didn't seem quite

so much of a protection as it had seemed at first. We were glad the driver couldn't speak English, he ought to give all his attention to the horse. It was quite fortunate that the horse wasn't young and skittish, and we were going up hill,—at least, a few minutes ago we were. Now we seemed to be on a down grade; that driver was very young and reckless; he mustn't drive so fast; we shall be pitched out; we must make him understand us. Thereupon the youngest member of the party shouted in entreating tones, "N'est-ce pas drive so fast." Again, in higher key her voice arose, "N'est-ce pas drive so fast." No slackening of the speed, and once more she tried. This time she shrieked, "N'est-ce pas drive so fast!" The driver stopped his horse, and, looking round, assured us by signs that he quite understood our fright, and the horse walked the rest of the way to Amalfi.

II

Traveling with a trunk in Italy is very expensive. All baggage is weighed and the tourist pays for every "kilo" that he doesn't carry in his hands. Sometimes, if certain pieces of baggage are not wanted at once they are sent on to the next stopping-place by slow-freight, or, as the Italians call it, "piccola velocita." I give you this bit of explanation that you may understand the meaning of the foreign phrase.

"My husband and I are going to drive to San Miniato this afternoon and we should be very pleased if you would join us." This invitation was given me by a charming gray-haired English lady who sat next to me in the dining-room of the pension at Florence.

Soon after two o'clock we were rolling rapidly through the queer, narrow streets which lead to the avenue winding in broad loops up the hill-side. How delicious the air was! Many trees were in blossom; others were in their first soft green foliage; on every side something new and beautiful caught my eye. I was so absorbed that I forgot that I was not alone. Then I heard a voice speaking to me, and I understood these words, "I always feel a trifle nervous in driving out with my husband, because he has been in forty-two accidents." Perhaps if my friend had confided this fact to me when

she invited me I might have decided that I wanted to climb those heights on foot. Forty-two accidents! When might the forty-third be expected? Somehow there were fewer delightful views near the top of the hill than I had seen when at the foot. How steep the road was! What sudden turns those loops made! I wondered if the carriage had a brake; if there was a hospital in Florence where strangers with broken bones were taken care of. In short, I lost sight of the delightful present and saw only a possible gloomy future, which seemed a very near and probable future for a few moments. Then I recovered my wits. I knew that what we dread seldom materializes, and I allowed the charm of the time and place again to take possession of me, and I enjoyed every moment until the time came for us to retrace our journey down the hill. The horses knew that they were going home; the road was admirably smooth and even; the wheels flew round and round; and the descent was indeed easy. Faster and faster we circled down the hill. My friends grew alarmed. "Tell the fellow to go slower, can't you?" I tried. "*Piccola velocita!*" I shouted, feeling that we wanted to be slow freight; "Piccola velocita, s'il vous plait!" But my words had no effect. Evidently the driver did not understand my wider application of the phrase. What should I say! I knew there was a right word—but what was it? Suddenly I remembered that the word I wanted had a musical association. Was it adagio? Was it presto? No—it was *Piano,* and I screamed fortissimo, "Piano! Piano! Piano!" and the forty-third accident did not happen that afternoon.

M. P. F.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—It would be a great help to THE SAGAMORE if pupils would patronize the firms which advertise in the school paper. Such patronage would be the best proof of our paper's value and show the advertisers that they have not taken space in our columns in vain. Only houses which are first-class and reliable in every respect are represented. *Please mention The Sagamore.*

MOONLIGHT

The night was crowned with starlight,
All earth was cool and still,
Save where the sea waves lapped the shore—
And danced and dipped their fill.

Afar the ocean trembled,
As silent rose the moon,—
A path of shining silver light,
Stretched ever-broadening on.

The rocks were lighted dimly
With shadows deeper grown,
But no sound broke the stillness *there*,
No human eye looked on.

No eye looked on that beauty
Save God's all-seeing gaze,
His presence glorified the night
Into a thousand days.

H. R. J., '98.

SKETCHES

I

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

DEEP in the heart of the White Mountains lies a peaceful lake whose guardian angel is the "Great Stone Face." All about is perfect silence as if even nature stood in awe at that wonderful head which she herself, in past ages, chiseled from the massive rocks. There is not a ripple in those blue waters, there is scarcely a moan among the swaying pines. As you stand on the opposite shore and look across the lake at that sculptured face way up on the side of the mountain, you too are silenced by its strength and majesty. You start to go away and involuntarily you turn back to

take one more look. You gaze at it, fascinated by its mystery; the simple-minded Indian, cutting his way through the primeval forests, when he came upon this great stone face fell down and worshipped it as a god. ———, '98.

II

RETRIBUTION

A tall woman was bending over the old well-sweep. Her bony hand hung over the rim ready to grasp the slimy bucket. As it finally came up, thumping and grating on the wooden sides, she paused before grasping it and gazed down almost fascinated into its dark depths. All she saw was her own plain face seamed and wrinkled by years of toil and temper. She lived all alone; those nearest her were dead, and more distant relatives had years ago deserted her, and had gone as far from the little cottage as they possibly could. She had no pet, few friends, and the world beyond her own gate was distasteful to her.

The little house in the winter twilight looked cold and forlorn. A neighbor's cat creeping around one of its gloomy corners caught sight of the grim, silent figure at the well and fled. The old woman suddenly shivered and raised her head. Then she filled her pitcher and hobbled back to the house; but even as she passed, silhouetted against the fading sky, her stooping shoulders seemed to have added ten to their burden of years. ———, '98.

III

A SUMMER MORNING

It was a warm, sunny morning in July; the boys and girls had all gone sailing, leaving me comfortably stretched out in the hammock, with a soft pillow at my head, and a stupid novel open in my lap.

"Oh, what a lovely day," I said, half aloud. My eyes wandered from my book away—away to the sunny fields; to the dusty road beyond; to the gentle slope of hill, growing rugged and rocky as it neared the coast, and then, off to the right, the blue, rippling harbor, dotted with white sail boats.

Not far off were the sunshiny fields where the men were at work, cutting the grass with their noisy, clicking machine. Only yesterday, the children brought home quantities of wild strawberries that they had found in the fields, and now I imagined I smelt the fragrant berries, as the reapers cut them down so ruthlessly.

Not a carriage, nor even a person was in sight along the roadside, white with dust. It was too hot for pleasure exercise.

I looked across the road, beyond the summer cottages, to the little slope of grass where it rose to meet the rockier coast. A white-capped nurse with her young charges was sitting on the rocks overlooking the harbor. The soft sea-breezes played with the maid's white frills and apron-strings, and warned the little ones to hold on to their hats.

The harbor looked so pretty that morning! The pale sky lent to the water a deep azure blue, which contrasted well with the white sails moving over it. Yes, it was all beautiful—beautiful. I closed my eyes a minute; could it be that I was sleepy? The houses all around blinked in the sunlight; the locusts sounded lazy and dull; the bees and butterflies buzzed drowsily by me; the hammock swayed gently to and fro; my eyes closed again, and—I was—asleep. ———, '98.

IV

THE STORM

The winds shrieked. The forked lightning, as it flashed o'er the ocean, revealed watery mountains leaping heavenward; and crashing thunder rëechoed through the chaos of the deep. Sea-birds flapped mid the whirling air, and sought refuge with wild, dismal cries of confusion; the beasts on the shore rushed back terror-stricken to the forest; the mighty monarchs of the woods, their branches shivering ominously, bowed and submitted to the furious tempest; women shrieked and prayed; men shuddered.

The storm king was wielding his mighty sceptre and all earth bent in fear at his feet. ———, '98.

MY SUMMER GIRL

I met her at Bar Harbor, at Newport, and the Pier;
And still I hold remembrances that will be ever dear.
First at gay Bar Harbor I saw our summer girl,
Her gay and dashing manner put my head all in a whirl:
But alas! In her big bucket I seemed one little drop.
Ted Cushing was before me, he took her to the hop;
Then Baron de Chateau saw her, with him she'd always walk,
While Freddy Bonde was always near with his eternal talk.
Again at Newport on the sands, or sporting in the tide,
I saw her as a mermaid now, Lord Flatdale at her side;
Then in the drag of Count Wilhelm, why should she always ride?
I felt so wild and angry that I thought of suicide!
But go and blow my brains out, and so give up my prize?
No! I'd live a little longer, and not publish my demise.
At last down in Rhode Island, at Narraganset Pier,
I saw again my summer girl with her admirers near,
Again in golf and tennis the others had their way—
But the fight's not always to the strong nor race to the swift, they say,
For one day I took her sailing, and, as we cut the waves,
I popped the question,—that to me is still the day of days;
For when she heard of my despair and all my jealousy,
She simply said, "You took some time in telling this to me."

J. T. F., '98.

THE LIGHT-TENDER

BEFORE the light-ship was stationed by the government near Ram Reef in Fisher's Island Sound, the Stonington Steamship Company used to hire a fisherman to anchor his boat off the reef and keep a signal burning aboard all night.

It was a good many winters ago, when the weather was much colder than it is now, that a Noank fisherman was employed by the company in this capacity. On a chill December night of that year the facts that I am going to relate occurred.

About seven o'clock the fisherman set out from Noank in his old dory, carrying a heavy ulster and extra blankets, as he feared a cold night. His smack was soon reached, for it was only about a mile and a half from Noank. He trimmed his wicks, lighted his lanterns, after seeing that each one was well-filled, enclosed them in the huge glass case which protected them from the wind, and hoisted them up onto a stout mast erected for the purpose. Then, after putting on his ulster, although he never slept at night, he lay down at the foot of the ladder leading into the tiny cabin of the "Nancy," and pulled a heavy gray blanket up over him. For about half an hour he read by the glare of the lanterns some newspapers that he had brought with him. Then he piled over him all the extra wraps and blankets that he had on board, for the temperature was fast going down, and the wind was keen and piercing. The waves, too, were rising now and lashed angrily against the little craft. An hour more passed while he lay there shivering with the chill, and not moving lest an icy draught find its way through the blankets.

What must that night have been when this man, hardened by habit to all kinds of weather, suffered with the cold!

God forbid shipwrecks at such a time!

At ten o'clock the lonely man jumped up, stamped his feet until they stung, flung his arms from side to side, and even slapped his face with a vigor that brought tears to his eyes.

And yet, slowly, gradually, his whole body was growing numb with cold. His very breath congealed as it left his mouth; and the spray dashing up onto his clothing froze into clusters of diamonds. He snatched the blankets, pressed them to his side, but dropped them rattling with ice to the deck, for they sent a chill through his very bones.

Hark!

Crunch! crunch! crunch!

He gave a mighty cry of despair; too well he knew the meaning

of that fatal sound. For the moment he was crazed by cold and horror, and he welcomed with joy an idea that he was going to hell. "Everlasting fire!" he cried aloud with insane glee and relish. "Fire! Flames! hot flames!" he repeated eagerly, and with a mad shriek he pitched forward in a faint to the deck. The shock of the fall seemed to bring him to his senses, for he quickly rose and leaned over the rail of the "Nancy" to behold what he too well knew was there.

Ice had begun to form around the boat, and once in a while pieces would break off and a slight lurch of the bark would cause her to strike them and occasion the crunching noise he had heard. Very slowly the ice increased, grew heavier and heavier, and almost imperceptibly but surely the "Nancy" began to sink. The ice was weighing her down.

By this time the light was very dim, for the frost had gathered so heavily on the panes as to deaden the rays from the lanterns.

The little dory pathetically clung to her larger companion. The gradually forming ice was kept off her by her violent tossings on the waves, while the smack was held firmly in position by two anchors.

Suddenly there rang out a cry of anguish. It was repeated twice, three times; but the rush of the wind and the roar of the waves swallowed it, and no answering voice rose and fell on the vibrating gale. Two inches more and the thirsty sea would be eagerly foaming over the "Nancy."

The light-tender hurriedly lowered the case of lanterns, rubbed the frost off the glass as well as he could with his bare hands, and raised the signal, now shining brightly, to its place again.

An occasional wave leapt into the boat. But he no longer felt any pain except mental torture.

The boat gave a sudden plunge downward, the water poured in; then, urged by an instinctive love of life, he jumped into the dory, whipped out his knife, and, with a hasty cut, severed the rope, and was freed from the sinking "Nancy."

The smack struggled like a dying animal, but in vain; and tears stood in the fisherman's eyes, and a lump rose in his throat as the boat sank out of sight, and the last flicker of light disappeared.

He had tasted death!

The tossing waves bore him up — then down, for hour after hour; and he sat there awaiting his fate.

The most agonizing thoughts whirled through his brain. Several times he was seized with a wild desire to hurl himself overboard and escape his terrible anguish, but each time the thought — the hope that he might survive, conquered his impulse, and he again clung to the side of the dory, almost frozen to the seat.

All his clothes were stiff with frozen spray; his beard, eyebrows and hair were masses of icicles; and he had to keep his hands under the water that they might not freeze. His eyes alone defied the bitter touch of that bitter night.

If he should drift past Fisher's Island, out through Long Island Sound and into the endless sea!

What was that? A gleam of light! 'Twas the fateful dawn which was to decide whether land were near, or ocean stretched its dismal waste as far as eye could reach.

He pulled his icy garments from the seat, stood up and strained his eyes for a sight of land. Suddenly he gave a cry of hope, for a low stretch of shadow lay ahead; but to the left of it the early dawn showed only the desolate water.

Would the tide drift him past that point onto the merciless ocean?

With a gasp of horror he noted that the bow swerved slowly to the left. He had been given one glimpse of the safety that he might not reach.

He stretched out his hands toward the shore, raised his voice, shouted with all his strength for help; and shortly a solitary figure came running down to the water's edge and answered his cry. The fisherman, with a last hope, leapt into the water as it churned about the dory, and struck out toward the sandy stretch. Long he battled with the raging surf, but at last, thank God! a strong hand grasped his, and he was safe.

But the dory was fast disappearing on the misty ocean; and the "Nancy" lay at the bottom of the Sound.

——, '98.

A GREAT BORE

I'm sick and tired of waking up,
  At seven every day!
Of hearing that old bell peal out
  "It's late! Come, hurry, Ray!"

I'm sick of putting on my shoes,
  And giving them a "shine!"
I'm tired of patting down my hair,
  And trying to look fine.

I wish you'd tell me how it is
  I'm always last down stairs;—
When with the Bible father waits,—
  A bother are those prayers!

A useless waste of words, I think,
  To say "Good morning, Ma!"
What earthly good does all this do?
  How foolish people are!

Oh, why can't there be something else
  To do than go to school?
The teachers are an awful bore,
  And my best girl is cool.

What fun in life is there for one
  Who each night sits up late—
To study! cram! to peg and learn
  Those lessons he does hate?

And then to go to bed "done up,"
  Dead tired and sleepy too;—
Oh, tell me somewhere else to go,
  Where life has something new.

———, '98.

THE RISE OF J. PORTER STONE

THE career of J. Porter Stone, "public speaker and lecturer," had not been a success thus far, either in large audiences, long notices in the papers, or heavy profits. Something must be done and that very soon. A glance into the desk of J. Porter Stone showed that in the carefully sorted piles of bills those unpaid far outbalanced those receipted. It was to this mournful fact that J. Porter Stone called the attention of his friend Spencer Trask, who had dropped in for a call. Trask eyed the bills for a few minutes and then fell into a deep meditation, while J. Porter Stone paced the room, alternately rumpling his hair or kicking the chairs out of his way. At the end of some fifteen minutes both Trask's meditation and Stone's patience came to an end. Trask jumped up and smiled at the mirror, while Stone sat down and scowled at the unlucky bills. "Well!" said Trask, cheerfully, "Well!" said Stone, lugubriously. "Give me a ticket to your lecture tonight in Huntingdon Hall on Modern Education, will you?" said Trask. Stone complied, his eyes meanwhile still fascinated by that awful heap of bills, and the reflections called up by them. "S' long, old chap, and don't despair ; do your best tonight and we'll fix things yet!" came from half way down the stairs, and Spencer Trask was gone. Half mechanically J. Porter Stone got ready and went to deliver his lecture to the discouraging few who came out to hear him.

The next morning Spencer Trask came dancing in, holding a copy of the Morning Tribune in his hand. "Read!" he exclaimed, and pointing to a certain column he thrust the paper into Stone's hands. Stone took it and seeing it had to do with his lecture the night before, wondered why so much space was used in mentioning his speech. Then he read it through. It was signed S. T., and proved to be a violent attack on his lecture on Modern Education. "Humph!" said he, "you're a pretty fellow; why didn't you come and tell me alone what you thought, rather than go and put all this stuff in the paper? Why, it will be all over town in the newspapers before night! You'll be the ruin of me yet!" "Ruin! you great idiot," roared Trask. "It will be the making of you! Don't you see?"

he continued. "Everybody on hearing of, or reading such a furious tirade as that, will want to hear your lectures, and buy copies of them. The greater part of the human race, my son, are like children who always want to do what they are told not to do and read what is condemned. Now go and make arrangements with the publishers, and then come and tell me how you succeed." "Not before I show you some token of my gratitude!" returned Stone, and seizing Trask he whirled him about the room, amid a magnificent fortissimo of falling chairs, books, bric-a-brac, etc. J. Porter Stone then went to the printers and hurried back, after being buttonholed by a dozen or so reporters who all inquired about his lectures and his prospects, meanwhile making pen pictures of him for their next editions, in which he figured as being both tall and short, fat and thin, dark and light, or quick and slow. In one paper he was a rising country orator, in another, the product of the city; some condemned his speech and ridiculed him, while others called it the best of modern times, and him the Cicero of the United States. All abused one another.

That evening the hall was packed and J. Porter Stone received an ovation he had never before experienced. The next day a steady stream of managers for lecture bureaus called on him, and insurance agents whose number was legion. The first edition of his lectures was exhausted and more were demanded. He was at last on the flood tide of popular favor. In all the large cities he was heard with marked success, and it is noted by people who have carefully observed his ways that usually he seeks a short, jolly looking man at the close of each lecture and affectionately grasping his hand introduces him as "Mr. Trask, who first made J. Porter Stone an assured success." V. T. F., '98.

W. W. Aechtler, formerly of this school, has opened the bicycle store at 5 Harvard street (Ward's store). Why not help him out, boys, if you should want anything in the bicycle line?

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 15 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, Austin Parker, 46 Vernon Street, Brookline.

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Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

SCHOOL again! Some are glad to begin study once more and some — a very small minority we hope — are not. But notwithstanding our wishes, school has commenced and most of us must buckle down to hard work. We must brag with Caesar of his bravery and his Gaul instead of boasting as to how far we can swim; we must imagine ourselves among the gods with Virgil instead of guessing the length of the fish we dropped overboard; or we must declaim with Cicero instead of shouting ourselves hoarse over base-ball. Alas! What a change! THE SAGAMORE trusts, however, that the first despondency caused by a return to work has passed away, and that therefore articles will come in thick and fast — to say nothing of subscriptions.

The Sagamore extends a hearty welcome to the entering class of 1901, and bids them bear in mind that the "high and mighty" Seniors were themselves once Freshmen. Let them reflect that in a short — or long — four years, they too will be filling the breasts of an entering class with envy. But before they shall reach the lofty heights of "seniorism" we sincerely hope that they will take advantage of the many privileges of our Brookline High School and profit by them. Among these privileges we call special attention to the school paper.

The Sagamore is edited principally for the benefit of the members of the school, on whom it is to a large extent dependent. For although there are many outside subscribers, yet it is the boys and girls of the B. H. S. who should be chiefly interested in The Sagamore, and they are the ones who can make it interesting. Thus we urge the new class as well as the old ones to give us their strongest support in the line of subscriptions and contribution of manuscript, that we may keep The Sagamore up to the high standard of former years.

Both last year and already since school has commenced this term, many expressions of discontent have been heard concerning the lunch-counter. Five and ten minutes of our precious recess-time are often wasted while crowds stand about the counter in the lower corridor shouting to be waited on. It is really exasperating to be within a few feet of the lunch — so near, but still so far — and yet wait such a long time to be served. Tantalus, to use a choice phrase, "isn't in it." It seems to us that this evil might easily be remedied if there were only one or two more attendants than formerly. Can there not be some improvement in this way, proprietors of the lunch-counter? Time is money. Ten minutes and four cents is too big a price for a coffee roll.

The Sagamore is out early this year. Hitherto November has been the first issue. Let us hope that the early bird may catch the subscription worm.

NEWS NOTES

Line up!

Freshman to senior — "Think you're smart, don't you?"

Miss Johnson has added to her English work German I. and II.

Ellen B. Townsend of 1901 has been chosen class editor on THE SAGAMORE board.

Attention! Latin pupils! Remember as you grind, that Latin is the root — not of all evil — but of all languages.

The First Greek class tests the seating capacity of the recitation rooms to their utmost. It consists of three students.

We beg to remind the members of the school that the contribution box on the door of THE SAGAMORE room is always hungry.

Mr. Packard has added first mathematics to his cares this season, and has already begun amusing the classes in physics with his witty sayings.

Sousa's band is to be one of the attractions at the Food Fair in October. We advise all who have never heard the "March King" to take advantage of this opportunity.

Miss Frye, back again on her native shore, is to take charge of the younger classes this term, as it is thought that they need some experienced teacher to "mother them."

Mr. Wilson has again kindly consented to coach the Football Team this fall. Ex-Captain Wrightington and Sam Lewis, Harvard, 1900, may also help occasionally.

The subscription papers for the football team have been started on their rounds in the respective class rooms. Here is a good chance, boys and girls, to show your loyalty to the B. H. S.

Mr. Sanford has been trying a new plan for seating pupils in the hall. The first boy or girl who enters passes to the left, the second to the right, and so on. This method seems to prevent confusion in the aisles, but — friends manage to get together.

A senior hurrying by the kindergarten the other day saw an elderly lady looking about the corridor with a most bewildered expression. "Can I do anything for you, madam?" he asked, and was intensely amused when she replied, "I want to get out and I can't find the way!" We had never regarded the school as a labyrinth before.

C. D. Gibson has many admirers in Room 10.

Mr. Wilson spent his summer at West Falmouth.

Miss Adams teaches French, German and Mathematics this term. Quite a variety.

Mr. Hodgdon is to teach Greek and Latin this year. Here's success to him!

Sigh from the senior class room — "If conflicts were bicycles we would all take a ride."

During the month of August Miss Tomlinson was at Sandwich, N. H., near the White Mountains.

Miss Hartwell dominates over Room 19 this year, and her red ink marking process has begun already.

Look among the snap-shots you took this summer. You may find one that will win a prize in the Camera Club contest.

Miss Frost has left Room 19, and this year the pupils of 12 are to hear her watchword beginning, "Thoughtlessness is selfishness —"

Many of Miss Goodwin's old pupils note her absence this term with much regret. Miss Goodwin did not spend the summer abroad as she intended.

Molly Seely, Marion Holden and May Boody, who have given up their plans of attending Smith College, will probably return to take special courses at the High School.

Charles Kellogg and Hal Channing went abroad this summer and are to remain in Europe a year. The other day Mr. Sanford read to the senior class a very interesting note from the latter.

The Brookline police recommend that a room with a lock be provided for bicycles at this school. We agree with them, for it might not be convenient to have some one borrow one's wheel and forget to return it.

The senior class, at the suggestion of Miss Tomlinson, have organized themselves as a club to see after the welfare of the room. Miss Tomlinson is president of the club and a committee of four were chosen to frame a code of regulations for the room and to confer with her in all matters which might arise. The members of the committee are: Edith Plummer, Helen Adams, Austin Parker and Harold Bynner.

The white trimmings on the High School are a great improvement.

The photograph of the last year's basket ball team has been hung in the lower corridor.

Miss Tomlinson has left the office and now has charge of Room 10, where she is very popular.

Miss Paige has fallen heir to the former duties of Miss Tomlinson as secretary in the office.

A recent visitor to the school was Mr. John Sparkes, principal of the Government Art School at South Kensington, England.

1901 is the largest entering class that the B. H. S. has ever opened her arms to receive. It numbers over one hundred and fifteen.

We understand that May Lewis, Marion Sharp, Freda Sawyer, Madeleine Rogers and Marjorie Bouvé, graduates of '97, left for Smith College the last of September.

The hours assigned to the High School girls for instruction in swimming are from two to five on Thursday afternoons. Both the Misses Street will be there to give lessons.

When Mr. Sanford left Brookline last June, he went at once to New Haven to his tenth reunion at Yale. The remainder of his summer was spent in Redding Ridge, Conn.

Now that '97 has gone, '99 and 1900 will have to show more interest than they did last year, or THE SAGAMORE will be entirely a '98 affair. Let us hear from you, too, 1901.

Miss Weir and Miss Chamberlin returned home from their trip to Europe a few days after school began. Miss Weir brought home with her for the Art Department in the High School about a hundred and fifty dollars worth of photographs showing the development of art from the time of the Greek vase to that of the Renaissance.

Questions :—

Is the mandolin club to be started again?
Will there be any afternoon cooking class for '98 girls?
Who is going to be on the Football Team?
Are there going to be any more bicycle racks?
Who will form the Gamma Chapter of the Tau Beta Beta?
"Who is so unprincipled" as not to subscribe for THE SAGAMORE?

Chemistry with Mrs. Norton has been added to the requirements of the sub-classicals in the senior class.

Mr. Cole has lately been trying individual voices. Perchance he has found a budding Melba or an embryo De Reszke.

On account of the growing number of pupils, Room 11 has been changed into a class room for some members of '99. Miss Johnson has charge of it.

George Stillman, '97, has not changed his mind, for he still prefers blue to crimson. In other words, he is going to attend Yale this year. We expect to hear of him before long on the "Varsity eleven."

There are three sets of twins in the entering class. Although the teacher of one of the sets acknowledges that she can not tell them apart, she indignantly denies a rumor to the following effect: Miss ——, —sic Fama dicit — placed one of the twins in a seat in the front of the room, while his double was assigned a desk in the rear. Then by associating each boy's name with his desk she thought she might soon learn to distinguish them. The other day, however, the twins changed places and Miss ——— was astounded in her Latin class to hear the rear-desk twin respond to the front-desk name. Complicated, isn't it? What will she do now?

THE B. H. S. CAMERA CLUB

OF the prizes offered last year by the Camera Club three were taken by Lowell Clapp, '98, and two by Gardiner Rogers, '98. The photographs will be exhibited during the next month in the lower corridor.

This coming year several informal talks on developing, printing, different kinds of paper, etc., will be given to members of the club by Mr. Packard. These talks will be illustrated by experiments. Also during the year a number of prizes will again be offered. More specific notice of these will be given later.

All pupils in the school, either who own or have the use of a camera, should join the club. Membership fee is one dollar annually.

MAUDE DUTTON, '98, *Secretary.*

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

AT a meeting held soon after the reopening of school, Austin A. Parker, '98, and S. Henry Skilton, '98, were elected captain and manager, respectively, of the football team of '97.

Captain Parker has issued a call, and about thirty candidates are expected to report for practice on Monday, Sept. 20.

In spite of the natural tendency to be somewhat discouraged over the loss of several of the school's best players and the apparent lack of weight in this year's material, there seems to be plenty of sand left and it is very probable that Capt. Parker will be able to turn out a team that will be a credit to the Brookline High.

But good support is necessary for the success of any team, and every person in the school, boy or girl, can do his or her share towards assisting ours. Money must be had and contributions will be gratefully accepted by the managers. Support on the field is another very important item, and it is to be hoped that the school's reputation for *gentlemanly*, but earnest "rooting" will be upheld during the coming football season.

GOLF

From present indications, golf bids fair to become one of the most important branches of athletics in the school. Enough interest in the game has already been shown this fall to warrant the formation of a golf association, and a team representing the Brookline High will undoubtedly be competing with other schools in the vicinity, by the middle of October. The public course at Franklin Park will probably be adopted as the "home" links. It is a fine course and quite convenient, being but a short bicycle ride through the Parkway.

The first event will be an open tournament, for four medals, presented by the Fisher Hill Golf Club, beginning Sept. 20. The competition will be held at Franklin Park, and should be a success, judging from the number of entries received.

The entries: S. T. Strickland, G. Runkle, W. Richmond, E. Morse, R. Atherton, S. Cutler, S. P. Macomber. B. C. Lancy, C. L. Perkins, J. Nelson Manning, M. H. Smith, W. Crocker, R. Crocker, G. R. Ainsworth, W. Tuckerman, C. Holwill, A. Monks.

CARROLL L. PERKINS, *Sporting Editor.*

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

A small Brookline boy had been sent by his mother to inquire about a schoolmate who had been taken suddenly ill, measles being suspected. He returned in great haste and said, "Philip is awfully sick. He has come down with a sudden crash!"

Senior—"What do you think is the diameter of the clock?"
Junior—"I should say over eight feet, anyhow."
Senior—"I am inclined to think you've overrated it."

Why are a vase of flowers and a stick of candy alike?
Because they are both a centerpiece.

An outsider said that the Brookline High School had a good deal of principle.
Well! Mr. Sanford isn't a small man.

He—"I should know that girl had been in bathing."
She—"How?"
He—"Why, don't you see the wave in her hair."

A picture of "Vesuvius in Eruption" adorned the playroom of a six-year-old boy. One day an uncle visiting the room stopped before the picture and asked the lad what it was. He was slightly surprised when the little fellow replied, "A Serious Interruption."
The people of Pompeii might agree with him.

That once sporty class of ninety-seven,
Will surely be missed on our foot-ball eleven,
But the Seniors are waiting till early spring-time,
When they hope to turn out a famous ball nine.
The Juniors, too, are in it for sports,
For they hope to excel the swell "noughty-noughts."

G. C. O., '00.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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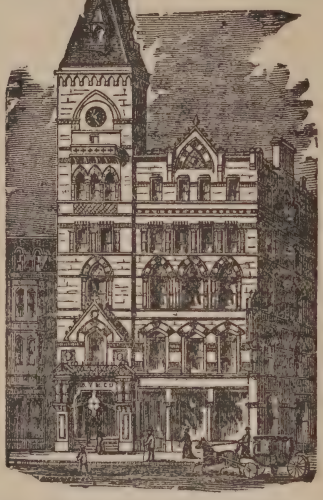

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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NOVEMBER
1897

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 NOVEMBER, 1897 NUMBER 2

FOOT-BALL

BROOKLINE boys are not slow to take pride in their physical welfare. They have seen brothers and companions of a few years back develop into young men of sound physique, and are not willing to be surpassed in this particular. Every boy should strive to grow broad-shouldered and deep-chested. The old Puritan days, when boys had to chop wood and clear land, made hard muscles and rugged constitutions, and our forefathers are to be envied by many of us. A wholesome pride in one's development is the first requisite for a good constitution.

Perhaps this pride, in some measure, accounts for the sight which greets passers, these pleasant autumn afternoons, of boys in stout clothing, on more than a dozen triangles and playgrounds about town, kicking and chasing a leather ball and calling out numbers more or less intelligible. A few bumps and black-and-blue spots do these boys no harm, while the activity and fresh air are of bodily profit.

Foremost among Brookline High School foot-ball teams of the last three years stands, perhaps, the team of ninety-four. Ten games were played and not one of them lost. Only one team, Malden High, succeeded in scoring, and that on poor grounds. 178 points were won, and 6 lost. English High School was defeated, 16–0; and Boston Latin School, 18–0. This team, of which the shield in the lower corridor is a familiar memento, was the winner of the Junior League. Seldom is a school team so well knit together as was this. Every player was loyal to the others, and all of fine spirit. The captain received hearty support from players and members of the school alike.

The teams of ninety-five and ninety-six were creditable ones, particularly the latter, which was, up to the last game, a possible, I might say a probable, winner of the Senior League.

This year the team feels the loss of most of last year's members. Changes always bring regrets, yet they should bring also a welcome for the new players who are to take the places of the old.

Our foot-ball teams are fortunate in having a playground near at hand, and lockers, and other conveniences in the school-building; while the Natatorium gives all boys an opportunity of learning how to dive, an excellent practice for the foot-ball player.

Foot-ball is a good game for healthy and rugged boys. It should teach them to take a knock without crying, to keep their tempers, to obey without question, to think and act simultaneously, and the exercise which comes with the game, if properly conducted, should do much toward developing boys into healthy men.

Let me suggest, in closing, for the approval of "SAGAMORE" readers who are interested, a foot-ball team:—

A. C. Morse, '97, l. e.; F. B. Talbot, '96, l. t.: O. D. Talbot, '97, l. g.; F. R. Hutchins, '97, c.; Morse, '95, r. g., Captain; W. W. Aechtler, '96, r. t.; S. W Lewis, '96, r. e.; E. L. Parker, '96, q. b.; G. S. Stillman, '97, F. H. Cook, '96, h. b.; W. B. Boyce, '97, f. b.

G. B. WILSON.

What are we coming to when even that keen observer, Mr. Packard, "gets twisted" as regards those IV Class twins? Last Friday, said instructor descended from his sky parlor to keep a study-hour in Room 13. Maybe some great invention was just budding in his fertile brain, for the ceaseless flitting about of Twin No. 1 seemed to irritate him exceedingly. At last in short, sharp tones he requested the Twin "to take his seat and keep it until the end of the period." Then again our worthy instructor was lost amid cube roots, specific gravity and rays of light. Suddenly he heard a "thump thump"—it was not a piston going up and down, no, it was footsteps nearing the desk. Mr. Packard looked up hastily, sprang from his seat with these words, "Did n't I tell you not to leave your seat." A bewildered look came over the small boy's face, then a smile broke forth as he answered, "Please sir, I'm not my brother."

"MEIN HERZ ICH WILL DICH FRAGEN"

[A Translation.]

My heart, I fain would ask you
What is this love you keep?
"Two souls with but one purpose,
Two hearts with but one beat."

And tell me whence love cometh—
"One does not know from where,"
And tell how does it vanish?
"It ne'er, forsooth, was there."

And when is love the purest?
"When self, forgotten, sleeps."
And where is it the deepest?
"When it the stillest keeps."

And when is love the richest?
"Giving, as taught above."
And tell me how it speaketh
"It speaks not, it doth love." M. B. D., '98.

A KLONDIKE THANKSGIVING

THE sunbeam that had found its way through the window and now streaked across the floor of the rude shanty looked cold and cheerless. A wood fire, that seemed to have caught the gloom, whose very flames looked blue and cold, burned in the rough fireplace.

Over it, his curly head bowed low, there leaned a young man. The firelight that glimmered on his features revealed a face strong, manly, enduring, yet sensitive; and, if it were not the effect of the shadows, keen suffering was depicted on his brow.

Melancholy drooped his broad shoulders, his sturdy frame shook now and then, one hand hung limp at his side and with the other he pressed his cold forehead.

On a large box in a corner of the hut sat an old, gray-haired man perplexedly stroking his heavy beard. Two idle pickaxes leaned against the wall; other mining tools of various sorts lay about the room; a smoky lantern hung near a rough chart on the wall; a number of gray blankets were heaped in disorder in one corner; the scanty remains of a breakfast strewed the board which served as a table, and the younger man's hat lay on the floor where he had thrown it in a fit of despondency. Slowly the ray of light crept across the floor; a sudden gust of wind caused the wooden window-shutter to creak dismally; the old man sighed almost imperceptibly and shifted his position. Then the same dead, lonely stillness prevailed as before, unbroken save for occasional shouts from distant saloons that rendered it even more noticeable.

Suddenly the young man broke down, buried his head in his hands, groaning bitterly.

"Don't, Ned!" implored his companion, "please don't!"

Ned Atwell, without raising his head, moaned, "I know you think it's unmanly in me, Joe, but I can't help it, I can't help it. It's Thanksgiving Day, Joe, and I can't help thinking of dear mother and father. It's the first Thanksgiving I have ever been away from them, and I can see mother now, in the rocker by the sitting-room window, watching the dusty road for me. I can see the lines deepen on her dear face and hope fade from her eyes. I can see father, sadly thinking of the son who would'n't follow his advice but left home to seek for gold. Oh, Joe, the word sounds like blasphemy in my ears. I'd give all the gold in the world to eat my Thanksgiving dinner today at home. Oh, I wish I had never come here!" and the poor fellow sobbed aloud.

"Ned, you'll kill me," cried the old man, his voice breaking with grief. "God forgive me for what I've done. Little did I realize, Ned, when I met you down there in Akron and laughingly suggested that we should go together to the Klondike, how you'd take it so to heart. It's all my fault, though. I don't want to try to avoid the blame, but it hurt, Ned, to hear you say what you did. I know, old boy, we've had awful hard luck, but remember that

prospects are looking a little brighter now. You know the claim right next to ours struck it rich yesterday and we may find our Eldorado tomorrow."

"No, Joe," and the young fellow rose slowly to his feet and spoke in a dry, husky voice, "we'll never get rich here nor anywhere else — we'll never see home again. Think of the thousands of miles, the long drifts of snow that stretch between us and those who love us. They won't take me on any of their boats, Joe, for I haven't enough money."

He walked listlessly out through the door, stopping on the threshold to swing one of the pickaxes over his shoulder, saying as he left, "But I'm not going to let anyone but you know that my hope's all gone. I'm going down to the claim." The door swung to.

Joe remained sitting motionless, murmuring half aloud, half to himself: "Why did you let him come with you, Joe Eldred? You're an old man with few friends and it don't matter what becomes of you, but this boy whom you brought here is young, has father and mother and life before him. Joe Eldred, if this boy dies here you're a murderer."

He spoke these words in a tone of deep conviction, bitterly sorrowful and yet stern. Then his voice changed, tender passion thrilled it as he burst out: "And I have learned to love this lad as a son. Yes, I love him! God knows I love him!" A sob choked the poor man as he sadly picked up a bundle from the floor, tore open the coarse brown paper and took out a few crackers, several cans of evaporated vegetables and one of meat that he had bought the day before. Their own stock of provisions had given out long ago and they had not been able to buy large supplies at favorable opportunities and put them away as the luckier miners did, but were obliged to pay Dawson City prices for the scantiest food. Thus the dinner that Joe was now preparing was sumptuous in comparison with their usual fare. After cutting open the top of the can with his knife he began to make some soup. He put part of the meat and the contents

of one of the cans of vegetables into a large iron kettle half filled with water and hung it over the blaze which he had revived with a few small logs. A pile of cold griddle cakes was brought out and placed on the table next to a small, fifty-cent loaf of coarse bread. The coffee-pot was filled with water and set near the kettle. A gentle smile flitted across Joe's face as he took down from a rude cupboard a half-cooked apple pie. It had cost him dear, but then, it was Thanksgiving.

Joe sat down near the fire and became more and more absorbed in his gloomy thoughts. His reverie was not even broken when the water began to simmer in the kettle and boil in the coffee-pot. The Thanksgiving dinner that he had spent his scanty savings to obtain waited unnoticed, and indeed what was there to be thankful for?

Suddenly the door burst open with a bang, and Joe jumped from his seat in alarm. A shout — a joyous shout — rang clear: "Shake hands, Joe, we've struck it!" and Ned flung rattling to the floor a large bag full to the very mouth with the richest ore that had as yet been found in Dawson City. "And Joe, read this letter I just got from mother. A man coming from Akron brought it up." The young fellow brimming with happiness and enthusiasm handed a crumpled envelope to his partner.

But Joe didn't see it; he did't look at the crowd that had collected to congratulate, nor at the men who were carefully examining the nuggets. For a moment he was speechless. Then with a hoarse cry of joy he laid his hands on his comrade's shoulders and asked eagerly:

"You're not sorry you came, Ned?"

"No indeed!" fervently replied his partner.

Then for the first time, as he gripped the young man's hand and wrung it again and again, a tear glistened in Joe's eye.

"Thank God," he said.

A few minutes later the hut rang with merriment and good cheer, for the whole company had stayed to partake of the meal that Joe had prepared; and although there was neither turkey nor plum-pudding it was a true Thanksgiving dinner. — '98.

THE SUB'S WISH

Line up! line up! the captain calls, both guards and tackles run,
While fast across the field the backs do sprint to share the fun;
And just close by the side lines with the sweaters on his arm
There stands the "Sub," his spirit wild to answer the alarm.
'Tis his to watch the center plays, the "downs" and all the rest,
Till some unlucky dog gets hurt and hobbles from the press.
The half is nearly over, and will no one get laid out!
Then Time! the cry comes ringing loud, no longer he's in doubt.
With eager hand he fixes the protector on his nose,
And 'gainst th' opposing tackle his whole weight with force he throws.
Now Sub your wish is granted, for it is your turn to play,
To B. H. S. for you to bring good luck or bad, today.

J. T. F., '98.

A BURIAL AT SEA

"THERE was a death on the ship last night."

These were the words which greeted the cabin passengers on the City of Rome as they straggled up from their breakfast.

"Who is it?" was the question passed from mouth to mouth, for everyone was interested.

From a group here and a group there the following story was learned.

It was a poor Italian woman, ill when she came aboard, who had died here in mid-ocean. She was carrying her fatherless children back to sunny Florence. Were grand-parents awaiting them there?

Soon the interest died away; the young people began to play quoits, the older ones settled themselves for naps in their steamer-chairs, and the mighty waves of the ocean heaved and rolled.

The next afternoon when the great bell of the ship rang slowly and solemnly, a motley crowd gathered on the lower deck. The

Captain was there, with his Bible and Prayer Book; one or two ministers paced to and fro with austere mien; a young man stood near, scribbling in his note book; a few women hung back a little from the rest, drawn hither either through curiosity or sympathy; a group of men stood reverently at one side, and apart from the rest clustered a number of little rag-a-muffins, their hair and scanty garments blowing in the wind. Down at the lower end of the deck seated on a hugh coil of rope were a little boy and girl clinging tightly to one another. Their dark hair, big brown eyes and olive skin easily marked them as Italians. She was shivering from the cold, and sobbing violently; he was looking with a bewildered expression at the assembly.

When the bell ceased ringing the crowd drew together and the deep tones of the Captain could be heard reading the service for a burial at sea. There was something grand and solemn in those words, half drowned as they were by the bellowing of the mighty sea. Even the band of children seemed impressed and tiptoed into the cabin. Then for an instant the machinery of the great ship stopped, the men stood with lifted hats and bowed heads, and the women shuddered as the body, wrapped in an English flag, was slowly lowered toward the surging waves. There was a silence, — a splash, — the shriek of a child, and then the mighty vessel ploughed on again through the angry sea. M. B. D., '98.

THEIR ONE REGRET

Never so sunny a light before
Dawned with Thanksgiving day,
Never a happier, merrier pair,
Than Jack and his sister May.
Spic and span in their Sunday clothes
To Grandma's have they gone,
Ready to fight with the turkey's legs,
And ready for pie and fun.

But even Thanksgiving day ends at last,
And two little sleepy-heads
Mamma tucked in with a good-night kiss,
In two little snug, brass beds,
But one regret in their little hearts,
Soon lost in slumber sweet,
They wished that they had their fruit and nuts,
When they weren't too full to eat.

H. R. J., '98.

MODERN NOTORIETY

I WAS in a lazy mood, so was my bachelor friend Edward Franklin. I felt like doing something rash, as betting that Harvard would lick Yale in football or that I would ever be a rich man. We had cast about for something to do, but everything was stale and we were in despair. Mechanically Ed picked up a newspaper and glanced it over.

Suddenly his face brightened as he said, "Say, Will, want to lose five dollars?" "How?" said I, all my sporting blood aroused. As I said before, I was in a rash frame of mind. "Well," continued Ed, "I will name a certain famous man, that is, I will tell you where I have seen his picture or an account of him and you tell me why he is famous or noted, in five guesses." "Done!" and I drew a bill out of my pocket and placed it on the mantel-piece. "Now fire away."

"In the first place, his picture was in tonight's paper, as well as an account of his life and home," said Ed. "Fruit!" quoth I. "He is the new half back or captain on the Yale eleven."

"No! Guess again," said Ed. "Well, a jingoistic senator, who wants to fight Spain or Japan, then."

"Wrong! His picture was on the sign board we passed this morning." "Easy, a new actor at the Boston, or the Tremont," said I.

"Bad to worse," remarked Ed. "His picture was in the electric car we came in on this morning." "Oh! I have it now," shouted I, "That worthy gentleman who invented or founded or wore the Douglas Shoe!" and I grinned all over.

"No, my boy, try once more and then the bill is mine!" "Never!" said I. "Where else did you see this noted person's picture or biography?" "In several small stores we passed this afternoon," was his reply.

Then I meditated long and thoughtfully while the clock ticked, the fire snapped, and Ed wore a triumphant smile. "I win!" I shouted at last, "Pass over your bill, it is a Mr. Somebody, weight 680 lbs., the heaviest bicyclist in the world, who rides an America."

But instead of complying with my request Ed reached out and pocketed the bill, quietly remarking, "Your chances are gone; the gentleman I refer to drank thirty bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and cured himself of a headache and a toothache that had lasted fifteen years!" I no longer felt rash! J. T. F., '98.

"BOTH OF 'EM"

WHAT do you think when you see a ten-year-old boy with a dog? If the boy has a tanned face and bright eyes; if his dishevelled brown hair peeps through the holes in his well-worn straw hat; if his blouse is rumpled and soiled; if his trousers are patched, and his sneakers stubbed out at the toes; if he is letting the playful terrier pull and tug at one sleeve of his jacket, while he holds the other and allows the body of it to sweep the ground at every jerk: you may conclude that the boy and the dog are good friends; that the dog seldom goes anywhere without the boy, and that the boy never goes anywhere without the dog.

Just such a boy with just such a dog strolled into Mrs. Percy's kitchen one morning, several days before Thanksgiving. From the bulging pockets of the lad's trousers you might rightly have guessed that he had been ransacking the woods for weeks past for nuts, and had not come home empty handed.

The old lady looked up from the batch of doughnuts she was frying and said pleasantly, "Mornin' Cale, have a doughnut? Help y'self off o' the dish."

Cale accepted the invitation with his usual alacrity and, fingering the hot thing daintily, broke off a bit and tossed it in the air. The terrier sprang and caught it, but dropped it immediately with a yelp.

"Brought ye some fine shags, Granny," said Caleb, beginning to empty his pockets.

"Bless your heart, boy, how do ye expect I'm goin' t' crack shagbarks with my stiff old hands," she exclaimed, "let alone pickin' of 'em out with sech eyesight as mine? But, I'm obliged to ye, and

ye c'n leave 'em if ye want. They'll look good on the table even if we can't eat 'em. Mr. Simmons' teeth and fingers aint any stiddier than mine, I reckon;" and she laughed good-naturedly.

Mrs. Percy was eighty-two. She was tall, even though the weight of years had bent her shoulders slightly. Her deeply-lined face told of sorrow and trouble in the past, but the expression was one of peace which comes with the obliviousness of old age. The thin white hair which drooped over her forehead and temples was woven, behind her ears, into two tiny braids that crossed the bald spots and were fastened onto the small knot at the back of her head by side combs,—relics of her girlhood.

She lived alone. The home of her married daughter was five miles away. Her son, with his family, dwelt in his own house less than an eighth of a mile from his mother. So Mrs. Percy lived by herself in the house which had sheltered her as wife, mother, and widow; in the house which, with all its contents, silently reminded her of the past; in the home which she would not leave in spite of the warnings and entreaties of her relatives.

"Who'd come to this out o' the way place in the country to molest an old woman?" she would say to them. "Who'd think of seekin' for valuables in this old house in the woods? I kin cook my own food so long as ye bring me provisions. I sha'n't want for nothin' with some of ye comin' to see me once a day at least. If I should die while I'm alone, ye're thinkin'? My time's not fur away and I'm waitin' the summons. They'll come no sooner for my bein' here instead o' somewheres else, and I want to die where my husband did. If I die while alone ye can but find me when next ye come, and if the house is locked, ye can but break a window and enter." So she had had her way.

The morning after Caleb's brief visit with the nuts for Thanksgiving, he came again, but as the companion of an old man who lived next door to him. This was Mr. Simmons, a schoolmate of Mrs. Percy's and her husband's dearest friend. Little "Cale" felt a certain sense of responsibility for the old man, whose mind and body had been weakened by a stroke of paralysis, and the boy did

not think it safe for his old friend to make his frequent visits to Mrs. Percy without an escort.

As the old man entered the back door this morning, with the boy and the dog, Mrs. Percy was putting the last pie in the larder.

"Mornin' Mr. Simmons, mornin' Cale. Set down and make y'selves t' home, I'll be thar in a minute," she called to them. Though her tone was brisk, she took her time, for her callers were almost as much at home in the house as she was herself.

"I s'pose you know I have Thanksgivin' dinner prompt at two, Mr. Simmons, and don't you let any o' your folks wheedle ye into stayin' t' home tomorrer, 'cause I want ye t' keep me company," she said as she settled herself in her chair with her knitting and the peaceful consciousness of all duties performed for at least an hour.

"Yas, I'll come, sure," replied the old fellow, smiling as simply as a child. "What's Cale goin' t' do tomorrer?" he asked.

"Goin' t' ma's father's this year. Came t' granny's last year. Change about ye see," explained the child.

"Yas, and darter's got t' stay with her big family o' children and her husband's brother and his folks, so I'm left alone this Thanksgivin', but for you, Mr. Simmons," said the old lady.

"We'll have a good time all to ourselves, won't we?" he responded mischievously; and he stroked his long white beard and winked at Caleb. He started to pat the dog which sat beside the boy on the sofa, but the animal growled; he would let no one touch him but his little master. Caleb promptly grabbed his collar and cuffed him for being so discourteous.

[*To be concluded in the December Number.*]

"ADS"

THE SAGAMORE was sorely pressed
For "ads," and so one day
A Latin teacher came to me
And sweetly she did say,—
"I have a number here for you
Of "ads" that I did find,
And you may take them all, my boy,
If you are so inclined."
I was delighted, told her so;
My heart did give a bound,
To think that more advertisements
So easily I'd found.

She opened then a Cicero,
To my intense surprise,
And read to me, while wicked glee
Did twinkle in her eyes,—
"Here is 'ad finem,' number one,
'Ad cardem' next I see,
'Ad deponendam' follows then,
That making number three;
I think that 'ad incendia'
Is, yes, one, two, three, four—"
But e'er she read another one
I said I wished no more.

NEWS NOTES

Even the teeth of the 1st Latin and 1st Greek pupils have to grind now.

Eggs are eight cents a dozen in the South, and five dollars apiece at Klondike.

Girls who wear larger than — have been blushing lately. Tuttle has been fitting them with gymnasium shoes.

"Quo usque tandem, abutere, oh green and carmine tilestones patientia nostra?"

Did anyone "bunk" on Thursday, October 22nd, to visit the squadron in the harbor?

We trust Mr. Sanford's appeal in behalf of THE SAGAMORE was not made in vain.

The girls who think of entering Smith on German are having daily battles with Jagermann's German Composition Book.

Miss Weir's lectures on the History of Art are highly appreciated by those who have the privilege of hearing them. They are illustrated by lantern slides borrowed from the Institute of Technology.

The meetings of the Beta Chapter of the Tau Beta Beta are to be held this year upon Tuesdays instead of Thursdays.

Don't be startled if you hear strange sounds issuing from Room 9. It is only the 1st German Class singing "Die Wacht am Rhein."

Mollie Seeley, '97, is taking a course at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics.

Although the Brookline High School is founded upon principles similar to those upon which the United States government stands, yet there are still some pupils of the former institution who lack "Freedom, God and Right."

Miss Howell now has two afternoon classes a week in gymnastics.

Declamation will soon be in full swing. Rehearsals were begun Monday, October 25, and stentorian or mellow voices rang clear on Wednesday in the different class-rooms.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Hodgdon has been quite ill recently. Mr. Burrage has been taking his place in the Latin and Greek classes.

At the request of the captain of the foot-ball team, Mr. Cole has been drilling us in the "School Song." Captain Parker thinks it may be useful as a cheer at the games, and indeed a song at such times is very effective. Two verses and the chorus are given below.

Oh! Brookline is a jolly town
In any kind of weather,
And all the boys who hail from there
Are sure to hang together.

Chorus

Brookline, Brookline, Brookline boys are we,
From first to last
We're not surpassed,
In this we all agree.

Oh! Brookline has a jolly High
And we're the boys who show it,
And when we're out and round about,
We'll rather let you know it.

The fourth line of the first verse is rather suggestive. Why not say "*pull.*"

Is THE SAGAMORE to become an exclusively '98 affair? We have n't seen a contribution from '99, and '00 is rather weak. What's the matter?

Mr. Alexander Lincoln is now assisting Mr. Wilson and Mr. Packard in their classes in mathematics.

1901 held its first class meeting last month and chose the following officers: George Frost, president, Ella H. Palmer, vice-president, and Carleton Dole, secretary and treasurer.

At the meeting of the New England Conference of History Teachers held in Boston, October 15th, Mr. Sanford read the report of the Committee on Methods of Teaching History.

A good subject for a story is Evangelina Cossio's escape from Cuba.

Mr. Wilson has been aided in his work as coacher of the foot-ball eleven by Fritz Talbot. We like his spirit. Follow suit, ye other grads!

THE SAGAMORE has now over one hundred exchanges.

Last June Mrs. Norton took the degree of M. A. at Smith College.

We wonder how many Brooklinians have been guessing lately either the name of Fanny Davenport's new play, or the weight of the cake of Welcome Soap at the Food Fair.

The Cambridge High and Latin School Review for October, which may be found in the library, contains an article on Walter A. Boyce, B. H. S., '97, with a full-length cut. Hurrah for Boyce!

We regret to announce that, on account of urgent outside work, Austin A. Parker has considered it best to send in his resignation as Business Manager of THE SAGAMORE. He can now devote all his spare time to foot-ball. J. Nelson Manning, '98, has assumed his duties.

What's the noise in Room 10? Oh! don't be alarmed, it's only some of the seniors — senioresses too — wearing the latest style in hosiery. We're nothing if we're not in the swim.

The majorty of the senior class are deep in the mysteries of Political Science. For the purpose of bettering their knowledge of party machinery, they were given permission to attend the Republican State Convention held in Music Hall on September the twenty-ninth. A goodly array of girls and boys availed themselves of this privilege with apparent joy. It may be that a small part of that joy was due to the fact that the convention was held during school hours.

The boys are eager to kick — if they can only find a foot-ball at recess.

Room 12 is full, room 13 is full and twenty-five "IV A" are sitting in room 18. What will become of the school with one hundred and twenty-five "naughty ones" in it?

The other morning Mr. Sanford began to read to the senior class an account of Epictetus. There were only three or four in the class who had ever heard of this great Roman philosopher.

Members of the I Pol. Sci., by the special permission of Mr. Sanford, are now allowed to go over to the Public Library in study periods to consult books of reference. Last year this privilege was withheld from the Pol. Sci. classes, and we hope the seniors will not abuse it.

Henry Skilton has been elected assistant advertising manager of The Sagamore.

"J. Q. Plow might vex Z. D. Burk's fancy." Our readers may be interested to know that the above sentence contains every letter in the alphabet and each one only once.

All those wishing to have back numbers of The Sagamore bound, must either mail or give their copies to the business manager, J. Nelson Manning, by the 10th of November. The price is fifty cents a volume.

The story runs — mirabile dictu — that the boys are buying twice as many sweets at the lunch counter as the girls, albeit this is contrary to the reputation of the latter.

The orchestra this year is conducted as a regular organization with Carroll Perkins, '99, as its president, and Stephen Stoddard, '00, as its librarian. It meets Monday evenings at eight o'clock and each member pays five cents at every meeting, and fifteen cents if he is absent or tardy. The responsibility is thus taken off Mr. Cole's shoulders and assumed by the members. A good thing, we think.

There are twenty-three pupils in the "Beginners' Latin Class" this year, which is an unprecedented number.

Excitement has been running high in the Fourth Class over the question of class colors and pins. The committee on colors, composed of Helen Barnes, Emily Blodgett, Rose Weiss, Edythe Freeman and Ellen Townsend, submitted various combinations to the class, and green and white was finally chosen.

'98 held its annual meeting for the election of officers, Friday, October 8th. J. Nelson Manning, the only nominee for president, was unanimously elected. Louise Frazer was then elected vice-president and Harold W. Bynner secretary and treasurer.

We are all glad to welcome Mr. Wilson back again. He has just recovered from a severe attack of the influenza.

Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis, of the "Bostonians," sang at Saint Mark's Church, Sunday, October 3d. Many members of the "High" were present.

The readers of The Sagamore may be interested to know that the story entitled "Angelina's Ghost," written by Freda Sawyer, B. H. S. '97, which appeared in our paper last year, was published in full by one of our exchanges.

There are strange rumors abroad to the effect that some of the new members of the Tau Beta Beta society have been recently seen parading the streets in striking attire.

During the morning exercises in the hall on Tuesday, Oct. 12, a little dog visited the hall balcony, jumped up on the railing, listened for a moment and then hopped down again. He must have been attracted by the "gallant bark" of the bass solo in "Anchored."

After school Wednesday, Oct. 27th, the boys held an enthusiastic foot-ball meeting in Room 1. It was voted by a large majority not to disband the team as had been suggested. We hope that their enthusiasm will amount to something more than applause for the foot-ball speakers.

Margaret Shepard, Elise Smith, Edith Freeman, James Adams and Harry Donald compose a committee for choosing the pins for 1901, which are to be green with gold lettering.

We are extremely grateful to those who were instrumental in holding the Teachers' Convention on Friday, October 23d. It meant "no school" for us.

Since the Secretary's report was handed in, the first regular meeting of the Debating Club has been held. The debate was very commendable, considering the fact that one of the principal debaters was unable to be present, and that the other changed at short notice from the negative to the affirmative side. The vote stood before the debate, thirteen affirmative to two negative; after it, eight affirmative to five negative. Several subjects for the next debate were suggested and discussed, the following being finally accepted by the Club,—"Resolved, that non-partisan rule be used in municipal governments." The principal debaters for next time, Wednesday, November 3, are: on the affirmative side, Winthrop Richmond and Harold Richards; on the negative, William Leary and Waldo Richards.

We were disappointed not to see more members of '98 and '99 present Wednesday evening. We cannot understand what is the matter with the latter class, for it is no better represented in THE SAGAMORE than in the Debating Club, although the president of the latter is a '99 man, and we know it has good material in both lines. Wake up, '99. As to '98, we were very sorry more of that class did not take advantage of this opportunity. It seems to us that most of the seniors do not realize how valuable this year of their High School life is. Remember, '98, that this is your last chance to join the Debating Club, and reconsider your decision.

Strange to say, basket-ball is not creating much interest in the lower classes. Why not? Is enthusiasm in this form of athletics flagging?

Captain Adams is simply waiting that she may choose the best possible school team. There seems to be a great deal of material in the school this year, and consequently she is carefully watching, taking notes and considering. Perhaps the girls could assist her if those who are especially interested would come forward as candidates, not only personally but actively, and show her by enthusiasm and work what they are capable of doing.

Basket-ball is of course the most popular sport among the girls, especially in winter when the golf links are no longer an attraction, and it should be strongly upheld by both girls and boys. You boys need n't pretend that you are not reading this stupid appeal in behalf of effeminate sports, nor that one is to judge by the turn in your noses that you class such proceedings as wholly à la new woman.

Basket-ball is an education in training one's self to quick, decisive work, and especially in controlling one's tongue and temper. At times one feels like tearing the hair out of her second-best friend's head or giving her dearest chum an Heraklenian thump. Has this nothing to do with one's temper? This year we want the very best team the school can afford us, one that we may be proud of and shall constantly enjoy to encourage and support. Help your captain, girls!

———, '98.

MODERN CENTAURS ON FRANKLIN FIELD

I WONDER how many B. H. S. members were among the thousands collected on Franklin Field, Wednesday, Oct. 3, to watch the review of the crack troop F of our United States cavalry.

Unfortunately I arrived late, and came away early, missing many of the best features of the review, so that the account below is of only a bit of the afternoon's display.

When I reached the field the troop of about thirty-five men was in fancy dress, handsome dark-blue uniforms and yellow plumed helmets, which gave it quite a circus air. Galloping two by two, then in fours, and finally charging forward in a straight line, brought

forth a round of applause. Various manoeuvres and fancy figures were gone through with and a saber exercise on horseback was well executed.

After that part of the review was over, and the handsome steeds had galloped off toward the tents of the camp, which looked very picturesque in the background, I had a chance to look about me. The field — to use a time-worn but very fitting simile — strikingly resembled a vast green carpet, and showed off to great advantage the mounted police officers who occasionally cantered across it. About thirty thousand people fringed the whole enclosure with a black border of humanity, and behind them the sun glistened brightly on countless carriage-tops. Vehicles of every description, from the one-horse shay to the express wagon, were heavily loaded with men, women and children. Still farther back the trees were black to the very tops with youngsters, and all well-situated piazzas and windows were crowded with ladies and gentlemen.

At length the troop returned, to one of Sousa's stirring marches. This time the gay helmets had been removed, and the riders wore plain blue suits and caps, while blankets replaced their horses' saddles.

Intricate evolutions were again witnessed, a wild charge in double quick time, with Indian yells and brandishing of swords being especially appreciated by the younger faction of the onlookers. I recognized many movements which had become familiar to me through the High School drill, although we of course were denied the privilege of horses. Finally the men rode about standing in their stirrups; caused half of the steeds to lie down while the rest picked their way in and out among them; jumped from the ground, sometimes turning back-somersaults onto their horses' backs; and even stood on their heads on the blanket saddles.

I left them doing such skillful and difficult feats as these; and as I flowed with the tide of the restless throng which was continually leaving the field toward the cars on Blue Hill avenue, I remembered with pride that these riders, our representatives, are worthy rivals of Europe's finest cavalry.

THE SAGAMORE

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THANKSGIVING! To most of us the word means a family-gathering, roast-turkey, punpkin-pie, and all manner of merrymaking; to some it comes as a herald of bitter, winter weather; while by others it is welcomed as the first vacation since the beginning of the school. In whatever light we young people regard it, however, Thanksgiving seems to stand out as the first definite step in our school course. Heretofore we have been recovering from the effects of our long idleness, and matters have been gradually settling themselves; but after Thanksgiving work begins in thorough earnest, courses are straightened out, our minds have become

accustomed once more to the routine of study, and in fact everything runs smoothly. Let us then, on this Thanksgiving, eat the turkey of good resolutions, and the pumpkin-pie of strong endeavors, that we may return again to our studies benefited by our short rest and ready for whatever duties may confront us.

In answer to our question regarding the lunch-counter, we have been informed that its proprietors do not feel able to pay other attendants, and that it is very difficult to find persons in school willing to offer their services.

This is a good chance for the senior class. If ten of the boys would agree to take turns in helping Miss Nichols, a great deal could be done toward remedying the faults of the lunch counter. Of course they would have to give up their recess, but as the task would come to each fellow only once in two weeks, it does not seem to us too hard to bear. Such an action might influence members of the lower classes to follow suit, and give those who now find fault with the lunch-counter an opportunity for remedying the evils they criticise. We think the girls also might benefit by this sugtion. "A word to the wise ———"

We would like your opinion regarding a more elaborate cover for The Sagamore. The board has decided to ask that designs be submitted for such a cover, although they will not feel bound to accept them. The design, which must be only in black and white — pen and ink — should be appropriate, effective and not too intricate. Other school papers have on their covers books, torches, ribbons, footballs, etc., but in our opinion a large field is opened to the artistic imagination by the title of our paper — The Sagamore. Another chance for the young artists of the B. H. S. is our desire to obtain fitting headings for the various departments, such as news notes, athletics, and stories. Any designs in this direction will be gratefully received by the editors. Come, artistic brethren, get your wits and pens moving.

The first half of a serial story has been published this month. Any criticisms, either of approval or disapproval on continued stories, will be gladly received and considered, for of course our object is to please our readers.

OUR LUNCH ROOM

EVERY one connected with the school, pupil or teacher, should have a personal interest in our lunch counter. Even if we are not regular patrons it means something to us that it is possible any day, in case of an emergency, to procure good food, with something hot to drink, at a minimum expenditure of time and money.

Five things are necessary to make the luncheon counter a success, — good food, low prices, a margin of profit large enough to command the time of a competent person, quick service, large patronage. To these must be added a generous patience with the occasional failures which are sure to come, and unlimited courtesy on the part of those serving and those served. The problem of good food is comparatively a simple one, and the testimony of pupils this year seems to be that it is in a fair way to be solved satisfactorily. The question of prices is more difficult. It is desired to have the food sold at as low a price as possible, but unless the sales are much larger than at present, or the prices higher, the profits will be too small to yield Miss Nichols anything approximating an adequate compensation for her time. We hope no one will grumble if it is found necessary to raise the price of sandwiches to five cents.

The question of service is the most difficult of all, for good service costs money, and the present income of the lunch room does not warrant more expenditure in this line. Neither is it an easy thing to serve a large number of people in so short a time as it must be done here, and give perfect satisfaction to all. All that can be promised is that the service shall be improved as fast as possible, until it is as good as conditions will allow.

The manager of the lunch room will gladly welcome from teacher or pupil any practical suggestions as to either service or food.

ALICE P. NORTON.

THE B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

THE ninety-second regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held in the High School, Friday evening, Oct. 8, 1897. Vice-President Pierce of last year called the meeting to order, in the absence of President Kellogg.

After making a few remarks on the general welfare of the club, he administered the oath of office to Mr. James, and installed him in the president's chair. After assuming the office President James administered the oath of office to the other members of the executive staff.

A communication was then received from Mr. Austin Parker, in which he tendered his resignation as vice-president of the club. This was read and accepted, and Mr. John T. Floyd was unanimously elected in his stead. All applications for membership were then considered and accepted. After this Mr. Nash made a few comments on the past of the club, and also a few valuable suggestions for its future, which were gratefully received.

The subject chosen for debate next time was "Resolved: The United States is justified in interfering with Spanish Rule in Cuba."

In order not to compromise the new members of the club, four of the old ones volunteered to debate on the subject next time.

Those who volunteered were John T. Floyd and Philip Fox on the affirmative, and John R. Marvin and Edwin N. Dorr on the negative. The meeting then adjourned until Oct. 20, 1897, at 7.45 P. M.

GEORGE T. LYNCH, *Secretary.*

ATHLETICS

FOOT-BALL

THE football season is now well advanced, and yet it is doubtful if the championship prospects of Brookline High were ever so dim. It is a difficult problem to solve wherein the trouble lies this year, but for some reason or other, the development of the team has been unusually slow. With the first league championship game less than a week away, hardly a substitute in the "squad," regular practice suspended, and but two practice games played as yet, the chances of putting a winning team into the field Oct. 26 are exceedingly slim. The team is unquestionably weak, and a great deal will have to be accomplished in the next few days if Brookline is to make any kind of a showing in the league series. With good coaching the line may be brought into fair shape before the game with Boston Latin, but behind the line is the great weakness. The interference is ragged, fumbling constantly occurs, and the kicking is not to be depended upon. One or two changes in the backs have been made during the past week, which may result in an improvement. A determined "brace" is the only thing now which can keep Brookline out of last place in the series.

On Saturday, Oct. 9, Brookline High was defeated by Walpole A. A. 12 to 6 at Walpole. Walpole had the advantage of superior weight, and by constant attacks at the line, wore Brookline out. Walpole kicked off, and the ball rolled over Brookline's goal. A Walpole man fell on it, and although it had not been touched by a Brookline man the umpire called it a touch-down. Robbins kicked the goal. After that each team scored one touch-down, from which goals were kicked. The features of the game were a forty-yard run for a touch-down by Horr, and a difficult goal, kicked by Parker. The summary :—

Walpole A. A.—Conny, l.e.; Latham, l.t.; Winslow, l.g.; Morey, c.; Popenhusur, r.g.; Forsen, r.t.; Pember, r.e.; Lawrence, q.b.; Robbins, r.h.b.; Barrett, l.h.b.; Moore, f.b. B. H. S.—Hall, r.e.; Kernan, r.t.; C. Fox, r.g.; Dexter c.; Parker, l.g.; (Burr) Floyd, l.t.; Strickland, l.e.; Dearborn, q.b.; Horr, l.h.b.; Brett, r.h.b.; Converse, f.b.

Score—Walpole 12, Brookline 6. Touch-downs—Winslow, Robbins, Horr. Goals from touch-downs—Robbins 2, Parker. Umpire—Dr. Geo. P. Hurd. Referee—S. Henry Skilton, Jr. Linesman—T. A. Quinlan. Time, 15-minute halves.

Brookline played Roxbury Latin School to a tie at Brookline, Oct. 15, neither team scoring. Brookline showed improvement in team play, but was weak, especially in the second half, when the ball was kept almost entirely in her territory. Horr, in spite of an injured ankle, was the star of the game, making several long runs, and with any kind of support would have scored. It is the first time in years that Brookline has failed to defeat Roxbury Latin. The summary :—

Brookline H. S.—Hall, l.e.; C. Fox, l.t.; Parker, l.g.; Dexter, c.; Fox, r.g.; Kernan, r.t.; Strickland, r.e.; Dearborn, q.b.; Horr, l.h.b.; Brett, r.h.b.; Converse, f.b. Roxbury L. S.—Crocker, r.e.; Tufts, r.t.; Ayer, r.g.; Wellington, c.; Ogilby, l.g.; Ticknor, l.t.; Farmer, l.e.; Downer, q.b.; Maynard, r.h.b.; Smith, l.h.b.; Colby, f.b.

Score—B. H. S. 0, R. L. S. 0. Umpire—Dodge. Referee—Converse. Linesman—Colby. Time, 20-minute halves.

The full schedule :—

PRACTICE GAMES.

Oct. 9.	B. H. S.	vs.	Walpole A. A.	at	Walpole.
Oct. 12.	"	"	Harvard '99	"	Cambridge.
Oct. 15.	"	"	R. L. S.	"	Brookline.
Oct. 20.	"	"	Harvard 1901	"	Cambridge.
Oct. 23.	"	"	Groton	"	Groton.
Nov. 19.	"	"	Thayer	"	Brookline.

LEAGUE SERIES.

Oct. 26.	"	"	Boston Latin	at	South End.
Oct. 29.	"	"	C. M. T. S.	"	Charles River Park.
Nov. 9.	"	"	C. H. & L.	"	" " "
Nov. 24.	"	"	Hoppy	"	" " "
———	"	"	English High, game undecided.		

GOLF

The first golf tournament in the history of the school was held on Sept. 18, 20, and 21, and was a success in many ways. There was a good field of starters, a very close competition, and much interest in the outcome was manifested by the members of the school. The object of the Fisher Hill Golf Club in presenting the medals, was to encourage interest in golf in the school, and it would seem as if its efforts had been successful in this respect. The summary :—

Saturday, Sept. 18, 9 A. M. Medal round, 9 holes, four lowest scores to qualify for match rounds.

L. P. Macomber, ... 54
J. N. Manning, ... 59
S. T. Strickland, ... 62
S. Cutler, ... 63*
C. L. Perkins, ... 63*
B. C. Lancy, ... 67
G. R. Ainsworth, ... 78
J. W. Tuckerman, Jr., ... 84
W. Richmond, ... 98
E. N. Morse, ... 104
R. Atherton, C. Holwill, and G. Runkle, no cards.

Saturday, Sept. 18, 3 P. M. Semi-finals. Manning beat Strickland 8 up, 6 to play. Perkins beat Macomber 3 up, 1 to play.

Monday, Sept. 20. Finals, 1st round.

Manning—6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 6, 5, 8, 8=55
Perkins— 6, 5, 6, 8, 5, 9, 4, 8, 7=58
[Remainder of match postponed on account of rain.]

Tuesday, Sept. 21. Finals, 2d and 3d rounds.

Manning—5, 7, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 8, 6=54
6, 5, 7, 5, =23
Perkins— 6, 6, 6, 7, 5, 6, 5, 9, 8=58
6, –, 8, 6, =20

Manning beat Perkins, 6 up, 5 to play.

First prize, J. N. Manning; second prize, C. L. Perkins; third prize, L. P. Macomber; fourth prize, S. T. Strickland.

On Tuesday, Sept. 28, the "Brookline High School Golf Club" was formed, probably the first organized in any secondary school in this section. Its object is "primarily to promote interest in the game of golf in the Brookline High School; secondly, to promote interest in interscholastic golf throughout Massachusetts." The officers elected for the ensuing year are: J. Nelson Manning, '98, President; Carroll L. Perkins, '99, Vice-President; B. C. Lancy, '99, Secretary and Treasurer; and J. N. Manning, C. S. Perkins, B. C. Lancy, L. P. Macomber and S. T. Strickland, Executive Committee. Team matches and tournaments will be held frequently this fall, and all golfers are invited to join the club.

The first handicap tournament under the auspices of the Brookline High School Golf Club, was held at Franklin Park, Wednesday, Oct. 13. The weather conditions were excellent, the course in fair

*On play-off of tie between Cutler and Perkins, Perkins won, 5 up, 3 to play.

shape, and a field of sixteen started. The handicapping proved rather wild in one or two instances where the ability of the player was entirely unknown, but this fault will be remedied before the next tournament. Curtis Crane was the winner, gross 65, handicap 30, net 35; second, R. Coolidge, gross 73, handicap 30, net 43. The summary:—

	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
Curtis Crane,	65	30	35
R. Coolidge,	73	30	43
J. N. Manning,	50	scratch	50
C. L. Perkins,	53	scratch	53
S. Cutler,	57	4	53
H. Smith,	75	20	55
B. C. Lancy,	63	6	57
W. Richmond,	77	20	57
A. Monks,	74	7	67
C. Hovey,	74	7	67
L. P. Macomber,	69	scratch	69

No cards, S. T. Strickland, G. Runkle, W. Dexter, H. P. Williams and E. W. Morse.

CARROLL L. PERKINS, *Sporting Editor.*

Many of our readers are interested in physical training, and have no time to fool away under poor instructors. Everyone should keep in good physical condition to do his best work at school as well as in athletics. As we look forward to the interscholastic reports we realize that those men who keep up systematic exercise in a well-appointed gymnasium will be the ones to win laurels for our school. THE SAGAMORE calls the attention of the boys to the splendid facilities offered by the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, Boylston and Berkeley Streets. Many excellent improvements have been made there this season, including a banked running track, tiled baths, new apparatus and additional instructors, all of which are being enjoyed by a fine class of fellows. The terms are only ten dollars a year. Why not get up a B. H. S. club and join?

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Little Willie was a freshman,
  Green as grass, and greener too;
Not a thing in all creation
  Ever had so green a hue.

One day while out exercising,
  Through a field he chanced to pass,
And a brindle cow devoured him,
  Thinking he was only grass.

Little Willie is in heaven,
  Vacant are two places now,
In the class there is no Willie,
  In the field there is no cow.

Why is smoking like a suit of clothes?
They are both masculine habits.

A senior claims that he walked five miles the other day and only moved two feet. Strange, isn't it?

Teacher: "Hall, give me a product of Greece."
Hall: "Hog."
Precocious Smith: "It seems to me that grease is more apt to be a product of hog."

Friendly German (entering a restaurant): "Wie geht's?"
Waiter: "Wheat cakes? All right!"
F. G.: "Nein! Nein!"
W.: You'll be lucky if you get three.—[Ex.

It is said that the instructor in swimming is often seen in a "Street" costume.

Latin Teacher: "What is the meaning of 'spolio'?"
Pupil (rash guess): "To clean — to polish."

Teacher: "How was Tyre destroyed?"
Pupil: "Tyre? Let's see. Punctured, I guess."—[Ex.

Pupil, fresh from domestic science class, translating Cicero:
"How long, oh Cottolene!"

What tune did Nero play while Rome was burning?
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

Teacher: "X + Z = y."
Pupil: "I don't exactly see why."

The car was crowded. At one end stood an Irishwoman, a stout, red-faced character who seemed to be waiting rather impatiently for a seat. No one stirred, however, and finally, her Hibernian ire highly aroused, she said very audibly,—
"And ain't none av yez got any homes?"

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans;
Yes, alas! 'tis fleeting on,
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short and soon 'tis gone:
But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge."—[Ex.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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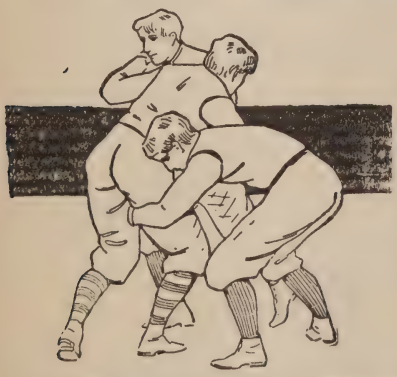

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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VOLUME 4 NUMBER 3

DECEMBER
1897

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 DECEMBER, 1897 NUMBER 3

OUR PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTION

ONE of the most valuable gifts the Brookline High School has ever received is the fine collection of six hundred or more photographs now on exhibition in the art-room.

Most of these pictures were purchased in Italy during the past summer, with the purpose of illustrating the development of architecture, sculpture and painting during the middle ages. Many are large photographs of the famous cathedrals: Orvieto, with its famous façade of twisted columns and rich mosaic; the Church of Saint Francis at Assisi; the cathedral at Siena, with two views of the interior showing the famous mosaic pavement and gorgeously striped columns which suggest a sumptuousness quite in keeping with the extravagance of the times; the Duomo of Florence, and the interior of St. Mark's, Venice.

Famous public buildings, too, are there: the Palazzo Publico of Florence, and its more stately rivals at Perugia and Siena, with their airy bell towers.

The greater number of the photographs are, however, details of ornament, bits of exquisite stone carving, mosaic, vases, bronzes, and numberless doors and windows and balustrades elaborately carved in quaint designs, of which leaves, flowers, birds, beasts and insects, even humanity itself, furnish the motive.

Some of the most beautiful capitals of columns are from Ravenna, and from the Doge's Palace, Venice.

It is impossible to give more than the briefest idea of the treasures contained in this collection. From Giotto down to Titian, and from him even to Purvis de Chevannes most of the great painters are suggested by at least one or two reproductions of famous paintings, while single heads or groups in detail give one a clear idea of

the style of work, the actual brush-handling of such artists as Botticelli, Perugino, Fra Lippo Lippi, or Benozzo Gozzoli.

This collection is the gift of Mr. George W. Armstrong and Mr. Desmond FitzGerald. It is intended to be freely used by the members of the school, and a portion of it, the unframed pictures, will be lent to the Grammar schools. For this purpose every photograph is being labelled and catalogued, also book references are added.

The young people of Brookline are indeed most fortunate. There will be no excuse if the next generation does not demand finer public buildings as well as more beautiful private dwellings. The art of America will be what the people demand, and public taste has yet much to learn from the old world. IRENE WEIR.

"IN HIS NAME"

IT was a bitter cold evening, just three nights before Christmas. The ground was frozen hard, so was the Frog Pond on the Common, now black with skaters. The electric lights shone brightly amid the darkness, but the sky was very cloudy, threatening a snow-storm. Up and down Tremont street surged masses and masses of people seeking Christmas gifts. Now and then a blockade was formed in front of some gaily lighted window where Santa Claus was coming down a chimney, near which two wax dolls lay peacefully sleeping, or else, where "$1.98," "49 c." and "2 for a quarter" signs were in vogue. The electrics, too, squeaking along on the frosted rails, and sending out yellow sparks now and then, were full of people — men, women and toddling children — clasping long-saved pennies in their mittened hands.

Staring into a florist's window, with his hands in his pockets, and his little red nose pressed hard against the frosted pane, stood Jimmie Gerrish, quite oblivious of the throng pushing and shoving about him. Now he received a blow which thrust him rudely against the building, and now he was actually borne along

half a block with the ever-swelling crowd. But he always pulled his cap down farther over his red curls and worked his way back again to that window. What was it that attracted him there? It was a small window scantily decorated with evergreens, and in the middle there hung three golden letters, I. H. N. The little urchin, shivering from the cold, was the only passerby who gave more than a hasty glance at this window. If you had watched him as the electric light fell full upon his pinched face, you would have seen his purple lips moving. "I. H. N.,"—"I. H. N.," Jimmie was saying over and over to himself, and there was a very pensive, far-away look in his big gray eyes. Then he began to whistle softly, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." Jimmie was deep in thought. Suddenly a broad smile crept over his face, and he stopped whistling.

"I've got it," he cried, "I've got it. I know what t'em means," and ducking his head Jimmie dove into the crowd. He was going home.

The next morning at about five o'clock Jimmie, still shivering with the cold, crept noiselessly from his bed and dressed himself in the dark. He wanted to wrap himself up in the one bed quilt, but he was afraid "granny" might miss it, so he crouched down in a corner by the window and tried to imagine it was August. Jimmie was hunting for his knife. He had already fished out from his pocket three cigarette cards, a piece of string, a handful of marbles and a pet nail. Had he lost his knife? No, it was in the other pocket. When he had opened it he stole over to the opposite corner where lay a heap of cardboard boxes marked "Yarn." He fumbled among them a moment and finally drew forth the largest one, which he carried back to the window. Then in the dim morning light he cut out three scraggly letters, I. H. N.

"Ain't got no firs," muttered Jimmie to himself, "but I guess these'll do."

Then he tied a piece of string to each and proceeded to hang the cardboard letters from his window. Whew! what a blast of wind that was!

But Jimmie had made up his mind to hang those letters outside his window, and it would take more than wind and cold to stop him. When at length he had shut the window down on the dangling strings he rubbed his little chapped hands together and watched the letters dance wildly about.

"Guess they won't know what them means if this wind don't quit a-blowin'," whispered Jimmie, pensively, but nevertheless there was a sanguine smile upon his face.

It grew light quickly now. Soon granny was stirring the gruel over the tumbled-down stove, soon the scanty meal was over, and Jimmie was off to school.

"Reckon them letters 'll make a difference," he thought to himself, sliding into his seat just as the last bell rang.

Granny was peacefully knitting. All day long her bony fingers plied the steel needles through the gray yarn, mechanically now, for her eyes were almost sightless. Her thin gray hair was drawn into a tight little knot at the back of her head, her face was wrinkled, her cheeks hollow, her lips sucked in on account of her toothless gums, and her shoulders, always wearing the same threadbare shawl, became more and more bent each day. Knitting, knitting, knitting; this, with her small pension, was all that supported Jimmie and herself. If the falling snowflakes, or the wind shrieking through the casement brought Christmas to her mind, it was soon cast out again as a thing of the past. To be sure she had one pair of scarlet mittens laid aside for a present to little Jimmie, but that was all.

"Rap! rap!" was some one knocking? Granny gathered her balls of yarn up in her apron and opened the door, anxious to see who could be there. A bright "good-morning" greeted her as a little woman, all bundled up in a snow-covered mackintosh, and carrying a dripping umbrella and an old carpet bag from which some oranges were peeping, stepped briskly into the room.

"Good mornin', ma'am," returned granny, looking in bewilderment at her unexpected guest. "Won't you hev a chair?"

The little woman pulled up her veil, showing a thin face, kind, but worn, with small dancing eyes, and a mouth which easily broke into a smile.

"Thank you," she said, taking the offered seat, "I only stepped in on account of those letters. I could not resist their mute appeal. But tell me, do you live alone, or have you some children?"

"The letters?" granny replied, looking more and more bewildered. "No, ma'am, I don't live alone, I've one little grandson, Jimmie. But him's all. He's a real smart lad," and tears glistened for a moment in granny's eyes, and there was a slight sob in her cracked voice.

The stranger had been busy taking in the bare, comfortless room while granny made her little speech, so she did not see the astonishment in the old woman's face, but nevertheless the smothered sob had not escaped her sensitive ear. Silently she moved her chair up beside granny's and taking one of the wrinkled old hands in hers she drew from her the whole story of their struggling life. Then after a little scribbling in a note-book, a low conversation, and a warning not to tell Jimmie about her visit, the city missionary vanished, leaving an orange in granny's lap and a smile on her quivering lips.

Jimmie had arisen early Christmas morning and stood before the frost-painted window trying on his new red mittens. He was whistling so as not to let granny know that he was disappointed; but he had hoped that this year he would have something besides mittens for Christmas. He was watching the skeleton letters flapping against the house. They had been hung in vain. Oh, dear —

Just then Jimmie heard steps in the hall, followed by a heavy knock on the door. In a moment the tears were dashed from his eyes, and the door stood open.

"Jimmie Gerrish?" questioned the expressman, setting down on the floor a large wooden box.

"That's me!" shouted Jimmie, "that's me, sir! Come here, granny, granny. Hurrah for I. H. N. I put them letters out the window, and I knew Santa Claus would see 'em."

"But what do they mean?" questioned granny in astonishment.

"'I have nit,' of course." M. B. D., '98.

PHŒBUS APOLLO, THE SUN-GOD

'T was dawn; and fair Phœbus, the sun-god, restraining his spirited horses,
Set out on his course thro' the heavens, the course he had traversed so often,
And smiled on the earth, while his chargers flung out their blonde manes to the breezes;
Most brilliant the light round his chariot, sparkling with each change of motion;
Far shining, with radiance unrivalled, in rays from his high, massive forehead;
And glancing like fiery arrows, or writhing like serpents flame-colored,
All o'er the swift limbs of his stallions, their curveting necks and their haunches;
While out from their eyes darted lightning, red lightning of morn and of glory.

At noon there was cast, of a sudden, a shadow 'twixt earth and the sun-god,
A shadow of gloom, of ill-omen, that dimmed the light blazing about him;
And out from the gathering darkness dashed forward an equipage somber,
That, bearing the black-visaged storm-god, was drawn by two ebony chargers.
A frown on the brow of Apollo, a touch on his loose-hanging ribbons,
Swift, eager, the coursers of Phœbus sprang—leapt 'gainst the steeds of the storm god—
A crash—then a thundering rumble—while scarlet-winged flames swooped about them,
Till, conquered, the storm-god departed, and Phœbus once more lit the heavens.

The day's end approached, and Apollo, fast nearing the westernmost
mountains,
Uplifted his face to the heavens, and gave the loose rein to his
chargers.
A gentle mist, soft haze of colors faint shimmered, and blended, and
deepened;
It cast a fair halo 'round Phœbus, and painted both steeds with its
tinges.
Lo! amethyst, ruby and topaz, sprayed o'er him in gorgeous pro-
fusion,
As slowly, behind glowing hilltops, he sank in an ocean of color.
The clouds, on their huge snowy billows, reflected the tints of the
rainbow,
And, long after he had departed, bore proof to the glory of Phœbus.

H. W. B., '98.

A PROPOSAL BY PHONOGRAPH

FRANCIS L. SMYTHE was an extremely diffident young man and very dubious in regard to his own powers of speech. The fact was that he was inclined to stutter when at all nervous, and thus apt to sadly twist his words. He was, however, desperately in love with a Miss Ellen Barstow, but at his wits' end to know how to tell her of it. "If-if-if I tr-try to tell her I-I-sh-shall stut-stutter like th-this," he reasoned, "and sh-she m-might get it w-wrong." In this extremity he confided his trouble to an intimate friend, and asked his advice. "Oh! don't stop at a little thing like that, I'll fix it all right, see you this evening," and Tom Lawton was gone.

Mr. Smythe was in a great state of excitement till evening arrived and racked his brains to guess what his friend would do. At length Lawton came, and with him a curious object covered with a black cloth. "Now Frank, get ready and make your declaration of affection right into this phonograph, and then we will send it to Miss Barstow, telling her we would like an answer," quoth he, busily arranging the messenger. F. L. Smythe was dumbfounded, and

demurred at first, but was finally won over to the plan and seating himself he made an eloquent speech offering himself heart and soul to Miss Barstow. Then after wild applause by the one spectator, William, the valet, was summoned and full instructions were given him concerning the mysterious parcel.

The following hour was one of intense suspense to both men, and they rushed eagerly to the door when William's returning steps were heard. With feverish haste they put the phonograph in position and started it. "Dear Francis," it said, "I always have said that I would marry only an up-to-date man; you are the one; I am yours; call tomorrow. Ellen." And at the wedding Thomas Surrey Lawton was the best man. J. T. F., '98.

"BOTH OF 'EM"

[*Continued from November Number.*]

THANKSGIVING day dawned clear and cold. Mrs. Percy came down stairs and began to build the kitchen fire at half-past six. When that was done she kindled the one which had laid ready in the sitting-room fireplace for a week. She went about her usual duties with a great joy in her heart, and felt younger than she had for many a month. Every moment of that day was to her one of heartfelt thanks to God.

The festive board to which she and her old friend sat down was not groaning with its load, but there was more than enough of everything for the old people. They talked quite as much as they ate, and took their time about the whole repast.

It was quite unusual for Mrs. Percy to leave the dishes "standing," but today she rose from her dinner and went slowly into the sitting-room with Mr. Simmons, leaving the partially demolished turkey and pie on the table in the kitchen.

Darkness set in early, and the room was lighted only by the cheery fire, beside which the old friends sat together. With Mrs. Percy's aid the feeble old man drew the sofa toward the fire and

then stretched himself comfortably on it. The big rocking-chair creaked and the knitting-needles clicked monotonously opposite him, while the two old friends chatted and reminiscenced in the low, droning tones which seemed so peculiarly fitting to the time, the place, and the old couple.

Mr. Simmons finally became drowsy and dropped asleep. Relieved from the necessity of talking, the old lady lapsed into thought as she plied her needles, and occasionally glanced at her companion with her heart full of that sweet love which children feel for one another.

An hour or more passed thus, and finally she rose, hardly realizing what she was doing, and glided quietly out to the kitchen, closing the door behind her. She lighted a small lamp, and began to clear away the dinner, of which no traces were left by nine o'clock. Then she crept back to the front room, where the old man still lay sleeping. The little clock on the mantel ticked loudly through the drowsy silence; the canary bird in the gilded cage which hung in the window, did not stir; and the night wind droned among the leafless branches of the trees outside.

Mrs. Percy was undecided whether or not to wake her friend and send him home, but she remembered that he had often boasted of being a sound sleeper, and so perhaps it would be better to let him sleep there all night than to let him go home all alone in the cold and darkness. She had not supposed he would stay so late.

As she passed between the table and the lounge, a corner of her shawl brushed against the sleeper's bald head. She stopped, inwardly reproaching herself for her carelessness, and expecting to hear him speak or move uneasily at having his slumbers disturbed; but he remained silent and motionless. Relieved, yet half surprised, she stole round in front of the fire and looked at him closely. How still he was! She could not see him breathe, but she thought that perhaps her eyesight was weaker than she had supposed. She stooped over him, listening intently, but she heard no sound. A great fear clutched at her heart, and she grasped the back of the sofa with both her trembling hands.

"Walter," she said, feebly, "Walter, can't ye speak to me?"

Her voice broke, and her eyes filled with tears. It was too true. He would never waken. She tried to kneel beside him, but she was too old and stiff, and she could only lay her hand on his forehead and look at him through her tears.

"My friend," she whispered, "my husband's friend, you've gone to be with him. Tell him I'm a'comin' soon, with the grace o' God, who has been so merciful to him and you," and then she added, softly, "and to me."

She stooped, and clasping his hand in hers, kissed him gently on the brow.

The next morning Caleb and the dog came rushing into the kitchen of the old house. All was still. Amazed, the boy walked to the sitting-room door and opened it. "Granny!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. She did not answer, but sat silent in her chair, with closed eyes and her thin, white hands clasping a little Bible, which she had not been able to read for many years.

The dog went up to the sofa and stood looking from his master to the figure reclining there. The canary, pluming himself in a sunbeam that fell across his cage, gave a hushed twitter which seemed to say, "why does n't somebody give me my fresh seed and water?" The fire had burned out and the room was cold. Caleb shivered and a lump rose in his throat. Bursting into sobs, he turned and ran out of the house. "Both of 'em," he said, brokenly, "and on Thanksgiving day."

M. D. R., '98.

A CHARADE

My first, it never has my last,
Yet could not do without it.
My first, it often takes my last,
I'm sure you will not doubt it.

My whole's a very wicked thing,
And yet 't is often done to
My first while in a sound my last,
And to protect there's none to.

(Answer given next month.)

SKETCHES

I

THREE GLIMPSES OF "MY BROTHER IN ARMS"

The first glimpse we have of him gives us a pretty picture: He has had a month's experience in this world, and, wearied with the struggle, is enjoying his only accomplishment — the use of his lungs — while nurse walks patiently up and down the room with my screaming "Brother in Arms."

Years have passed since then, and the youth has added to his accomplishments, as you see by the gilt cord on the sleeve of his uniform. He seems to be toying with the sword, clanking at his side. He likes to feel it there, and he likes to be called "My Brother in Arms."

Last week another glimpse into his accomplishments was granted me, and I offer it to you. He sat upon the sofa with Edith,— our fifth cousin,— and he looked sublimely happy,— at least Edith said so, for I could not see him, so encompassed was he by two white arms!

Perhaps you know this brother of mine, or perhaps you, too, have a "Brother in Arms"?

H. R. J., '98.

II

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN

Gretsel lived in the valley beneath the Witterhorn.

Every morning in the summer-time he led his little herd of goats up on the green stoops of the mountain to graze. There he used to sit and look down on the village below him, and the blue river reflecting the depths of the sky. Far over his head rose the mighty sides of the Witterhorn, black and glistening with its crown of snow. Beyond, in the distance, were other peaks, alway white and grand, with green forests spreading away at their feet. All day long while the summer lasted, Gretsel, tending his goats, watched the sunlight come and go from valley to mountain, till he knew every spot in the country about. The village people called him the dreamer, and around winter fires told tales of men whom the spirits of the snow

first enchanted by their spells, and then lured to destruction. "And thou art one that is bewitched," they added to Gretsel, but he did not believe them.

One day he went higher up than usual, looking for a kid that had strayed away. It was early autumn, and far down in the valley he could see the grass, already brown. The beautiful whiteness grew nearer and nearer as he went up, and at last he came to the level of the snow. The air was almost warm. All around him, on the white drifts, crept a pink glow from the setting sun. The village far below him had disappeared. Gretsel turned and saw the distant mountains all aflame with light. He drew in a long, deep breath out of the silence, and watched until the colors faded to blue and grey. A cold wind blew down the mountain side. Gretsel started, and grew pale. It was night, and he did not know the way back. On a little ledge beneath him the kid lay, cold and still, in the snow.

The next morning some stray goats wandered back to the village without a herdsman.

The old folks looked at each other and shook their heads. "We told you so," they said. V. R. G., '98.

III

FROM 12 TO 12.15

I was tired—too tired to read, too tired even to undress. A hard day at the store had wearied my throbbing brain, and an unsuccessful attempt at bicycle riding had exhausted me physically. I leaned back in the big, leather-covered easy-chair with a sigh.

The clock on the mantel began striking the midnight hour in soft, deep tones; the sleepy fire flickered a little; the end of a cigar-stub, in a tray that stood on the arm of my chair, glowed red for a moment, then turned to ashes; my foot went to sleep, but I was too listless to do more than shift its position; a bit of ice tinkled in a pitcher of water on the table; the gas flared up, and began to hiss disagreeably; a fly lighted on my forehead; I was half-conscious that it tickled; with an exertion I started to raise my hand.

Good heavens! I was riding my wheel down the street at full speed. A lady started over the crossing. I felt that I was going to run into her. I tried to jump off — but horrors! we collided —

The easy-chair lay, minus its cushions, under the table; the ice-water pitcher was scattered in a hundred pieces about the room; and I sprawled, dripping wet, in a great pool of water, as the clock solemnly chimed the quarter. H. W. B., '98.

NEWS NOTES

"Strike it up!"

Be sharpening your skates!

It's nearly time for the mistletoe, boys!

A definition of a school paper — A publication to the contents of which one per cent. of the school contribute, and with which the remaining ninety and nine find fault.—[Ex.

Cards were given out on the day before Thanksgiving.

We were all very glad when one Thursday morning, in the middle of the singing lesson, Mr. Wm. H. Lincoln walked onto the platform. In answer to the bursts of enthusiastic greeting accorded him by the pupils, he gave a brief talk welcoming the new scholars, speaking of his enjoyment at last June's graduating exercises, and pointing out the responsibilities of Brookline citizens and of citizens in general. We hope Mr. Lincoln will make us frequent visits this winter.

How many nickels (Nichols) are needed to get a coffee-roll at the lunch-counter?

If every one in the school would overcome his modesty or self-depreciation enough to contribute at least one article to The Sagamore — for instance, the composition that has received the highest mark, or the one that he himself prefers — we would be sure to find much good material. The one who least expects it may have his attempt accepted. Try it and see!

Among the cuts that appeared in a recent article in Harper's Round Table, on the Boston interscholastic football teams, there appeared a full length picture of Capt. Parker. We missed one thing, however — the cane that he has been sporting of late.

The B. H. S. Orchestra made its first public appearance this year at a Baptist Church sociable. The "Amazon Ouverture," "Up the Street," "Sorosis Waltzes," and "Sharp Shooter March," were among the pieces rendered.

Mr. Prentiss Cummings gave his paper on Homer recently at Mr. Sanford's house. Many of the High School teachers were present.

It may interest Mr. Cook to know that if we may rely on the statement of one of the recent declamers in Room 10, a scarf has been named after him.

The marks of the two lower classes have been copied into a new record book which was made especially for the Brookline High. Here is a chance to distinguish yourselves, 1900 and 1901!

Already several girls have taken the suggestion of THE SAGAMORE and are assisting Miss Nichols at the lunch-counter. Where are the boys?

The poem entitled "A Great Bore," that appeared in our October number, was printed in full in one of our exchanges.

Mr. Wm. G. Nash spoke before the class in Political Economy a few days ago.

In "Land and Water" for November, there was an article entitled "Prospects of Interscholastic Football Teams about Boston." This may interest some of our readers—and again it may not.

The members of the Greek class are reading the Odyssey with Mr. Sanford one day during the week.

Henceforth on the last Friday of every month, the swimming period formerly given to the boys is to be reserved for the girls.

Mr. Michael Driscoll gave a very interesting talk to the members of the Pol. Con. class, on Highways and Road-building, bringing into his talk instances of the building of several Brookline roads and other experiences in his twenty years of road building.

The orchestra played in the hall before the assembled school the other morning, for the first time since the beginning of school. Judging from the rendering of their new selections, this year's management is going to be a success.

Juchhe! Die erste deutche Klasse hat "Minna von Barnhelm," vollendet. Nun lesen sie "Karl der Grosser."

What's the matter with an umbrella rack for Room 10?

Every member of the senior class should write for the J. Murray Kay prizes. The subjects this year are: "Brookline's Relation to Norfolk County," and "The Development of the Metropolitan Park System." The essays are due March first.

Many members of B. H. S. will attend the series of five subscription dances to be given on Friday evenings at the Riverdale Casino.

Storer Ware, who was with us last year, is playing right half back on Hoppy's eleven.

During December three performances of the French play "Athalie," will be given in Sanders Theater by Harvard and Radcliffe students. It is an excellent opportunity for pupils studying the French language, and all should go who can. Tickets are two dollars.

P. R. Dunbar, B. H. S. '95, now at Williams College, has been appointed Williams correspondent of "School Life," a periodical published monthly at Roanoke, Va., and devoted to the interests of colleges and preparatory schools.

The new song which the school is now learning is quite "striking."

On the Friday afternoon before the Harvard-Yale game some of the B. H. S. teachers and pupils were invited to Mr. Sanford's house to listen to an informal talk on foot-ball given by Mr. Shaw, Yale, '92.

With the exception of one or two issues, back numbers of THE SAGAMORE may be obtained at any time from any of the editors. Price of single copies, ten cents.

Mrs. Norton has been giving a series of five talks on "Home Sanitation" before the "School of Housekeeping," in Boston.

Mr. Cole has formed a semi-chorus including the four parts.

The members of the late committee that had charge of Room 10 during the four weeks before Thanksgiving were Elise Coffin, Victoria Goodspeed, Jack Floyd and Harold Bynner. J. Nelson Manning, the president of the Class of '98, was chairman of the committee.

The pupils of 1901 have chosen for their class colors green and gold, instead of green and white as was wrongly stated in our last issue.

Miss Frye announced the other day that her orders came from above.

We would like to call the attention of THE SAGAMORE readers to the advertisement in the back of this issue concerning the "Brookline Magazine." The magazine will be exceedingly attractive and should appeal to every citizen of this town.

The First German class has commenced labor on "Karl der Grosse." Some of the translations during the first recitation were very original. We learned that the ancient Franks who "squatted on the border of Germany and Gaul, and were baptized in order to make up for a deficiency in other things, wore French moustaches on their smooth-shaven chins."

Many instructors and pupils belonging to the B. H. S. were present at the Harvard-Yale game. We were sorry to see, however, that some—among them the principal—carried blue flags instead of crimson.

We have a German exchange, the Aerolith from Franklin, Wis. Here's a chance for practice, German scholars!

Anyone wishing to see the prize essays written by Marion Sharp, '97, and Charles Kellogg, Jr., '97, may do so by asking for them at the office. They are published under the auspices of the Brookline Historical Publication Society.

On account of the rain the "no school" signal was rung one morning this past month.

On the day before Thanksgiving, William Boardman, formerly of '98, paid the school a visit. We were all glad to see him.

"The Ridgeway Concert," given in behalf of the "Teachers' Annuity Guild," was a very artistic performance. Many members of the B. H. S. were in the audience.

Miss Johnson has charge of the senior composition work this year. The subjects are correlative with the course in Political Science.

There was an exquisite piece of wood-carving presented to our view in the hall the other morning. It was not a good rule to follow, however.

Tandem, the girls' dressing-room in the lower corridor, has been fitted up with lockers. There are enough for every girl in the school to have one. Keys may be obtained from Mr. Cook by paying a fee of twenty-five cents.

This year the School Committee voted not to give the schools the day before Thanksgiving as a holiday, but instead the day before Christmas.

At a class meeting held the day previous to Thanksgiving, the seniors voted by a large majority to continue the system of self-government which has been in operation for some time in Room 10. The venture has been a success in many ways. Indeed, it has resulted far more favorably than was expected. With a few exceptions, the class seems to have taken a great interest in the trial, and, as a whole, has upheld the committee in the execution of their difficult and sometimes unpleasant duties. The new committee elected to serve four weeks is composed of Florence Adams, Louise Frazer, Helen Adams and Gardner Rogers. Harold Bynner is their chairman.

Mr. Basset has charge of the compositions of I. A. Two themes a week are required. We earnestly request that a large number of these be submitted to us, for hereafter, as during last year, there will be three or four sketches in each number of The Sagamore. The sketches must be signed with initials and class of writer.

November 15th, Mrs. Norton and Miss Tomlinson each gave a brief talk before the Newton Congregational Club.

Miss Johnson and Mr. Sanford are hearing the rehearsals of the 1st class, Miss Smith hears those of the 2d and 3d classes, and Miss Frost those of the 4th class.

On Tuesday, Nov. 23, Mr. Dutton honored the school with an address. His remarks were greeted with enthusiasm and applause. They were based on the possibilities our schools afford; the splendid athletic chance the playgrounds give us, and the advantage of having our learning guided by so fine a corps of teachers. Mr. Dutton praised foot-ball; he encouraged it in the lower classes, and urged the entering class to make the most of all the opportunities given them. The next subject upon which Mr. Dutton touched was the immediate dangers threatening so large and so populous a country as ours. He made clear to all the scholars the utmost necessity of their being fitted for good citizens; the responsibility of each boy and girl, and the enthusiasm and earnestness with which each should attend to his country's needs. Mr. Dutton left with the pupils a definite impression of many things of which they had previously had vague ideas, and which some had never understood. Let us thank him!

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Harold W. Bynner, 50 Harvard Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 15 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, J. Nelson Manning, 41 Clark Road, Brookline.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing the Advertising Manager, Max G. Andres, High School, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

ALTHOUGH a few weeks must elapse before the Christmas Holidays arrive, THE SAGAMORE has already caught the spirit of the season, and a little prematurely perhaps, but none the less heartily, wishes each and every one of its readers a very Merry Christmas.

THE plan of self-government being tried by the Senior class is a subject worthy of the interest of the whole school. The practice, if successful, will probably be continued by following senior classes. Therefore the present seniors should strive to launch with flying colors a custom that will bring many benefits to the school,—an opportunity given to every scholar for attaining self-control, and by

this a greater sense of freedom; the privilege of government by representation; almost unquestionable justice, all the actions of the committee being necessarily unanimous; and last but not least, the final abolition of a need of strict supervision. Let us make the class of '98 memorable as having instituted the system by which these reforms shall have been effected. The seniors of the High School are no longer children, and should not have to be treated as children. We think it high time that those who have confessed by their actions an inability to restrain themselves, should earnestly apply themselves to an attainment of self-control. For everyone, for these most of all, should it prove a blessing that the school offers a new study to its senior class — the study of self-government.

After due thought and consideration the board of editors has decided to introduce an exchange column in The Sagamore. Here, as far as space allows, the exchange editor will mention what he has found most interesting, amusing, or otherwise of worth in the papers he receives. If the privilege is not abused, we shall keep the exchanges on the table in the library. Thus our readers may profit by his suggestions, as well as see other publications in comparison with ours, realize our merits, and discover wherein our pages may be improved. We think it will be well worth their while to inspect our exchanges, which contain many good stories, spicy jokes, well-written editorials, and bright local notes. The exchange column is also to be devoted to friendly criticism on other school papers, as the exchange editor explains in his department.

Miss Ellen B. Townsend, who has been our Fourth Class Editor, suddenly passed away on Saturday, Nov. 27. Her death was a great shock to all of her many friends. She had made a brilliant record in the Lawrence School, and was a leader and one of the brightest girls in her class, while her conscientious work on our paper made her a very valuable assistant. Such a girl the school and The Sagamore could ill afford to lose. Her family have our sincerest sympathy.

We hope you will remember that The Sagamore is only a child of four, and will gladly welcome Christmas gifts — either subscriptions or contributions will do. "Fill up the baby's stocking."

ATHLETICS

FOOT-BALL

At the South End grounds, Oct. 26, Brookline High was defeated by Boston Latin, in the first league game of the season. Latin School scored the only touchdown of the game in the first few minutes of play, and Bolster kicked the goal. Brookline then took a brace, and the remainder of the game was hotly contested. Had Brookline played with more snap in the early part of the game, the result might have been different. The summary:—

Boston Latin — McGrath, l. e.; Talbot, l. t.; E. Regan, l. g.; Carey, c.; Firk, r. g.; Gately (F. Regan), r. t.; Moran, r. e.; Frud, q. b.; O'Neill, h. b.; Finneran, h. b.; Bolster (Gately), f. b.

Brookline High — Strickland, r. e.; Kernan, r. t.; Fox, r. g.; Dexter, c.; Parker, l. g.; C. Fox, l. t.; Brett (Manning), l. e.; Dearborn (Brett), q. b.; Hall, h. b.; Horr, h. b.; Converse, f. b.

Score — Boston Latin, 6; Brookline, 0.

Touchdown, Finneran; goal from touchdown, Bolster; umpire, Cleary; referee, Pendleton; linesmen, Ratchesky and Fogarty. Time, 20-minute halves.

Cambridge Manual Training School defeated Brookline at Charles River Park, Oct. 29, by the score of 36–0. Brookline was outplayed at every point. The summary:—

Cambridge Manual Training School — Cappelle, l. e.; Harris l. t.; Hazen, l.g.; Fiske, c.; Pierce, r. g.; Kempton, r. t.; Merrill, r. e.; Columbus, q. b.; Grothe, h. b.; Webb, h. b.; Yeager, f. b.

Brookline — Strickland, r. e.; Kernan, r. t.; Fox, r. g.; Dexter, c.; Parker, l. g.; C. Fox, l. t.; Floyd, l. e.; Lewis, q. b.; Hall, h. b.; Horr, h. b.; Converse, f. b.

Score — C. M. T. S., 36; Brookline, 0. Touchdowns, Cappelle, 3, Webb 2, Hazen, Merrill; goals from touchdowns, Yeager, 3; safety touchdown, Lewis; umpire, Murphy; referee, Fairbanks; linesmen, Boyce and Sullivan. Time, 20-minute halves.

The Brookline–Cambridge H. & L. S. game on Nov. 9 was a a farce; neither team scoring in twenty minutes of slipping and sliding in the mud on the gridiron. The field was in no condition for play, but the Cambridge captain persisted in calling the game, and Captain Parker yielded. Under the circumstances, the game was no test of the relative merits of the two teams, and it will be played over before the end of the season.

English High found no difficulty in running up 59 points against Brookline at the South End grounds, Nov. 16, and shutting out their lighter opponents. English High scored almost at will, and played fast football throughout, their only mistakes being several bad fumbles. Woodbury kicked a pretty goal from the field from the 20-yard line. The summary:—

English High — Murphy, l. e.; Dean, l. t.; Rorke, l. g.; Seavey, c.; Obrien (Moxery), r. g.; Reilly, r. t.; Woodbury (Nichols), r. e.; Sherlock (McDermott), q. b.; Sullivan (Sherlock), h. b.; Buxbaum (Woodbury), h. b., Teevens (Moxery), f. b.

Brookline — Quinlan r. e.; Kernan, r. t.; Fox, r. g.; Dexter, c.; Parker (C. Fox), l. g.; C. Fox (Lewis), l. t.; Floyd, l. e.; Wilcox, q. b.; Strickland (Hall), h. b.; Horr, h. b.; Converse, f. b.

Brookline High was defeated by Thayer Academy on the Brookline playground, on Nov. 19, by a score of 6–0. Thayer scored one touchdown by short, steady gains through the center and tackles, and forced a safety.

GOLF

The second handicap tournament under the auspices of the B. H. S. Golf Club was held at Franklin Park, Wednesday, Oct. 27. The winners were Wilson Dexter, first — gross 73, handicap 25, net 48; second — J. Nelson Manning, gross 49, handicap +3, net 52. Other scores:—

	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
S. T. Strickland	64	10	54
G. R. Ainsworth	66	12	54
W. Richmond	69	15	54
L. P. Macomber	55	scratch	55
C. L. Perkins	57	scratch	57
S. Cutter	57	scratch	57
M. H. Smith	72	12	60
H. P. Williams	96	25	71
G. Runkle	114	25	89

Lowell Richardson, no card.

CARROLL L. PERKINS, *Sporting Editor.*

THE B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

THE ninety-fourth regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held Wednesday, Nov. 3, 1897, at 7.45 P. M., in the usual place. After the roll had been called and the secretary's report read and accepted, the President appointed the following officers for the evening: J. R. Marvin, ballot-box director; Tom Taylor, critic; Philip Fox, reporter.

The subject chosen for next debate was "Resolved: That the abolishment of the Single Chamber Act proposed, will be for the welfare of Boston." The members drawn to debate on the question were John T. Floyd and Philip Fox on the affirmative, F. C. Dole and Frank Mahoney on the negative. C. D. Atherton was then proposed as a member.

The subject of the evening was "Resolved, That non-partisan rule should be used in municipal government." Messrs. Lincoln and Richmond spoke on the affirmative and Mr. Leary on the negative.

At the close of the general debate, the ballot-box director submitted his report, which read as follows:—

C. D. Atherton unanimously elected a member of the club.

Result of votes cast on the merits of the principal debaters: Affirmative, 9; negative, 14.

Result of votes cast on the merits of the question after debate: Affirmative, 18; negative, 7.

After the critic of this meeting and the reporter of last had made their reports, the President appointed Mr. Frederick J. Driscoll sergeant-at-arms of the club for the ensuing year, and duly installed him in that office.

The meeting then adjourned until Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, 1897, at the usual time and place.

GEORGE T. LYNCH,
Secretary.

We have not as yet received any designs for our cover, and only one heading for the humor page. Where are our artists?

THE B. H. S. CAMERA CLUB

THE result of the votes cast at the meeting of the Camera Club for the annual election of officers was as follows:— President, Maude B. Dutton, '98; Secretary, Helen R. Jones, '98; Treasurer, Lowell C. Richardson, '98. John Marvin, '98, and Gardner Rogers, '98, were appointed to help Mr. Packard in taking care of the dark-room.

All persons in the B. H. S., either owning a camera or having the use of one are eligible for membership in the club. Those wishing to join are requested to pay the annual fee of one dollar to Lowell Richardson, (Room 10,) and sign their names to the constitution drawn up in the Secretary's book.

MAUDE B. DUTTON, '98, *Secretary.*

The friends of the Brookline High School have always been loyal in the past in the support of athletics. This season a concert has been arranged by the Orchestra of the school for the benefit of sports, and it is hoped that all friends of the school will make the occasion a great success. Athletics cannot be carried on in a successful manner unless there is money in the treasury. It is the duty of every scholar to dispose of as many tickets as possible, and we hope that the school will support the orchestra by its presence at the concert. For tickets apply to J. Nelson Manning, Room 10.

A man was seen delivering orations at the side door of the school the other day: but he was only an expressman with a number of Ciceros which had been ordered.

An Irishman came into a bank and stepped up to the window with his bank book: "Do you want to deposit some money?" asked the cashier. "No," he answered. "Oi want to put some in."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

JOHN T. FLOYD, *Editor*

WE have been criticised by many of our contemporaries in the past for not having an exchange column, but now we enter upon our initial effort and hope to merit this criticism no longer. It is in the exchange column that the editor looks for advice and suggestions, and we feel that it is for us to give our criticisms as well as to take those of others in a friendly spirit. Praise also will be given articles or features that especially please us.

* *
*

WE apologize to the Bowdoin College for not acknowledging in our last issue the poem commencing, "Little Willie was a freshman." Although it was given us as original, we find that it first appeared in the ——'s columns.

* *
*

AMONG the first to greet our editorial eye is the Latin and High School Review from across the Charles. We always enjoy its bright pages, but cannot help remarking on the space it gives to articles entirely foreign to the school, as the long catalogue of the English High School and the music review.

* *
*

THE Chauncey Hall Abstract for October contains a very clever humorous story entitled "My Rug." Read it, "It is to laugh."

* *
*

WE wonder why it is that in many of the High School papers the humor and the exchanges are so mixed. Separate columns would in our opinion be a great improvement.

* *
*

THERE is an interesting article in the Dedham High School Item for October on "Asphalt Paving."

* *
*

THE advertisements mixed in with the Editorials and Athletics in the Skirmisher mar the looks of the paper. Why not put the ads in their proper place?

* *
*

WE are very much taken with the poem in The Chronicle entitled "The New Eneid." It shows a striking originality, and a sense of humor. The Chronicle is among the best school papers we receive.

* *
*

WE are always glad to welcome the Oak, Lily and Ivy from the S. M. High School. Its locals, athletics and personals go to make up a small but interesting paper.

* *
*

ALTHOUGH "A Brother's Love," in the November High School Journal from Pittsburg, Pa., is in places a little crudely written, it has a good plot and is worth reading.

* *
*

THE series of short tales called "New Arabian Nights" in Aggie Life form a unique and interesting feature of the paper.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

A small boy, shopping with his mother, happened to notice a lot of Japanese back-scratchers, and immediately begged: "Oh, mamma, do buy one of those pretty pickle forks!"

Heard at the theater: "There's Connecticut, the Nutmeg state, and now, they've got a Greater—New York."

An Irishman entered a store and asked for a cake of soap.
"Do you want it scented?" questioned the clerk.
"No!" he answered. "Oi'll take it along wid me."—[Ex.

Stranger: "Do you know a man around here, with one leg, named Jones?"
Doctor: "Could you tell me the name of his other leg?"

High school boy to young lady: "Do you know what Iambic pentameter is?"
Young lady: "I have forgotten now, but I used to know when I studied geometry."

Sentimental husband: "Je t' adore."
Practical wife: "Shut it yourself!"

As I entered the theater I saw the door bolt, and then looking again saw the door step up in front. While walking down the corridor I heard a lantern slide which made my ear ring. Seeing a curtain spring and a foot light on the stage nearly took away my breath, and in the silence which followed I heard a cough drop and the wind pipe. When the curtain rose I beheld Joan of Ark at the steak and some French dressing on the table. As the tenor caught the prima donna by the left wing, the kettle near the fire side. Just then I perceived my antelope on the stage and a cow-catcher. I looked again just in time to see the cow slip. Had I not been awakened by the bed-ticking I might have——— SENIOR GIRL.

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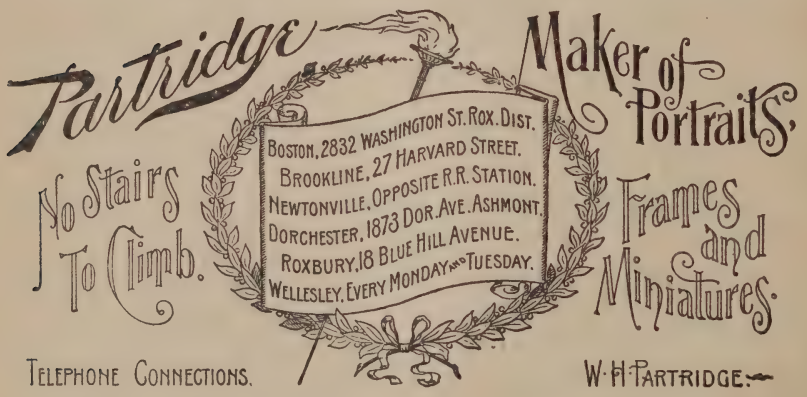

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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JANUARY
1898

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 JANUARY, 1898 NUMBER 4

A VISIT TO THE ENFIELD SHAKERS

Please remove all dirt from your feet.

THIS was the suggestive greeting that met us at the door of the Shaker building. Apparently everyone had obeyed the injunction scrupulously, for within all was spotless. Involuntarily our voices lowered as we talked with Sister Caroline and heard her gentle yea and nay.

She invited us to walk in their garden while we were waiting for dinner, and there we strolled up and down the pleasant walks with beds of luxuriant vegetables on either side. There were acres and acres devoted to the growth of every kind of vegetable that stony New Hampshire can produce, and flower gardens that were gorgeous in reds and yellows. As we wandered by the blue lake and gazed at the purple hills beyond, we thought it was not strange that the Shakers were so fond of their Enfield home.

On our return we met a sister, in her gray cloak and Shaker bonnet, walking with a young man. This was rather surprising, considering the rigid rules of decorum observed by the Shakers. As we came near she hastily explained that she was going down to the lake with her cousin to show him the way to her brother's house. So there are "cousins" even in Shaker-land!

We were obliged to wait in the little office a few minutes and found plenty of entertainment in studying the "Rules for Visitors" which hung upon the wall.

This was Rule number four:

"While we wish visitors to feel perfectly free at the table we do not approve of the wasteful habit of leaving food upon the plate."

When half an hour later we gazed hopelessly at the table still loaded with baked beans and brown bread, the famous Shaker fish-and-egg dish, and a bountiful supply of vegetables, upon which we seemed to have made no impression whatever, we realized to our sorrow the full force of that fourth rule. Each one was bravely struggling with a morsel of brown bread or a spoonful of pudding, that was decidedly "*de trop.*"

After dinner we followed Sister Caroline through the buildings. She took us into the little school-house where we saw upon the wall a print of our honored Governor. The Sister's dear old eyes were dimmed and she could not read the name, but we could and were glad to see it there.

Our guide took us into the building where their chapel was, and proudly exhibited the smooth hard-wood floor which had never been touched by a drop of water, yet was as good as new after sixty years. We were shown over the kitchens and store-rooms where the sense of immaculate cleanliness was almost oppressive.

Then we went to a room where two of the Brothers slept. So clean, so still! We were impressed with the solemn air of the room. We glanced at the books on the table and among them noticed these: one of Edna Lyall's novels, and the "Count of Monte Cristo," by Alexander Dumas!. This was the only thing that relieved the dignified sobriety of the whole community.

Sister Caroline's gentle hospitality was not so far lacking as to fail in speeding the parting guest, and it was with a pleasant picture of Shaker life in our minds that we left it.

Perhaps we were a little more hilarious than usual on our homeward drive through the woods, for we felt an irresistible desire to make a noise after coming from those silent halls of cold gray stone into the rich warmth of a summer afternoon "in the world outside."

G. M., '98.

Friend—"Does your school boast of a foot-ball team?"

B. H. S. student—"No! We used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it now."—[Ex.

A BLUE-WINGED CUPID

UP, up, up. Monsieur Pedré began to puff. Even in a most amiable mood it was no small task to pull two hundred and fifty pounds up five long flights of rickety stairs. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his broad, steaming forehead. And such a forehead as Monsieur Pedré had! It loomed up like an abrupt cliff, and then went rambling back indefinitely.

Up, up, up. Would he never reach the top? Oh, how tired his legs were! Monsieur Pedré stopped with a final pant, on the landing of the third floor, and poked his head out of the little paneless window, that he might listen to the droning buzz of the locusts and the merry chirp of the crickets in the marsh-flats below, for he loved nature. His small, bead-like eyes were strained to their utmost, searching eagerly, restlessly, vainly for some stray darling of a butterfly.

The flats were softly tinted in greys, and a faint blue column of smoke was curling up from the distant town. Five pure, clear chimes came floating over the twilight air. Monsieur Pedré heaved a sigh. "It is so beautiful," he murmured. Then he turned, and slowly, very slowly, trudged on up stairs.

"At last," snapped a voice, and a thin, sharp face appeared over the banisters. "Ah! it is you, Monsieur Pedré. It is invariably so, invariably so. Constantly late. Constantly finding fault. No, you need n't explain. Your butterflies? Hum! Indeed!" She turned and jerked herself into a small room adjoining the stairway. "And so you really think that is an excuse!" she continued, as he followed her. "The brutes, the beasts, the nasty, stupid, crawling— " A fat griddle cake was slapped into a greasy pan and thrust with a clatter on the stove; otherwise the last word might have caused Monsieur Pedré a shock. "Either you will go, or I will. That's clear," she continued. "I've made up my mind to that. For seven long years now I have worked and worked. I've scrubbed your floors and mended your clothes. You selfish idiot." Marie scowled frantically at some batter she had dropped on the freshly swept floor, and concluded: "Worst of all, François, you love those pesky little brats."

Monsieur Pedré glanced anxiously at his wife. He was about to give chloroform to a small, blue butterfly. The tiny creature was struggling pitifully for its liberty, and was battling with all its tiny strength against the strong, fat fingers of the man who held it.

The little room was so full of smoke that it made him cough, and he started to open the window. But his wife roughly caught his arm. He gave her one sad, beseeching look, then stumbled back to the table where he had left the apparently lifeless butterfly. A half ironical smile played on his lips. It was a smile peculiar to him when tired out with worry and care; one that had only developed of late years, when he had begun to realize that Marie, his wife, the woman he really loved, was jealous of his beautiful, wonderful butterflies; the butterflies he had collected with such pains, and cared for so long. A great determination settled on his brow. The fine thin lines on his cheek and under his eyes grew suddenly deeper. His calm, poetic nature had at last received a blow that had aroused it.

As Marie crossed the room and roughly pushed a plate before him he touched her nervous, bony fingers with his hand. "Marie," said Monsieur Pedré softly, "Marie, dear, do you believe I no longer love you?"

"Let go," grumbled his wife. Her voice was impatient and gruff. She was undergoing a sensation she had not experienced for many years, and for a minute it hardened rather than softened her. But now a sudden feeling overwhelmed her, one that made her forget to snatch away her hand when her husband clasped it lovingly in his. How strange it was to hear François call her Marie, dear, with those butterflies in the room! She glanced swiftly at her husband, and then for the first time in seven years she knew that love had not been really dead but only slumbering.

With a sudden impulse Monsieur Pedré rose, and took a key from the table drawer. Had he not seen the tears in Marie's brown eyes as she had gently turned away her head? Had he not felt her responsive, trembling hand? Could it be true that he had led such a life of selfishness and blindness all these years? Marie was right. He had been wrong, and only he could make it up to her. The

key grated in the cabinet door as Monsieur Pedré twisted and turned the lock. Marie looked aghast. Out came trays and trays full of butterflies. Off went the cover of the stove! In went the creatures, pink, blue, green, yellow and scarlet; big and little; brilliant with rareness and beauty. The curling flames caught them up and eagerly devoured their colored wings. They sizzled. Monsieur Pedré bit his lip as he turned. Marie was sobbing; Marie the cross, the fretful wife; the woman to whom he had not shown his love for years and years; the woman for whom he now would have willingly died.

A tiny, blue creature was fluttering about the room. Now it had lighted on the curls that nestled babyishly on the back of Monsieur Pedré's neck, and now it was on the window pane. "Quick," gasped Marie. "François, catch him. He will fall on the stove."

Instead, Monsieur Pedré quietly opened the window and watched the little creature fly out. Round and round it flitted on the soft summer air, and then came back to where the two were standing. "The darling," laughed Marie. "It is, it must be a Blue Winged Cupid, François." But Monsieur Pedré did not smile. He merely said, "Come here by me, Marie, my own. See! the noisy, laughing factory men are coming over the flats below with their clanging dinner pails. It is so poetic!" Then he sighed.

E. A. C., '98.

SKETCHES

I

A FRAGMENT

"COME in," said Peter, without turning his gaze from the fire. His valet entered, and held out to him a plate. Peter turned, and took the card and read the name. His face whitened so suddenly and awfully, that the servant put his hand inquiringly on his master's arm. Peter appeared not to notice. He tore the card once across, and threw it into the fire. Then he laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "The deuce!" he said. "It has come."

The servant, now thoroughly startled by his master's strange behavior, ventured to interpose. "Your Honor," he said.

Peter looked at him, and a smile, half sweet and half bitter, played around his mouth. "It's all right, John, my man," said he. "Show him in." He walked slowly up and down the room until John returned with the man. The visitor stood just inside the door held open by John. He had not removed his hat. Peter bowed elaborately to him.

"Pray be seated," said Peter.

The man glared angrily at him. "So I have found you," he said, in an intense voice.

"Yes," said Peter lightly, "but it has taken you a long time."

The man came a few steps into the room. "You will come?" he said.

"Surely," said Peter, who was looking at his hands meditatively. They were firmly put together,—large, white hands.

"You seem to hesitate," said the stranger in a sarcastic tone, and he too looked at Peter's hands.

"No," said Peter, "I was merely noticing how strong my hands are, and how white. And I decided the thing was n't worth changing their color. You see I always disliked red. But you are waiting! John, my overcoat and hat, the slouch one." As he saw the scared, anxious face of the faithful John, he went over to him, and put his hand on his shoulder. "You are a good fellow," he said gently, even tenderly. Then he dropped his hand, and said in his former voice, "And as quickly as possible, please."

When John came back with the coat and hat, the two men were standing silent where he had left them. The stranger did not look up while the servant helped Peter into his coat, but moved impatiently when Peter deliberately readjusted his necktie before the mirror. Then Peter took his hat and pulled it hard down on his head and over his eyes. "I am ready," he said, and motioned to John to conduct them out.

As John closed the outer door, and watched the two men down the steps and as far on the street as he could, he was seeing the last he was ever to see, and knowing the most he was ever to know of his master, the Mayor of Bremtowne. F. B. A., '98.

II

A BIT OF SENTIMENT

It is only a little tarnished inkstand, yet I loved it in those days and love it today as one of my best friends.

It may have been pretty once, but that is so long ago that I have forgotten. The top is silver—now horribly tarnished and smeared with ink and grime. But nothing could make me scrub away one blot or try to polish off one scratch. They mean too much and they must stay. The inkstand itself is of glass, and you can make out the letters on one side which were intended for monograms when someone scratched them there beneath the date.

From the cover, down over the outside, a line of blots marks the course of my pen in its untiring trips to the well. Shall I scrub away those ungainly blots? The inkstand could still be a respectable one, with a little care. But would I still know my dear, dirty little friend if it should shine as brightly as an inkstand which has not been at College for four happy years?

Only you who have had such a friend, and such remembrances can realize why I feel an unreasonable sentimentality about this homely souvenir. H. R. J., '98.

III

THORNS OF POWER

The rich curtains that hung in the balcony doorway trembled, parted, and revealed the dim shadow of a man clad in flowing robes. He stepped out onto the balcony to enjoy for a moment the cool night air, and, throwing back the velvet cloak from his throat, gazed pensively on the city below him. It was Paris. The sparkling lights clustered thickly near by, and twinkled far away in every direction until at length they faded into the dense blackness of the distant countryside. Loud bursts of laughter and screams of wild enjoyment from ball-room and palace reëchoed discordantly in his ear, and proclaimed the revelry that ran rife that night—as, indeed, every night—in the chief city of France. The man's lips parted in a slight smile of satisfaction as he reflected that he had but to say the word, and yonder merriment would cease; that he had but to

command, and the mightiest of all the lords, who thronged the royal court, would bow the neck. For a moment the lines of that scheming, plotting face, deep-branded by secret cares, and anxieties that the world knew not of, relaxed, and betrayed the fact that even Richelieu was human in the enjoyment of power. Then suddenly there was a loud clanking of swords, and coarse laughter at coarser jests, as a band of frenzied rioters stumbled through the street. They paused beneath the balcony, raised a hoarse drunken shout,—"Down with Richelieu!" then staggered on, cursing and singing snatches of vulgar songs.

Instantly the shadows crossed Richelieu's face again. His eyes glittered, his strong mouth closed resolutely, the lines of craft seamed his cheek and brow once more, and, drawing his scarlet robe close about him, he disappeared behind the swaying curtains.

H. W. B., '98.

AN INDIAN LAMENT

Ever the pine trees moan, and the frozen needles are dropping,
Ever the north winds howl and shriek thro' the oaks in the forest,
Ever the snowflakes fall, so soft, so silent, and slowly,
And night comes dreary and dark, moonless and starless she cometh.

Groaning and writhing he lay in the midst of the night shrouded forest,
He the Indian chief, and his great frame shook from the anguish
Which tore his inmost soul to free itself from his body;
And huge cold beads of sweat arose on his feverish forehead.

Near by him there in the wood a fire was glowing and crackling,
Sending out darting flames, and pale gray smoke in the darkness,
Thus to illumine the way which led to the Isle of the Blessed,
Whither the spirit had gone of the bright young squaw his beloved.

M. B. D., '98.

A LARK IN NONSENSE, OR THE BURIED SENIORS

In the following puzzle may be found, including the example here given, twenty-eight names of seniors, boys and girls. The method of solving will be seen from this sentence in which the name Andres is very apparent, "by the house AND RESolved to investigate." See if you can find the other twenty-seven, and either drop your solution in THE SAGAMORE box, or mail it to the editor-in-chief.

THERE was a great commotion on the beach one stormy night. Richard saw people hurrying by the house and resolved to investigate. So he took his little brother Jo with him and arrived on the shore just in time to see some twelve fishermen manning a life-boat.

"Shove your end off," ordered the captain. There was a ship in distress and these brave men were bound to the rescue of its crew.

Among the throng of onlookers was a damsel noted for her keen hearing, and the crowd watched her eagerly to see whether or no she heard any answer to their hails.

"Ask 'er, Nan," said one old fisherman to his child, "if she hears anything."

The woman answered, "I hear an occasional faint cry above the roar of the waves, and a moment ago I saw a spark 'er light—that is all."

A stout Irishwoman who was standing near the rushing surf, with eyes and ears strained seaward, added, "I haint heared nor seed nothin'."

"Just listen to that grammar! Shall we stand it?" cried the schoolmaster. He was one of the head men of the village, a mason, and all that, but he had peculiar ideas concerning grammar.

At that moment the crowd saw that a bright light was blazing forth from the forest behind them. "The woods are afire!" shouted they, "woods afire!"

While this news was spreading fresh excitement among the throng, a sudden scraping noise was heard. As the Irishwoman afterward remarked, it sounded "just loike an oice crame frazer."

It was the keel of the returned life-boat grating on the pebbly beach, and soon the group on the shore could see that of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated ship only an old man and a young girl about sixteen years old had been saved. The sympathizing crowd gathered around, and the Irishwoman advised them to "rub 'er hands and 'er fate and give 'er some tay. Lor, how cold she looks!"

Jo nestled his head in his brother's coat and asked: "Who is that girl Richard, so nice and pretty-looking?"

But before Richard could answer, a strange thing happened. The rescued man leaped from the boat and the crowd moved out of his way, for, as one of the fishermen described him afterwards, "he scairt me with his eyes a bulgin' out, and his ha'r pushed back from his forehead."

"Bless my soul 'e's awful-lookin,' ain't 'e?" whispered one woman to her neighbor.

Yes! this poor man, crazed by horror and fright, had gone insane.

First he repeated earnestly several times the strange words — "I am a harlequin! I am a harlequin!"

"Land o' goodness" ejaculated the Irishwoman, nervously.

This attracted the madman's attention, and he advanced toward her crying, "Give me that plum!"

"Mercy!" she screamed, picking up her skirts and running from him.

He chased her at a good speed all over the beach, until at last he was caught by a young fisherman. Then while he was being bound by dexterous hands, he kept shouting at the top of his lungs, "They're going to lynch me!"

But suddenly he was released from his bonds eternally, for he was seized with sudden heart failure, and fell back into the arms of his captors, dead.

A large box was obtained at one of the houses near by and the man was laid reverently in this improvised coffin.

"You see that he at last earns that rest after which we all seek," remarked the schoolmaster solemnly.

"Yes!" chimed in the Irishwoman. "He's in his immortal cot!"

BE UP TO DATE

T. J. McGobb on Pearl street was an enterprising man,
With advertisements of all sorts he pasted up the land,
Sapolio and Rising Sun, bicycles and French shoes,—
Betwixt the different articles t'was really hard to choose.

He utilized the fences, stuck up all the window panes,
And e'en the rocks beside the roads with brilliant paint he stains,
If one from o'er the hilltop does look forth to see the view,
Lo! patent collar-buttons he will have to take in too.

McGobb was now a-thinking since the world he'd covered o'er,
Of places new for posters that would do for some time more;
At last into his fertile brain a bright idea did come,
And to th' Electric Company he paid a goodly sum.

"Build up for me at once," he said, in nervous, breathless haste,
"A large and strong-lensed searchlight that will shine far into space."
And upon this novel task proceedings were begun,
And early in the coming month t'was promised to be done.

A flash, then from a housetop there shot out a beam of light,
For many, many miles around it pierced the darksome night.
While black against her shining face, reflected on the moon,
The wond'ring people all did read "Buy Prescott's luncheon spoon!"

Then other "ads" did follow, and it was a great success;
McGobb became a millionaire, as quickly you will guess:
And now, since with a moral we desire to end this tale,
We say "Be always up to date and you will never fail!"

J. T. F., '98.

Subscriber—Kindly publish a cure for apple tree worms.

Answer—We cannot suggest a cure until we know what ails the worms.—[Ex.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing the Advertising Manager, Max G. Andres, High School, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

1898! The year drizzled gloomily in early Saturday morning, and constituted a change in the calendar, which seems to take us Seniors a huge stride on toward graduation and our farewell to the High School. We do not realize now, as we shall later, how pleasant our school-days are. We fuss and grumble over certain uncongenial studies; we complain of our slight tasks and feel greatly imposed upon; we are discontented with our vacations and make out that our school lot is indeed a hard one. Speak of your woes and troubles to some older person! Heed his smile! Draw your conclusion. Little do we know what fate has in store for us when we strike out from the protecting walls of our Alma Mater and enter upon our life-work. Six months more! Only six months! How shall we use them?

We sincerely hope that 1898 will be to all of our readers a year of happiness and good fortune. We hope too that it will witness as many improvements and new privileges for the school as have past years. There is one need especially that has long seemed urgent to us, one which we would like to see met; and, seizing the present opportunity, we beg your attention and consideration. To come to the point, the High School lacks a gymnasium and ought to have one. We know a great deal has been done, and is being done at present, for the betterment of Brookline's schools, but would it be too much to ask for a gymnasium? It is not possible nor wise for everyone to use the bath-house, and a gymnasium would much more nearly meet the needs of the school. To carry our idea further we suggest a situation that seems to us very excellent and practical. Why not build a wing on the present natatorium, or perhaps one for the girls on one side and one for the boys on the other? After exercising in the gymnasium a plunge in the tank would be most exhilarating and beneficial, or on the other hand, some good brisk work with the dumb-bells after the bath would soon send the warm blood coursing through the veins of those who fear catching cold.

To allay the expenses a moderate sum could be charged for the use of the gymnasium, and when we consider the number of High School members who attend gymnasiums in town we think one here would be largely patronized. We do not speak in behalf of our own class, as the plan could not be executed in time for '98 members to derive its benefits, but it is for the good of the school as a whole that we propose a "gymnatorium."

The Brookline High School Orchestra gave a concert at the upper Town Hall on the evening of the 16th of December, to a small but select audience. Why was n't it twice as large? The music was delightfully rendered; the programme was an attractive one; Mrs. Titus sang like a lark; and, to crown all, the orchestra had the assistance of nine former pupils of the school, one of them, Miss Ethel Crafts, being the violin soloist. The absolutely interested attention which that orchestra gave its conductor was a sight

to gladden the eyes of a teacher; in fact, it was calculated to inspire any on-looker who knows the value of concentrated effort; the vision of these earnest young faces is one to be long remembered. It is a pity you missed it! Is it possible that our *esprit de corps* is at a lower level than it used to be? Are we forgetting that we are B. H. S., and remembering only that we are '99 or '00? Is it possible that we are not willing to contribute our share of interest when nine who have left the school are willing to give their services for our benefit? Surely not! Let's show our meaning by asking the orchestra to repeat the concert in Shailer Hall. To vary the entertainment some of our prize speakers would, we are sure, give recitations. The whole school would buy tickets and sell tickets. Then the audience would be large as well as select, and the orchestra would receive the appreciation it deserves. —— Q.

We have introduced a new feature in The Sagamore this month. A puzzle, containing twenty-eight hidden names of seniors is offered to our readers, and solutions are requested. The puzzle and directions for solving will be found on page 111, and the names of all those who send in correct lists will be published next month.

NEWS NOTES

A
Very
Happy
New Year
To all our readers.

Among the recent visitors to the High School have been Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College; Mr. Edincott Peabody, master of Groton School; Miss Bordin; Miss Gulick, who is at the head of the girls' school of St. Sebastian in Spain; and Mr. Randal Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools in Montclair.

Miss Gerlach was among our teachers who spent the last weeks of the year of '97 in New York.

Answer to the charade printed last month: *Kidnap.*

The B. H. S. was represented in the swimming exhibition held in the Bath House on New Year's Day.

It seemed like old times to see the boys and girls of '97 back again on the last day of school. Room ten was immediately converted into a reception room. (Woe to the "grinds" who desired to study there!) '97, although enthusiastic over Harvard, Tech. and Smith, seems still to cherish in its heart a great fondness for the B. H. S.

We were pleased to see—in spite of the fact that they had just bought their class pins, and that Christmas was near,—that the pupils of 1901 gave the largest amount toward the Hampton Scholarship.

A small purse was presented to Mr. Cook at Christmas by the teachers of the High School, as a recognition of his ever kind and willing services.

Mr. Sanford, on several Monday mornings, has read selections from Epictetus to the Senior Class. We hope he will continue.

Miss Tomlinson spent Christmas at her home in Shelton, Connecticut.

The Editors have been very much pleased in receiving a number of contributions from the Fourth Class. We wish THE SAGAMORE to be a High School, and not a "'98," paper. We have about given up '99 and 1900, but we have great hopes of 1901. Keep it up, Freshmen!

When the Fourth Class finished their course in Greek history, instead of taking one examination on the whole subject, they took five examinations. Very few failed to pass them. The Class will begin Roman history immediately.

Mr. Hodgdon was not at school on Thursday, December 23d, so Mr. Sanford took charge of his Latin and Greek classes.

The postman on Allerton street is said to have sighed deeply on Christmas morning. Owing to a short speech heard in Room 10, it was the postman and not the expressman who was heavy laden.

The High School is greatly indebted to Prof. Moore of the Art Department of Harvard College for lending the school the lantern slides with which Miss Weir's lectures are illustrated. Prof. Moore even offered to have special ones made for us. We are sure his kindness is highly appreciated by those who are able to attend the lectures.

When Dr. E. E. Hale gave an address on local history before the Brookline Education Society, he left a list of Indian words on the black-board in the art room, offering a prize to the boy or girl who should give the best meaning for the words. Several pupils in the school are trying for the prize which is now in the office. Following is a complete list of the words: Cohasset, Monadnock, Mashapaug, Kesuk, Mississippi, nuncomp, neemat, netop, sassafras, powwow, sachem, Massachusetts, Connecticut, pappoose, Waban, Merrimac, Pawtucket, Winisimet, Kennebec and Passamaquoddy.

Many B. H. S. pupils danced the old year out at the Riverdale Casino.

Questions to the Concert:—
Why did you occur just before Christmas?
Why did you desert your own hall for one less pleasant?
Why did you cost so much?

Mademoiselle Gerlach selected the recipients of the tickets for "Athalie" which were sent to the Brookline High by the French department at Harvard. The nine seniors who went were very enthusiastic over the play, and had an exceedingly pleasant time. M. de Sumichrast, who took the part of the high priest, was very strong and thrilled his audience again and again, especially when he made his prophecy between the bursts of Mendelssohn's wonderful music. Athalie herself, however, although seen but little on the stage, gave the most powerful impersonation. The character of the Heathen queen was perfectly drawn, from her haughty entrance to her final despairing avowal of God's superiority over Baal. The other parts were portrayed with more talent than is usually seen on the amateur stage, but none to our mind could be compared with the two characters first mentioned.

There will be another chess tournament early in the present month. If enough enter the first time, there will be a handicap tournament later. Anyone who knows the moves will then stand an even chance in the contest for first place. In order to be properly handicapped, all who play should enter the first tournament.

There is wisdom in the following: A bore — the person who insists upon talking about himself when you wish to talk about your own self.—[Ex.

The proceeds of the concert, over and above all expenses, amounted to no less a sum than $230. "Not so bad, we 're thinking."

On a recent Thursday morning the school had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Myron Whitney, the great basso. Notwithstanding his age, Mr. Whitney's voice and compass are as fine as ever, and his singing was listened to with great delight by the pupils and a large number of outsiders. The first selection was a bass aria from Hayden's oratorio, the "Creation," and the second "The Two Grenadiers," which was followed by a humorous ditty entitled, "The Bos'n's Tale." Mr. Whitney advised us not to believe all of this yarn. Kingsley's "Three Fishermen," his final song, was rendered with rare expression. We cannot say too much in praise of Mr. Whitney's singing, especially of the second selection, which particularly pleased us, and only wish that all of our readers might have heard him.

After the holidays Mr. Bassett proposes to give the Seniors some talks on sentence structure and paragraphing.

Miss Smith, who took charge of Mr. Hodgdon's classes during his illness, has left us permanently.

The Senior boys are now required to debate in the hall on Tuesday mornings instead of declaiming in the class room. The first debate was between Gardner Rogers and John Marvin. The question read: "*Resolved*, That the United States should ratify the treaty with Hawaii." The second debate was given by Max Andres and Chester Biglow. The question: "*Resolved*, That the Civil Service Act be extended to all parts of the public service."

Mr. Sanford spoke to the Seniors the other morning about Christmas giving. He urged that instead of spending our money on lavish gifts, we devote it to some charitable object, and, at the same time, remember our friends in a simple way. Since there is no gift that can compare in value to an education, he thought the very best possible use that we could make of our money would be to raise the Hampton Scholarship, and thereby enable young Joseph Walker to complete his education satisfactorily. We wonder how many followed his advice!

The members of the committee chosen to decide upon a class photographer for '98 are Helen Adams, Edith Plummer, Max Andres and Lowell Richardson. J. Nelson Manning, as president of the class, is chairman.

If at the next meeting the town endorses its first decision, Brookline is soon to boast of a new police station and, what will especially interest the graduates from Prospect street, a new Pierce Grammer School.

No doubt all of us are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the "mid-year exams" and — cards.

We like the Fourth Class pin. It is unique and exceedingly pretty.

On account of ill-health, Mr. Hodgdon has deemed it best to resign from his present position. We hear this with the greatest regret, for we all had learned to like Mr. Hodgdon very much. THE SAGAMORE bids him a sorrowful farewell.

The following poem, composed on the spur of the moment, by one of the '98 girls, portrays very truly the spirit that existed on the last day before vacation. The poem was written on the board in Room 10 and pleased the seniors so much that we print it for the benefit of the rest of the school and our outside readers. Forgive the slang.

'T was two days before Christmas,
And all through the school
The naughty young seniors
Were breaking the rule.

There was eating of candy,
And trampling of feet,
A rattle and clatter
That "could not be beat."

There was chatting and laughter,
The greatest unrest.
The "mighty committee"
Was bad with the rest.

The "students" departed
With frowns on their brows.
Pray how could they study
In such awful rows?

Room 10 was a Babel.
Twelve girls and three boys
Were making an almost
Infernal great noise,

Disturbing the neighbors,
And raising the roof.
Vacation was coming,
This all was sure proof.

Look at the bulletin boards on the "Boys' side" and see the Christmas present which the school received from the Hon. Charles F. Sprague, Member of Congress from the Eleventh District. This picture of the Fifty-fifth Congress is one of only two hundred and fifty copies, so we must feel that we have received special distinction. Ought we not to send our thanks to the donor? When we consider what a multitude of interests he has to carry we wax exceeding proud that he remembered the B. H. S. at Christmas time.

The Sagamore has recently been agitating the question of having a play. At a teachers' meeting the project was unanimously voted down — only one unknown, but blessed, teacher standing up for us. We raise a dismal cheer, "Hurrah for the incognito!" Or, was it "nit o?"

Many members of the school have been attending the recent town meetings.

The Debating Club has voted, after a heated contest, to adopt a club pin. The design selected is a Maltese cross inclosed in a wreath. It will be in red and blue enamel, the colors of the school, with gold trimmings.

The pupils of the Fourth Class who do not declaim on time have to speak twice. Pleasant prospect for the "sluggards."

Mr. Sanford left Thursday afternoon for New York where he spent part of his vacation.

Unseren herzlichsten Glückwunsch zum Neven Yahr! Wir wünschen Jedem viel Glück und Segen.

The reports from the class presidents concerning the Hampton scholarship are as follows: Seniors, $14; Juniors, $12; Sophomores, $11.50; Freshmen, $18. $3 more was added to the Senior donation by the Beta Chapter of the Tau Beta Beta, making a total of $58.50. The cheque was sent to Joseph Walker, our Hampton boy, as a Christmas gift.

Miss Weir is going to spend most of her vacation in visiting New York art galleries.

Miss Howell went to Chicago for the Christmas holidays.

The new committee, elected on Monday, January 3d, to govern Room 10 for the next four weeks, is composed of Marian Richards, Hazel Lombard, Austin Parker, Jack Horr, with Thomas Taylor as chairman. The committee that went out with the old year hands over its duties, its sympathy and its best wishes for success to the one that comes in with the new.

Miss Frye visited Plymouth during the holidays. It must have been very congenial—historic ground, you know.

Miss Emily L. Blodgett has been chosen SAGAMORE editor for the Fourth Class.

The concert given by the orchestra was as great a success as would have been expected. The numbers were rendered artistically and were received with great enthusiasm by the audience. Mrs. Titus' voice was delightfully rich and full; she undoubtedly added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. The programme is given below:—

1. The Priest's March (from Athalie) . . . . . *Mendelssohn*
2. El Capitan . . . . . *Sousa*
3. Violin Solo—Zigennertänze . . . . . *Nachez*

MISS ETHEL L. CRAFTS.

4. Waltz—Sorosis . . . . . *Keiser*
5. Chanson Provinçale . . . . . *Eva dell' Acqua*

MRS. MARIAN TITUS.

6. The Serenade—Selection . . . . . *Herbert*
7. Bolero . . . . . *Farmer*
8. March (from a Suite) . . . . . *Lachner*
9. Waltz—Romeo et Juliette . . . . . *Gounod*

MRS. MARIAN TITUS.

10. Galop—Stirrup and Spur . . . . . *Faxone*
11. Bell Gavotte . . . . . *Watson*
12. Stars and Stripes Forever . . . . . *Sousa*

About a month ago Mr. Sanford received a letter from our Hampton boy. We print the following from it:—

To the Members of the Brookline High School:—

DEAR FRIENDS:—Words are inadequate to express the pleasure which comes to me whenever I have an opportunity to write to you. You, who have contributed for three years to my education, have always had my most sincere thanks. And as I enter my senior year's work, I desire again to thank you for what you have done and are still doing for me.

This term being my last one at dear Hampton, I trust I may realize the importance of this year's work and make the most of my chances.

I spent my vacation here, working at my trade in the tailoring department. I was fortunate enough to learn the tailoring trade before I came; and having had some experience in the work, I have been employed every summer to assist the foreman in the department with the boys who are taking the tailoring trade. In doing this I have improved myself and been of some little service to the foreman of the department.

* * * * * * * * * * *

This being my last term at dear Hampton, I trust that I shall always cherish your memory for what you have done for me.

Most sincerely hoping you spent a most pleasant vacation, and are meeting with abundant success in your work, I remain,

Yours gratefully,
JOSEPH WALKER.

Try the puzzle!

Of course we are all delighted to hear of the engagement of William G. Nash, '92, and Miss Maude Cushing, '96. Here's to their happiness!

We are going to commence soliciting subscriptions again. This is the fourth of ten numbers of THE SAGAMORE. Every one in the school ought to be willing to subscribe for the rest of the year. Christmas class-pins, the Hampton subscription, and the concert, are things of the past and sixty cents will not make too large a hole in anyone's pocket. Reflect that the fellow who reads THE SAGAMORE in the Library, when he can afford to subscribe, "is short enough," as one of our Exchanges expresses it, "to tie his shoestring to his necktie."

ATHLETICS

FOOT-BALL

NOV. 24, Brookline played Hoppy at Soldiers Field, Cambridge, and was defeated by a score of 62 – 0. It was a bad day for foot-ball, four inches of snow covering the gridiron, and Hoppy ran up her total with ease, while Brookline was unable to once gain the necessary distance. The whole Hoppy team played well, outpointing Brookline in every respect.

Nov. 27 was the date set for the play-off of the tie between Brookline High and Cambridge H. and L. After an inexplicable delay of more than an hour beyond the time set for calling the game, Capt. Nahn of C. H. and L. refused to play, on account of the condition of the grounds. Capt. Parker insisted however, and the referee called the game. Brookline lined up minus an opponent, and carried the ball across the goal for a touchdown. Parker kicked the goal and then the referee awarded the game to Brookline by the score of 6 – 0. Capt. Nahn protested, however, and the game was not allowed by the Interscholastic Foot-ball Association, but must be settled early next season.

Not a game won! The foot-ball season of 1897 has passed into history, and will be recorded in the foot-ball annals of the school

as one of the most unsatisfactory during the entire period of its existence. The failure of the '97 team to make a creditable showing was due mainly to the lamentable lack of true loyalty in the school. It is true that the team was handicapped by the absence of "star" material, that the management was mediocre, and that the coaching was not up to the standard of former years; but the real underlying cause of all these obstacles to success was the absence of any loyal spirit among the students as a whole. Less than ten per cent of the fellows took sufficient interest in the welfare of the eleven to join the squad. The management did not begin to receive the amount of sympathy and support due it from the school. If it had, more satisfactory results might have been attained on the gridiron, coupled with financial success. Had there been an evident spirit of earnestness in the squad itself, there would have been no dearth of good coaching, but it could hardly be expected of our graduates, that they would waste their time in a vain attempt to develop an eleven out of players who were not in earnest. Contrary to all recognized laws of training, several of the players went so far as to habitually indulge in smoking throughout the season. Under such conditions no team could be successful, and it is not surprising that the school should have fallen to the unenviable position it now occupies in foot-ball matters. Fellows, you've got to take a brace. The prospects for success on the track and diamond this year are encouraging, to say the least, but the athletic season of '98 will be as dismal a failure as that of '97, unless there is more concerted action on the part of the school as a whole.

GOLF

Now that the snow has covered the links and the caddy bag has been laid aside for the winter, a brief review of the first golf season at the High School is in order. In the first place it has been an unqualified success; the golf club has flourished with a membership of about twenty-five. Much interest was manifested in the several tournaments and considerable improvement in play would be noticed as the season progressed. Several of the members play a very good game, and we have one champion in our midst in the

person of J. Nelson Manning, who holds the amateur record of the Franklin Park public course, 43 strokes. The young ladies of the school are particularly invited to join the club, as special tournaments will be provided for them if a sufficient number will enter to make it worth while. It is to be hoped that the spring season will be as successful as that of the autumn has been.

CARROLL L. PERKINS,
Sporting Editor.

THE B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

THE 95th regular meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club was held Wednesday evening, November 17, 1897, at the usual time and place. After the roll had been called and the secretary's report read and accepted, the President appointed the following officers for the evening: Ballot-box Director, Mr. Blakeslee; Critic, Mr. Driscoll; Reporter, Mr. Marvin.

The question chosen for debate next time was, "*Resolved*, That the treaty for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands should be ratified by the President and Senate of the United States." Messrs. H. Woodbury and Max Andres were drawn to debate on the affirmative, and Messrs. C. Atherton and C. Chandler on the negative.

The question for the evening was, "*Resolved*, That the abolishment of the Single Chamber Act, proposed, will be for the welfare of Boston." Mr. Floyd spoke on the affirmative, and Mr. Fox on the negative.

After the general debate Mr. Blakeslee submitted his report, which read as follows:—

Vote on the merits of the question before debate, affirmative 8; negative, 10.

Vote on merits of principal debaters, affirmative, 3; negative, 13.

Vote on the merits of the question after debate, affirmative, 6; negative, 10.

The critic's report was then heard and accepted, after which the meeting adjourned until Wednesday evening, December 1, 1897, at 7.45 P.M.

GEORGE T. LYNCH, *Secretary.*

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

JOHN T. FLOYD, *Editor*

READ the editorials in the Bulletin from Dedham High, boys, there are some good suggestions for you.

* * *

THERE are some fine views of Wellesley College and its surroundings in the Bulletin from Montclair, N. J. Perhaps some of our readers may recognize them.

* * *

THE number of articles in the December number of the Spectator on Christmas are certainly worthy of mention.

* * *

WE are always glad to receive the Grotonian,—but why not a few more stories to enliven it?

* * *

THE cover of the Record from Amsterdam, N. Y., is certainly very handsome.

* * *

AN interesting sketch on Paris is to be found in the Echo from the Medill High School.

* * *

IN the Latin High School Review, we recommend to the notice of our readers the Chrismas cover and frontispiece.

* * *

WHY do the Junta and the Calendar from the Easton and Buffalo High schools spoil the appearance of their otherwise good paper by rolling them so tightly, rendering it almost impossible to open them without tearing the pages?

THE Chrismas number of the Viatorian is especially well gotten up.

* * *

THE Student's Pen comes to us as usual with its exchanges and jokes all mixed up. We enter an energetic protest against this practice, which detracts from an otherwise first class paper.

* * *

THE only exchange on our list that contains no advertisements is the Acta Dinma. If the paper is entirely supported by the school we are decidedly envious.

* * *

READ the good story in the Tabula entitled "A Race."

* * *

WE welcome the Premier from Fall River to our exchange list. We are glad to see it.

* * *

WE wish many of our exchanges would come more regularly and punctually. Several of them do not put in an appearance for some months, and others are inexcusably tardy. To all whom this concerns—"wake up!"

* * *

WHY not a story or two in the Current, we miss that part of the paper?

* * *

IF the various exchanges do not find themselves credited in THE SAGAMORE let them not be disappointed. It is difficult to find space to mention a hundred and twenty or more papers in our short column.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

New doctor (to wife of injured man whom he had been examining) —"I fear your poor husband is dead."

Supposed corpse—"No, I ain't."

Anxious wife—"Hush, John, be quiet, the gentleman must know better than you what is the matter with you."—[Ex.

Unus—"Do you think my dog is A 1?"

Duo—"Oh, no; simply K 9."—[Ex.

"Mr. Boatman," asked a timid woman of the ferryman, "are people ever lost in this river?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, we always find them in a day or so."—[Ex.

Fourth Class French student—"Don't you think that girl looks frightened?"

Second boy—"Why?"

First boy—"Can't you see "a larme" in her eye?"

In Vassar they call gum an elective because one need n't take it unless she chews.—[Washington Review.

We do not want an English dude
To teach us fashions new;
For our degree of longitude
A "Yankee doodle" do.—[Ex.

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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VOLUME 4 NUMBER 5

FEBRUARY
1898

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 FEBRUARY, 1898 NUMBER 5

MR. WILLIAM H. LINCOLN'S ADDRESS

MR. LINCOLN is always warmly welcomed when he appears in Shailer Hall, and his talks are always interesting. The last one was unusually so, and we all carried away some ideas on "Commerce" which we ought to remember.

Mr. Lincoln said in his opening words that the term "Commerce" is often wrongly applied to a mere domestic trade. This is not true commerce. In its true sense it is rather, "an international trade binding all nations with strong bonds and emphasizing the idea of the Brotherhood of Man."

Commerce is a great civilizer and prospers only in times of peace and security. Then he went on to tell us of its history. In the Hebrew Scriptures we find the first records of a commerce on an international basis. Tracing the development down through the Arabs and Phœnicians, we find commerce at last established at Tyre, Carthage, Corinth and at Venice. Then came the great results obtained by the discovery of the mariner's compass.

"The present century has witnessed a development of commerce never equalled in the history of the world. Wood has given way to iron and steel; sails have been furled because of steam; the electric cable has brought the remotest lands to our shores."

Then he touched upon the commerce of the greatest commercial nation in the world, England, and explained how far-sighted that nation has been in realizing the fact that "trade follows the flag and where her ships go her flag goes." He said the laws of commerce are not generally understood by the statesmen of this country. We make our great mistake in thinking that we are most prosperous when exporting largely and importing but little.

In round numbers he emphasized this idea and showed how lamentable is the fact that American commerce is so surely being annihilated through national shortsightedness. "To remedy this," he said, in closing, "we must have freer trade and the removal of the restrictions of unwise legislation. The sooner a freer trade is obtained, the sooner the commerce of the country will increase, and the sooner a true prosperity will arrive." '98.

THE SISTINE MADONNA

TO choose my favorite picture from such noble galleries as those of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Munich, Amsterdam, the Hague and London, is indeed a hard task. However, after careful consideration I select Raphael's Sistine Madonna in Dresden.

The proportions are good, the figures are well drawn and are set off to perfection by the background, but these three essential points do not make a picture really great. Raphael has succeeded where all painters, with but two exceptions, have failed; he has painted a perfect Madonna. In her are combined the divine beauty, the grace, the simplicity and the youthfulness of the ideal Mother of Christ. Other painters have combined one or two of these qualities in their Madonnas, but surely no one has united them all in one work as has Raphael.

The charm of the picture is increased by the strong, devout face of Pope Sixtus, and the cherubs at the Madonna's feet. Saint Barbara is not so good; and, like all other painters, Raphael has failed to paint a satisfactory Christ. These things, however, have little to do with the motive of the picture, and are but slight blemishes upon a great and almost perfect work.

Leaving the individual figures out of consideration the picture as a whole has a charm that is not even surpassed by Rembrandt's "Night Watch," or Titian's "Tribute Penny." I have often sat before it wondering what the charm was, and I have finally come to the conclusion that it is the softness and unity of the whole, the grace of the different figures and the divine light and beauty in the face of the Madonna. R. A. B., '99.

CASSANDRA

A Fragment

"There shines the broad, wild sea that once I loved;
How gray and barren is this rocky shore
To that whereon a thousand mem'ries rise
Out of the silence of a living past!
No more shall I return. On me the years
Have well nigh rolled their fill, and soon I too
Shall raise my eyelids in the lower world,
And see the dear friends waiting for me there
With outstretched arms. Too long have I groped here,
Like some gray spirit in the halls of dawn,
With all my beauty vanished like a dream.
Then come the nights with all their torturing gloom;
Once more I hear the tread of armèd men
Out to the walls, and see their faces drawn
And deathly white, illumined by the flames
That licked to heav'n up from the ruins of
God-founded Troy. Oh, tardy Death! why must
My spirit wander even for a day
In exile on these hateful Grecian shores?
My heart is turned to stone within my breast;
The dawning day, in which I gloried once,
Gives no delight. The golden fingers of
The sinking sun, that creep across the sea,
Point one day nearer to my journey's goal.
Alone at times, when from their icy baths
The Pleiades tremble upward to the sky,
And all the sea is still in Dian's light,
My old limbs vibrate with the chords of youth;
And in the whispering breeze I hear again
The soft words of the lyre-playing god,
Which once he murmured in my shell-like ear,
Wand'ring by Xanthus o'er the plains of Troy.
Oh, ye immortal Gods! Can these be tears
That dim the waning sight of sunken eyes?
To time-dulled ears as from a distant strand
The waves resound upon the rocky beach,
The shadows steal up slowly to the shore,
Ah Fates, unmerciful, let me be gone!"

V. R. G. '98.

THE PRICE OF A VALENTINE

"YES," said Steinmauer in German to the violin-maker, "I will take it home tonight and try it. Here you see is a cheque all made out for one thousand dollars, and tomorrow it shall be yours if I like the violin. Good night." Herr Steinmauer turned up his collar and, violin in hand, left the store. He felt very rich and proud that afternoon, and he held his head very high as he dodged first this side and then that to avoid anyone's knocking against the glossy leather case. As he hurried along he suddenly found himself in the midst of a jostling, clamoring group of children who crowded about a brightly lighted shop window. He tried to wedge a way through the swarming mass, but the little urchins shoving on all sides almost took him off his feet. When at length he had extricated himself, he gave a great sigh of relief, and making for the first electric light, scrutinized the case of his new violin.

"No, the little brats did not hurt it," he muttered to himself, "but vat are they all doing there. Vas is it that they see?" And Steinmauer gave a parting glance at the seemingly attractive window. One gaudy mass of pink, blue, green, yellow coloring met his squinting eyes.

"Oh!" growled Steinmauer continuing on his way. "It is nothing,—nothing but,—vat do they call it?—oh yes — nothing but tom-foolery!" and Steinmauer chuckled softly to think that he had remembered the word.

The seven flights of stairs seemed unusually short to Steinmauer that afternoon as he sprang up them, two steps at a time. His heart was very light. Laying the violin down on his couch he proceeded, whistling, to get ready for dinner. He had hoped to be able to play a tune on the violin before the clock struck six, but the dinner bell rang just as he was unstrapping the case.

"I am afraid the soup vill get cold," sighed the German, fastening the buckles again.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The moment Steinmauer re-entered his room, he went down on his knees before the couch, unstrapped the case, and snapped the

steel catches to satisfy himself that his darling was safe and sound.

"Yes, you are all there," he cried joyously, pulling forth the violin as tenderly as a mother would lift her baby from its cradle. For a moment he held it admiringly, turning it over and over and nodding his great, curly head approvingly.

"Yes, I haf you," he continued, "at last I haf you. I haf been working for you five years, and at last you are mine. How ve vill play together! How ve vill grow famous together!" and Steinmauer, pressing his chin down hard upon the rest, began to run his fingers up and down the scroll. How his blue eyes glistened beneath their shaggy brows, and how the color spread through his cheeks as his fingers flew up and down over the strings! There was scarcely a sound in the room, but to Steinmauer's ears the air was full of rich, melodious chords, now loud and strong, and now faintly vibrating on the strings of the wonderful violin.

Then finally placing it back within the green plush-lined case, he dropped into his great arm chair for his usual after-dinner smoke. As he held his glowing cigar daintily between his long, white fingers and, tipping back in his chair, blew out gently airy circles of gray-white smoke, Steinmauer felt sublimely at peace with himself and with the world. His great eyes rolled absent-mindedly about the room,—at the mantle shelf full of books with their queer German titles; at the scarred piano across one corner of which lay the battered violin case which he had brought with him from Germany five years ago; at his desk piled high with sheets of music and newspapers; and then fell upon the center table with its green shaded lamp, its neat piles of books and—ah, a letter! Steinmauer put his cigar back into his mouth, and stretched across the table for the letter with its foreign post-mark. He knew the hand-writing well. It was his mother's.

When Steinmauer had finished reading the letter, he leaned back in his chair, put his feet up on the table and pulled steadily at his cigar. Finally the letter slipped from his hand and fluttered to the floor. By and by the lamp flickered, and went out, and the room was left dark save for the spark of his cigar. Steinmauer never moved. He was deep in thought.

At last, when the glow of his cigar had also died out, Steinmauer took his feet down off the table and groped his way over to the couch. He fumbled about cautiously until he had the violin in his arms and then taking the bow he drew it firmly across the strings. They sounded a little flat. After he had tuned it he sat down in the darkness and played. Eight o'clock struck,—nine o'clock,—and he was still playing, now a little love song, now a strange, weird melody, now Mendelssohn's funeral march, now a soft cradle lullaby,—never ceasing, but changing harmoniously from one tune to another, he played on till the clock struck ten.

"Mein Gott!" he cried, "haf I played so long?" and he let his tired arms drop down. "But one more," he added, tightening one or two strings, and then, raising the instrument, commenced softly and slowly "Die Wacht am Rhein." When he came to the chorus he stood up and put all his strength into drawing forth the rich, powerful chords, and then replacing the violin in its case he crept off to bed, muttering under his breath,—"One thousand dollars,—one thousand dollars,—that is twenty-fife thousand marks."

The next morning Steinmauer, scarcely glancing at the violin, went straight to his desk and wrote a letter, folded it, slipped it in its envelope, stamped it, and addressed it "An Frau Fritz W. Steinmauer, Berlin, Germany." Then with violin in one hand and letter in the other he started for the bank. His business there completed, he tucked a small morsel of paper inside the letter, sealed it and hurried as fast as possible to the nearest mail box. As the rolling lid slipped back, Steinmauer gave a sigh of relief.

"It is very cold," he said, pulling his cap down over his eyes.

Some moments later, Steinmauer was standing by the counter in the music store talking with the violin maker.

"Yes," he was saying, "It is very fine! very fine, but I cannot haf it. I cannot afford it."

"But you showed me yesterday a cheque for one thousand dollars—all made out," returned the other.

"But," went on Steinmauer slowly, "I vas mistaken. I have only fife hundred in the bank, I find. And now," Steinmauer was

stroking the glossy case affectionately. "And now I vill haf to wait fife years more! fife years more." They seemed like five centuries to Steinmauer. "I am very sorry to disappoint you. Good morning," and Steinmauer shut the door after him with a bang.

As he strolled slowly down the street, he chanced to come again to the gaily lighted window about which the school children had thronged the night before. This time he stopped and looked in at the gaudy display. Cards of all kinds and descriptions were there, blue, yellow, pink, lace ones, comic ones, sentimental ones, frosted ones, heart shaped ones.

"Vhy!" cried out Steinmauer, "It is Valentine's Day. No, to-day is the seventh. Oh! yes, a veek from today vill be the fourteenth. Oh!" and a look of joy came into his eyes and completely conquered the sadness on his face, as he cried,—

"It vill be an unexpected valentine for the mother!"

M. B. D., '98.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI"

"J. OMNIPOTENS, rex hominorum, where are you?" and the commanding tones of Madame Juno floated up the front stairs to the study of Pater Jupiter.

"I am up here,— O! celestial queen of Olympus," came the reply.

"Well," snapped his irritable spouse, "that's very nicely said, Jupy, but I know you don't mean a word of the last; writing a note to Venus or Ceres, I'll be bound," she continued, and looked around for some means to justify her suspicions. Finding none, she became more composed and proceeded to unfold her latest scheme.

"Oh! Jupiter, have you ever played golf?" was her first question. The father all-powerful stared. "Yes!" repeated the goddess, "golf. I see the mortals have laid out what they call links in the Bœotian plains, and I have sent Mercury down in the guise of a caddy to get me a book of rules." "O tempora, O mores!" exclaimed the astonished lord of heaven, "in qua urbe vivimus? Will you

never cease aping the dwellers of earth, and trying to be a new woman! You have a bicycle, will not that suffice?"

Mrs. Jupiter Omnipotens stamped her foot, till the White House of Olympus shook, and the eagle on the back of the monarch's chair flapped his wings and uttered a shriek. "Why will you always oppose my will?" she said angrily, and added, "I wish you would put that bird out of the room."

"But consider," expostulated the disturbed ruler, "your position and mine. What will Pluto and Neptune say?" "Say nothing against it of course, for they'll help form the club," answered Juno. "The Elysian Fields will make elegant links and we can set Tantalus and a few of the Titans to work rollingthe ground." "Et vere," groaned the mighty hurler of thunderbolts. Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est, but leave me in peace and it shall be as you wish." "Thanks, Jupy, ever so much, and I'll show you how to play." The now smiling goddess left the room. A week later the Elysian Fields were all laid out. Orpheus' Orchestra played sweet music in a big tent, and gods and goddesses sipped ice-cold nectar under its shadow. Jupiter strutted around in a golf suit, smiling and bowing in response to the numerous congratulations poured upon his patriarchal head. He had just done the links in 35. "And to think," said he to himself, "dux femina facti."

J. T. F., '98.

CAPTURED

"THERE'S the rascal now! If I don't get hold of him this time I'll give him up. He's larger and tougher looking than I imagined. I'll try my strength on him anyway, but if I find I'm not as nimble as he, I'll call Tom, and I guess between us we can manage him.

"Ah, he doesn't see me yet, so I have the advantage of him there. But —— Great Ned! There's two of them, Tom! Tom! Tom!"

Tom appears on the scene, and after a few of his pugilistic blows, a midnight meal is spread before him in the form of two large, fat rats, treat enough for any cat.

W. F. C., '01.

SEA BREEZES

WHAT novel sensations one experiences on his first trip abroad! From the moment when our steamer glided slowly out from the wharf at Hoboken, until we entered New York harbor again a year afterwards, I never ceased having strange emotions.

They began as the steamer left the wharf, and the captain would not allow me to wave an American flag as a last farewell to those fading away on shore. It was a German steamer.

They increased when I awoke every morning feeling as bright and fresh as a bird, after awful anticipations of sea-sickness.

They grew into a fluttering of the heart one day when, as I was calmly dressing for dinner, the cry rang out from the officer on watch, "An iceberg ahead!" Now I had never even hoped to see an iceberg, so I joyfully ran up on deck and watched it coming nearer and nearer. A cold wind accompanying it swept the deck so violently that we were obliged to hold on to the posts to keep our equilibrium. I watched it changing from a speck on the horizon to a startling reality, as we ploughed by within a stone's throw. The berg was shaped like a toadstool, and in some places where it was n't covered with snow, we could see the pale green ice.

There was something worse than cold winds in store for us, however, for all night long the foghorn — that bugbear of ocean voyages — blew at intervals of two minutes.

Suddenly we heard a thump — thump, and the vessel stopped. Several old ladies ran out into the passage, with their satchels in hand, expecting at any moment to be told that all was lost. But they were sent back with the news that we were surrounded by icebergs, and had stopped because the fog was so dense that we could n't see them.

The Fourth of July came while we were on board. I draped my stars and stripes over the back of my steamer-chair that a glimpse of it might stimulate us to further efforts. Perhaps the fact that we were almost the only Americans there, fired us with an unusually patriotic desire to celebrate — and to celebrate in some wild, unheard of manner.

But alas! we were doomed to disappointment. It was a very uneventful day — we played bean bags most of the morning, and watched some of the old men trying to jump rope in the afternoon.

At last one of the officers told us that there would be fireworks in the evening, so we all stayed on deck, counted the few stars that were visible, told stories and sang college songs. Then the officer laughingly informed us that the crackers had been wet by the fog and were spoiled. That was our first fish yarn, and we scolded him long and severely for our blighted hopes.

Still our spirits were too highly roused to settle down, so we rang for ice cream, and after succeeding in getting a teaspoonful apiece out of the economical deck steward, went below, with a feeling that we had done all in our power to honor our country.

My birthday came not long after. We thought of all the things one generally does on one's birthday — often the Geburtstagskind, as the Germans so prettily say, is the queen of the birthday feast, sitting at the head of the table with a gorgeous crown of gilt paper on her head, opening her gifts and cutting her cake while the others look on. I had received my presents on land, but a cake — the very thing!

My mother went to the chief steward and asked him if he spoke English. "Oh, yes!" Well, this was her daughter's birthday and she would like to have a birthday cake made as a surprise. "Ja wohl, gnädige Frau." Could he have one made? "Gewiss, gnädige Frau," and how did she want it? Mamma told him that any kind of a fancy cake would answer, and asked him to send it up on deck after dinner? "Ja wohl, gnädige Frau."

As I knew nothing of this, I was wondering how we could celebrate. Someone suggested a candy pull, and thought she was safe in offering this idea, as carrying it out seemed next to impossible. But we quickly took up with the suggestion — a good illustration of American energy, for imagine a candy pull in the middle of the Atlantic, — and went down to visit the cook in his domains. Though rather astounded at the proposal he gave a ready consent, and helped us make sugar candy, which we carried in large platters to the deck to pull.

After dinner the steward brought a cup of beef tea on deck, but no one claimed it. He was puzzled and went below to find the purser, who had given him the order. Then he appeared again, came directly to us and insisted that we had ordered it. Through an interpreter we learned that the purser, who it seems understood an exceedingly small amount of the English language, had thought that "birthday cake" and "beef tea" sounded just alike. After he understood what we really wanted he offered to have the cake made for us; but with our candy we thought we had celebrated sufficiently. No one drank the beef tea!

A glorious sunrise in the Baltic sea fully rewarded our arising at four in the morning to bundle ourselves up and go out on deck. The water, dotted with scores of little fishing boats, was as smooth as glass. But the sunrise — after the first rosy tints had appeared, and the purple and gold had blended with the pink, growing brighter every minute, oh! then it was too beautiful for words, and we stood silent, filled with reverence and admiration.

It would take volumes to express how queerly out of place we felt when we first stepped upon European soil. How we laughed at the little flaxen-haired, blue-eyed German girls with their short-sleeved dresses and big black aprons, until we found that they were laughing at us, at our funny hats and at the spring-heeled boots of the younger members of our party.

Soon we decided it was best to be silent; and our souls became filled with interest in the quaint little towns and the magnificent large cities that we saw; then, I suppose, we developed into the typical American travelers, wandering about with open mouths, staring eyes, and little red Baedekers. E. L. B., '01.

Under the auspices of the Education Society a course of lectures is being given at the William H. Lincoln School. Addresses by two of our instructors come on the programme, "The Evolution of the Dynamo," on February 21, by Mr. Packard, and "The Art of Egypt and Greece," on March 7, by Miss Weir.

WAITING

A QUEER figure was sitting by the road-side the first time I went through the little seaport town. It was that of an old man, whose shoulders bent under the weight of seventy-five years. He was dressed in a suit of dark brown duck, and wore on his head an old battered sou'wester. All day he sat on a low bank, close to the road, and held a long, tarnished telescope to his eye, looking through it across the dusty road and green fields to the ocean that stretched before him wide, limitless and, alas, desolate to him, although dotted with flying sails. Anxiously the old man scanned them for one that had not yet appeared. "She will come! she will come!" he kept muttering.

Twenty-five years ago she had sailed out of the harbor, careening and dipping in the morning breeze, all her sails shining with the sunlight. The captain standing in the bow was the old man's son, who had followed the sea under his father till he was old enough to take the elder man's place. Earnestly had the mother pleaded that their son might learn a trade, but the father's heart had been set toward the sea,— and the lad had become a sailor. When the years passed, bringing no ship back to the little town, and the longing in the mother's eyes deepened to despair, the old man tramped the beach often days at a time, with his dim eyes fixed on the straight unbroken horizon. Gradually his mind weakened with his body, and he was forced to give up his lonely vigils on the shore, and sit by the road sweeping the sea with his glass.

The town has changed about him. Hotels have been built, and during the summer the place is filled with a gay, pleasure-seeking crowd. The fishing trade has died out; the smacks come and go there no more, but lie idle along the shore or are rebuilt into pleasure crafts; and the people stare curiously at the old man as he sits day after day, watching and waiting for a ship to come sailing into the harbor with all her sails set. E. R., 1900.

Why did the fine skating on "Hammond's" come immediately after school re-commenced instead of during vacation?

NEWS NOTES

A surprise party.

Congratulations and best wishes.

The Olympians up to date have visited us this month.

We shall soon have started in on our "Natural History Rooms." The birds will make a good beginning, and shall we have to keep the Foxes down stairs?

As we passed through the school on the last Thursday in February, we were struck by the unusual silence that prevailed on every side. At first we were surprised; but when we looked into a recitation room, the rows of thoughtful heads and scratching pens reminded us of what for the moment had slipped our mind — those mid-year "exams."

Although more interest than we expected has been taken in the puzzle printed last month, only nine correct lists were received by the editors. They were from the following,— John R. Marvin, '98; Mary Quinlan, '98; L. P. Macomber, '99; Frederick Driscoll, '98; Pattie Ritchie, '98; Margaret Stone, '99; Helen R. Jones, '98; Lowell Richardson, '98; and Dorothy Soule, '98.

They have found Place for a new teacher at the High School.

Our drooping editorial heart has been refreshed by the shower of contributions that has lately descended upon it from the third and fourth classes. Only one drop, alas, from '99.

We hope the school appreciates the efforts of those who keep the news posted on the bulletin boards in the lower corridor. It is quite a piece of work, and worthy of our gratitude.

The groaning over the mid-year "exams" was turned into shouts of joy on the last day of the first term, when Miss Johnson announced the engagement of Miss Tomlinson and Mr. Sanford. Miss Tomlinson had fled the school, so Mr. Sanford had to receive alone the many and hearty congratulations of the exuberant pupils. The office whither our shy Principal had withdrawn was flooded, and the corridors were scenes of wild excitement, while a dozen seniors rushed immediately to put out the flag. A small dinner party was given to Miss Tomlinson and Mr. Sanford by Mr. and Mrs. Dutton Friday evening, and on Monday evening Mrs. Crane held a reception in their honor.

How long will Annie B. Tomlinson?

Come, seniors, let us show, by our future actions, that we do not wish to be deprived of one of our greatest privileges.

At the suggestion of Lowell Richardson, Mr. Sanford proposed to the senior boys that they try their luck at "basket ball." Miss Howell explained the chief features of the game in a short talk, and the boys entered upon the sport with great zest. The first day two teams from '98, one under Joseph Kernan, the other under J. Nelson Manning, contested on the girls' playground. Some wag dubbed the teams respectively "The Girls from Paris" and "The Belles of New York." The air was biting cold, and the ground was covered with a slippery coat of snow that rendered running within bounds difficult, and falls frequent, but nevertheless the boys played hard, and the game ended with only one slight accident, and a mutually agreeable score of 1 to 1. After one or two games out-doors, the playing was moved to the girls' gymnasium, and then to the boys', where it is now enjoyed on alternate recesses by the Seniors and Juniors. An association of all "male basket-ball enthusiasts" has been formed with Frederick Driscoll, President, and Thomas Taylor, Treasurer, and an "association ball" has been purchased. After much urging, John Horr has consented to be captain of the regulation '98 team. We hear that a very "bloody" challenge has been sent to the Juniors, the date set for the combat being Feb. 7. Come on, '99! Try our steel.

An irreverent youngster passing by the office-door the other day saw Mr. Sanford working industriously, and whispered to a friend,— "Daniel in the lion's den."

During the second half-year, in some of the classes, extra credits will be given for illustrations in compositions.

The third class in English Literature has been reading some of the college requirements. They have begun the battle early.

1900 and '99 seem to be the water ducks, as they have already both organized class swimming teams. 1900 also has formed an ice polo team.

George Ainsworth holds first place in Division B of the Chess Tournament. He is to play the winner in Division A, and then the successful player is to contend with Robarts, who now holds the school championship.

Mrs. James P. Greenough and Prof. D'Coge, from Michigan University, visited the school recently.

To the male aspirants for self-government,--Boys, is it true that when your voices change you *can* not whisper, or is it that you *will* not? The murmur of a boy's gruff voice carries further and is more disturbing than many whispers. If you must talk, please try to be quiet about it. FEMINA, '98.

An additional week of vacation after the holidays was conferred upon the French pupils of the school by reason of Miss Gerlach's absence in New York. A few of the senior girls employed their spare time in the art room, pressing into service as models any members of the class who could be induced to sit for them.

For a short time after Mr. Hodgdon's departure his class in Senior Latin was taken by Miss Frost and in second Latin by Mr. Bassett.

Amidst the rejoicing on Friday, Jan. 28, over the "great big news note," a sigh or two were heard. A few knew of the sad fact that it was Miss Tomlinson's last day at school. Her successor, Miss Marshall, came on Monday.

The dark room has been refitted and is now ready for use.

The question for debate on January 4th was "Resolved: That the United States Navy should be enlarged." Lowell C. Richardson presented the affirmative side, and Francis Bradley the negative. January 11th the subject was "Resolved: That Woman Suffrage is desirable." Harold W. Bynner, affirmative, and Edward Sharp, Jr., negative.

Pattie Ritchie has been taking Mabel Stearns' place as pianist during the latter's absence.

Mr. Sanford recently requested a note, relating to the experiment in self-government, from every member of the senior class. What a fine bonfire he can have, when he is through perusing them!

A great opportunity is offered to those who like to hear good music in the Free Organ Recitals being given this winter. One series, already commenced, is given by the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, and the other under the auspices of the Brookline Education Society. The first one of the latter was given in Harvard Church. Many B. H. S. pupils were present, as Mr. Sanford had been given a number of tickets to distribute among the teachers and scholars.

The members of THE SAGAMORE Board wish to extend their sincere sympathy to Edward Morse, Jr., the third class editor, who has just returned to school from the hospital.

Mr. Perley O. Place has taken Mr. Hodgdon's position as teacher of Latin and Greek in the B. H. S. Mr. Place is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and has also taken the degree of A. B. at Harvard.

The results of the mid-year "exams" will not greatly influence the quarter's marks, but will be put in the Record Book and used in finding the percentage for the year.

Mr. J. Murray Kay has had an artistic and unique book-mark made, which is to be placed in all the books gained by the fortunate winners of his prizes. For those who have not seen the one in Mr. Sanford's office, we give a short description of it, and also tell a little of the significance of the design.

The excellent picture of the High School, taken by a member of '97, stands at the top, and enframed about it is the motto of the School, — "Olim praesidium reipublicæ." Below this within a scroll is the Murray motto, "Furth, fortune and fill the fetters." This motto was adopted by the Earl of Athol, a Murray of Perthshire, Scotland, way back in the year 1475, when he was sent forth by King James III., to crush the rebellion of the Earl of Ross. The motto, which has been retained ever since by the Murrays, seems now rather savage, but the family like to regard it as more merciful than cruel, in that the Earl went forth to make prisoners instead of to kill the rebels.

Intertwined in the motto are two marigolds, the crest which the Kays wore in their caps in battle. The conventional marigold also forms a part of the border around the edge of the book-mark. That the Kays are an old family is seen by the fact that one of them was a knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

Under the Murray motto, in prominent letters, are the words, "The James Murray Kay Prize," and below are left blank spaces for the name of the winner, school year, subject for which prize was given, and the signature of the Principal.

The book-mark, which was designed by the Riverside Press, is printed on unglazed bond paper of such a size that it will fit into any volume published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The books of those who have won prizes in the past are to be collected, and the foreman of the Riverside Press will come out to the schools and insert in them the book-marks.

We are sure that not alone the prize winners, but also the entire school, past, present and future, feel extremely grateful to Mr. J. Murray Kay for the generous interest that he has shown to the B. H. S.

———, '98.

In spite of the rain on January 20th the joint meeting of the Tau Beta Beta was largely attended and enjoyed.

We are greatly pleased to hear that a few of the senior girls are at work on the J. Murray Kay essays. We sincerely hope that many more will follow their example. The training alone gained from writing such a paper will be extremely beneficial, and no pupil of the first class ought to decide not to write until he has seriously thought of the matter.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 13th, a number of the teachers and some of the senior girls attended "The Christmas Mystery," a nativity play given at the vestry of St. Augustine's Church on Phillips street, Boston. The play was compiled by Father Field, the rector, for the benefit of the boys of that church, and was certainly very instructive and interesting. It was composed of old carols illustrating "The Annunciation," "The Salutation," "The Perplexity of St. Joseph," "The Nativity," "The Sherpherds," "The Black Decree," and "The Worship of the Magi." The parts were taken by colored children clad in long flowing robes, whose richness of texture and decorations varied to suit the characters portrayed. The carols were well sung, the parts well acted, the setting appropriate and significant. The reverent mien of the children was very noticeable throughout the play, and it must have meant a great deal to them, since it certainly did to the audience, which was large and appreciative.

The following we clipped from one of our exchanges. It refers to an article that appeared in our October number, signed M. P. F. "'Never go to France unless you know the lingo' is the title of a good little narrative in THE SAGAMORE, about the travels in France of a young man who could not speak French."

The following note was written by a lawyer's office-boy to his mother, who anxiously inquired why he did not come home oftener; "The utter impossibility of preventing my absence, will be readily apparent, when I convey to you the intelligence that my senior principal is, at the current juncture, exhaustively engaged in preparing a voluminous series of interlocutory interrogatories, to be propounded to a supposedly adverse witness, whose testimony is of cardinal importance to the initial stages of approaching preliminary investigation, and involves the most momentous consequences."

ROTAE, 1900.

During the last month the ventilation of the High School has been undergoing critical inspection.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Harold W. Bynner, 50 Harvard Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 15 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, J. Nelson Manning, 41 Clark Road, Brookline.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing the Advertising Manager, Max G. Andres, High School, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

MARCH 1, 1898, is the day on which the essays of those competing for the J. Murray Kay prizes must be completed and handed in. We urge every member of the School who has the slightest taste for writing, or for the historical research occasioned by work on these essays, to test his ability on the subject that suits him the better, "Brookline's Relation to Norfolk County" or "The Metropolitan Park System." Lists of books and magazines relating to either subject are posted in the Reference Room of the Brookline Public Library, and afford ready material for the competitor who has litte spare time. We advise the second class to avail itself at least of the practice, which will stand it in good stead in next year's trial. It is not necessary that

the race be always to the — seniors. Of course, the members of the first class need no prodding, but will strive hard not to let the prize slip through their fingers. As a loyal senior, we wish them success, but our position requires that we awaken the other classes to a realization of — possibilities. The oratorical prize should also be kept in mind; for although the real public contest does not occur until the end of the year, good work now does a great deal toward winning admission to the "finals." Mr. Kay is one of the School's best friends; let us show him that we appreciate his friendship by sharing his interest.

THE High School is indebted to Mr. John P. Webber for the gift of the fine collection of stuffed birds formerly belonging to Mr. Gordon A. Plummer. The school board has entrusted the care of arranging and cataloguing to Mr. Reginald Heber Howe, Jr. Soon the ornithological display will be gracing our upper corridor, and for a time at least, we expect that the "bird-house" will be a rendezvous for the interested, curious and indolent. It was a very wise and beneficial step, the selection of the upper corridor for these birds. The natural history classes will, of course, derive untold good from this new advantage; the drawing pupils can set up their easels in the corridor, and sketch from "still life;" a bird or two for a change will be very gratifying to our young, struggling cooks; and a wing or a tail will serve nicely for the X-ray enthusiasts of Room 2. Yes! the site chosen for our feathered friends will undoubtedly be very convenient. For all these benefits Mr. Webber deserves the gratitude of the School. We assure him that, in spite of our seeming irrelevancy, we ourselves appreciate his generosity and public spirit.

THE SAGAMORE earnestly requests that the alumni will send to its columns items that would be of interest to its readers. It would be only too glad to receive news from Harvard, Smith, Tech, Radcliffe, or from any Brookline High School graduates not in colleges.

ATHLETICS

A MEETING of the Athletic Association was held on Jan. 5. A motion that the association should assume control of aquatic sports was voted down. Sidney T. Strickland, 1900, was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Association to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Carroll L. Perkins, '99. Arrangements for a team race with Newton High at their indoor meet Feb. 22, were left in the hands of the Executive Committee. March 3 was selected as the date for the 9th annual winter meeting of the B. H. S. A. A. in the lower Town Hall. The meeting was then adjourned.

NOTES.

Join the Athletic Association!

Among the fellows in regular training at present are: Horr, Taylor, Floyd, '98; Lancy, Skilton, Dorr, Ward, '99; Waldron, 1900, and Dexter, 1901.

Brookline High's entries for the B. A. A. meet Feb. 5, are Horr '98, in the high hurdles, and Lancy '99, and Dorr '99, in the 40 yards dash.

Batting practice has commenced in the "Gym." Manning and Lancy are gradually limbering up their "glass arms," and Strickland and Parker are catching — once in a while.

Brookline's probable entries for the interscholastic meet in Mechanics Building, Feb. 26, are: 40 yards dash, Horr, '98, Lancy, '99, Waldron, 1900; 45 yards hurdles, Horr, '98, Dorr, 99; 300 yards run, Lancy, '99; pole vault, Dorr, '99; high jump, Dorr, '99.

CARROLL L. PERKINS, *Sporting Editor.*

We call the attention of Mr. Sanford and of the Athletic Association to the following suggestion: —

To the Editor of "The Sagamore."

At its last meeting, the B. H. S. Club of Harvard, wishing to place the athletics of the school on a better basis, voted that the following recommendation be published in THE SAGAMORE: —

That the Principal of the School appoint a committee, to consist of one teacher, one graduate, and one undergraduate, to draw up for the school a set of "Regulations on Athletics," based more or less on the set now in force at Harvard.

The club thinks it especially desirable that regulations be made regarding the wearing on sweaters, etc., of the letters "B. H. S."

HERBERT I. FOSTER, '94.
H. P. MACOMBER, '95.
H. S. COFFIN, '96.
Executive Committee.

Cambridge, Jan. 14th, 1898.

THE B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

THE 97th regular meeting of the B. H. S. D. C. was held Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, 1897. The subject chosen for next time was, "Resolved: That an increase in the navy would be beneficial to the country."

The question of the evening was, "Resolved: That football should be discouraged." Messrs. Bynner and Woodbury spoke on the affirmative, and Morse and Wead on the negative.

The club decided to have a club pin, and adopted one of the designs presented by the "pin committee."

It was voted to have a joint debate with Dedham and Newton, respectively.

The ballot-box directors' report was as follows:—

Vote on merits of question before debate, affirmative, 3; negative, 16.

Vote on merits of question after debate, affirmative, 4; negative, 20.

Vote on merits of principal debaters, affirmative, 15; negative, 4.

NINETY-EIGHTH.

The 98th regular meeting of B. H. S. D. C. was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, 1898. The question chosen for next time was "Resolved: That Brookline should become a city."

Mr. Converse's resignation was accepted by the club.

The question of the evening was "Resolved: That an increase in the navy would be beneficial to the United States." Messrs. Taylor and Donald spoke on the affirmative, and Williams and Chamberlain on the negative.

After the general debate Vice-President Pierce made a short address to the club.

The report of ballot-box directors read as follows:—

Vote on merits of question before debate, affirmative, 14; negative, 3.

Vote on merits of question after debate, affirmative, 16; negative, 8.

Vote on merits of principal debaters, affirmative, 4; negative, 8.

GEORGE T. LYNCH, *Secretary.*

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

JOHN T. FLOYD, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

WE extend a hearty welcome to the Guard and Tackle from Stockton, Cal. May we receive it often.

***

IN the December number of the High School Junto is a very amusing story entitled "How Erar Perkins Conquered."

***

THOSE who attended the play will be interested in a sketch of Athalie in the C. M. T. S. Register.

***

IF any of the students of the B.H.S. feel inclined to start for the Klondike let them read an article on it in the H. P. S. Chronicle.

***

ALTHOUGH many of its jokes are old, by far the best humor department of any paper we receive, is to be found in the Latin and High School Review.

***

HAVING ourselves arrived at the dignity of an Exchange Department, we can recommend the addition of one to the Providence Register.

***

A STORY of a Russian Christmas entitled, "Christmas in the Czar's Domains," may be found in the Mercury.

***

THE boys may be interested in a sketch of Eugene Sandow in the Pennant.

AGAIN we would advise our readers to look at the supplements published by the Bulletin from Montclair. This time the views are of Harvard College. An abridged history of the college also can be found in the same paper.

***

IF the Milton Orange and Blue would gather the scattered items in their paper together under one head the paper would be much improved.

***

FOR the benefit of subscribers we would say that the Acta Diurna has an exchange column, but a microscope will be needed to find it.

***

THE Tabula had better take to heart their advice to the High School Voice about keeping reading matter and advertisements separate. Where is their Humor Column?

***

IN our opinion one or two stories in the Normal Student would make that paper a little more interesting.

***

DEEP and heavy reading can be found by taking up the Souvenir.

***

WE wish our exchanges would read and put in practice the suggestion of the Exchange Editor of the C. H. S. Abstract in regard to sealing and rolling papers so tightly.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

LATIN ON THE PORK.

Boyibus kissibus
Sweet girliorum;
Girlibus likibus
Wanti sumorum.

Popibus heariburs
Kissi somorum;
Kickibus boyibus
Out of the dorum.

Darkibus nightibus,
No lightiorum;
Climibus gateibus
Breechibus torum.

—[Cornell Era.

"You advance one step farther, and you will be one step-mother!"

(Overheard in the hall after a debate.) A.—"That speaker has a falsetto voice."
B.—"Yes, and he also has a false set o' teeth.

A SORRY ATTEMPT AT PUNNING.

A. and B. are standing on a street corner. A.—(who is leaning against a tree), "I have spoken to you *tree* times, and received no answer." A.—(giving tit for tat). "*Wire* you always punning?" A.—"I *leaf* that question for you to answer," B.—"Let's *branch* off on something else, for *twigst* you and me it's very tiresome.

Question — "Why is a senior's desk like a cookie?"
Answer — "Because it's another name for a jumble."

Senior — "Have you read Stevenson on 'Living'?"
Freshman — "No, but I've read Lewando on 'Dyeing'."

Question — "Why is the eagle used in churches for a lecturn?"
Answer — "Because it's a bird of prey."

Teacher — "How do you say 'Go to bed' in German?"
1st Pupil — "Gehen Sie zu Bett."
Teacher — "Wrong."
2d Pupil — "Gehen Sie zu Bette."
Teacher — "Yes, that is better."

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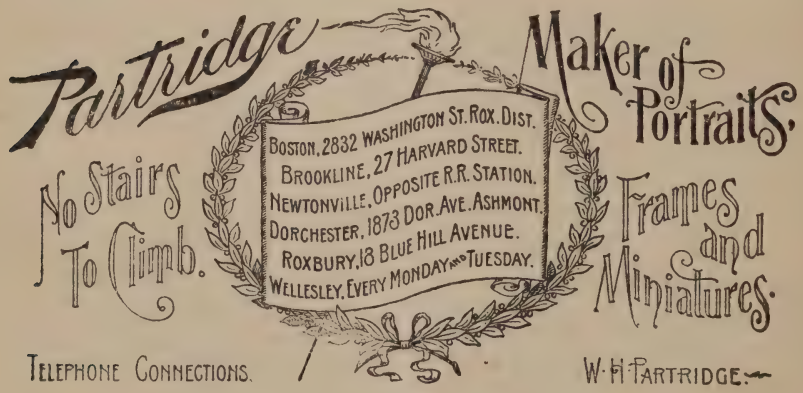

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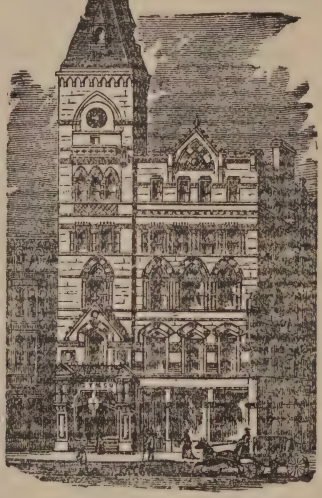

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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MARCH
1898

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 MARCH, 1898 NUMBER 6

SOME ODD PLUMAGE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

UNTIL the reign of William III. of England, the king and queen had set the fashion in dress for the court, and consequently for the whole country. But William was a man of business, and his queen no lover of dress, so that the leaders of fashion wore what they chose and the others followed as they pleased. As a result more variety and more ridiculous costumes are shown in the following years than at any other time in history.

The most remarkable feature of the men's dress, at the time of Anne, was the periwig. These immense wigs fell to the waist behind, and far over the breast in front. Men tried to distinguish themselves by the size of their wigs. The beaux delighted in publicly combing these monstrous perruques, and carried small jewelled combs for the purpose. It seems reasonable enough that these young innocents should have needed occupation, but the bushels of hair looked strange on the heads of Anne's old statesmen and great generals. Young and old joined in the crusade against natural hair. The Puritans could never get their hair short enough, while the courtiers could never get it long enough and accordingly wore wigs.

One perruquier had a sign outside his door which represented Absalom hanging in a tree, and David underneath, who exclaimed, weeping:

"Oh, Absalom! Oh, Absalom!
Oh, Absalom, my son!
If thou hadst worn a periwig,
Thou hadst not been undone."

The most startling novelty of the time was the hoop petticoat. It widened gradually from the waist to the ground, and was six or seven yards wide at the bottom. A writer of 1718, days of hoop-skirts, says: "Nothing can be imagined more unnatural, and consequently, less agreeable. When a slender virgin stands upon a basis so exorbitantly wide she resembles a funnel, a figure of no great elegancy; and I have known many fine ladies of a low stature, who, when they sail 'round an apartment in their hoops, look like children in go-carts."

In 1760 a correspondent of The Ladies' Magazine calls attention to "a certain fashion which has crept in during the present war, being an additional growth of hair, both in front and rear of the heads of our females." He then describes how it is dressed, by crisping and curling it, adding pomatum and meal, after which the barber "works all into such a state of confusion that you would imagine it was intended for the stuffing of a chair bottom; then bending it into various curls and shapes over his finger, he fastens it with block pins so tight to the head that neither time nor the weather has power to alter its position. Thus, my lady is dressed for three months at least, during which time it is not in her power to comb her head." Such was the beginning of a fashion that increased and reigned for more than twenty years.

In 1772 the headdress of the ladies had become enormous. It consisted of a heap of tow and pads, over which false hair was arranged. Its height continued to increase, until in 1782 it measured more than three feet. The whole thing was hung with ropes of pearls, gauze trimming, flowers, feathers, and figures of blown glass. Then headdresses did not begin to lower until 1786.

After the French Revolution, men wore their hair loose and powdered; the ladies' hair was now curled close to the head and hung down behind; the high sugar-loaf cap of the French peasants, trimmed with lace and hanging down over the face with the effect of an extinguisher was introduced, and a close gown and small jacket were worn.

In 1794 short waists became fashionable, and that part of the figure which, fifteen years before had reached nearly to the hips,

was carried up under the arm-pits. This absurdity occasioned a parody on the popular song, the "Banks of Bonna," which begins:

"Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?"

The parody began:

"Shepherds, I have lost my waist,
Have you seen my body?"

In "Fashionable Information" the style is thus spoken of: "The most easy imaginable,—simply this,—the petticoat is tied round the neck, and the arms are put through the pocket holes."

The "modern-antique" style of dress appeared about 1800, and the costumes became more sober and simple—a great improvement on the exaggerated, absurd mode of dress, popular in the earlier part of the century. E. K., 1900.

CUPID'S CORNBALLS

MRS. MIRONGUE had a new boarder. The fact spread over the little world in No. 20 Melrose Square with astonishing rapidity, and by the noonday meal everyone, from old Mr. Brown (Mrs. Mirongue's oldest boarder) down to Jessie, the washerwoman's little girl, knew just what time the boarder had arrived, that Mrs. Mirongue had given him the front room over the parlor, and that his name was George Edgerly Roberts.

A hush fell over the dining-room as the new boarder entered—a hush made painful by its suddenness and embarrassing length. He paused just behind Mrs. Mirongue's chair. All eyes were fixed upon him. He reddened slightly and said in a low voice:—

"Where am I going to sit, Mrs. Mirongue?"

Now the landlady was exceedingly deaf, and she neither heard nor observed the young man at her elbow.

"Mrs. Mirongue!" cried one of the boarders, waving her napkin at the landlady and pointing at the stranger.

"Mother!" called a shrill voice.

By this time the new boarder had stepped up to the table and the landlady motioned him to a seat beside her.

"I thought you would like to be near our Marian," she began, waving her hand proudly toward her daughter who sat opposite the stranger. He glanced quickly at the girl, who was simpering behind her napkin. "For I know you are going to be *such* good friends," went on Mrs. Mirongue blandly, as she turned to the new boarder with her sweetest smile, offering him a piece of the meat with which she was wrestling. (En effet, le pièce de résistance.)

"Yes, yes," murmured the new boarder, busily studying his plate.

"You will have to speak a little louder, Mr. Roberts," suggested Miss Mirongue, bending toward him with drooping lids, "for mamma is so hard of hearing."

"What was he saying, dear?" asked the mother.

"Why, mamma, he says he hopes—hopes—we shall be friends!" shrieked the girl with a conscious laugh. The boarders were all enjoying it,—all except Mr. Roberts. He soon left the table.

The boarders had enough gossip now to make a merry afternoon, and if Mr. Roberts' ears didn't burn, the old rule found an exception.

A hush of expectancy prevailed at supper. He was late, and all eyes were fixed on the door. The landlady's daughter was faultlessly arrayed in a cherry china silk affair, red bows in her hair and at her throat. She felt her power as she sat with lifted chin and eyes full of conscious unconsciousness. Mr. Roberts did not appear at the supper table and one by one the boarders left the room, finding no excuse for staying. Miss Mirongue lightly touched the effective crimps which had taken an hour to arrange. She glanced fretfully at the folds of flowered silk, and jerked her chair back so suddenly that the glasses and china on the table shivered and rang.

"Go up to Mr. Roberts' room, love, and ask him if he is coming to tea," suggested the mother with indulgence in her voice.

The girl left the room with a flounce, and the mother waited at the table till she came back.

"Says he wants only a cup of tea and some toast. Has a headache," called Miss Mirongue in her mother's ear. "But Jessie must make some of her cornballs which I will send up to him," and she whisked out of the room. When the tray was ready Jessie took it up and knocked at the stranger's door. "There's a note for yer," she whispered, tapping a scented envelope with her finger and chuckling softly.

The door shut, almost slammed, and Jessie couldn't hear what he said, only she was sure it was "suthin' short and sharp and to the p'int."

The new boarder did not appear in the parlor that evening, and so Miss Mirongue was forced to put away her useless finery. The next morning when he came downstairs Miss Mirongue was seated at the breakfast table with an expectant look upon her face.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Roberts," she said, demurely casting down her eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Mirongue," he answered. Then suddenly he flushed and continued, "I must thank you for those delicious cornballs, the best I have ever tasted!" Miss Mirongue thought the blush a good sign.

"Mamma, do you hear?" she cried, waving her napkin frantically in her mother's face, while all the boarders listened eagerly. "Do you hear what Mr. Roberts is saying?" But the landlady had heard nothing, and now began, in her clear, deliberate tones,—

"Are those Eliza's cornballs out on the front steps? Somebody must hev thrown 'em out the winder, and I declar' the've stuck there like glue! Was it you, Mr. Roberts?"

"It — it — it was I," answered the new boarder in a subdued voice.

When his place had been vacant for two or three meals, with no explanation given to the curious boarders, the hardiest ventured to remark at tea one night,—

"I suppose Mr. Roberts' citified tastes were not satisfied with our table, Mrs. Mirongue?"

"So he said," replied the landlady shortly. H. R. J., '98.

"FORSAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT"

'T was fully twenty years ago I left the Brookline High,
And o'er the world's vast surface, I had wandered far and nigh,
From Klondike's icy mountain peaks to India's coral strands;
And now as I lay dying on the scorching Afric sands,
Before my fevered fancy, 'gainst the horizon far and straight,
There seemed to move the fellows all of dear old '98.
Swagg'ring first across the sands was "tardy" Max G. A.,
Who cuts his French when unprepared—and that 's most every day.
Next, Chester Bigelow appeared, a broad smile on his face,
Just as when first he saw the tack and took it from his place.
F. Bradley gazed upon me with a most benignant eye,
And muttered, "Hum! that 's Q. E. D.," as he did pass me by.
Then Bynner H., so short and stout, strode, Sagamore in hand;
I saw him scribbling out his thoughts as though to beat the band.
Fred Driscoll came with scowling brow a-poring o'er a book,
A volume deep on "Pol. Econ." it seemed at second look.
Jack Floyd! I knew him by his "specs" and by his patent walk;
I'm sure he used the curling tongs; like lightning he did talk!
J. Winslow Horr, a 'tato race did challenge on the sand,
In basket ball and football, too, he was in great demand.
And Hovey! O say, Chandler, did you ever do your French?
"Not on your life. So big a task would give my mind a wrench."
Joe Kernan trod the burning waste just as he did of yore,
When on the South End gridiron, his tackles made the score.
"The Sec. will read the last report," I heard the president say,
And George T. Lynch responded in his wise and owl-like way.
Next, President N. Manning of the class of '98,
As a golf, athletic, baseball fiend he 'd surely take the cake.
The echoes of a fierce debate I once again did hear.
Ah! Prenez garde! in hot dispute J. Marvin 's on his ear.
And sporty Frank Muldowney then before me did pass by,
How black his hair, and oh, how pink the color of his tie!

"Pig" Parker, with his curly hair and pugilistic likes,
Was always fooling with a pin, and making inch-deep strikes!
L. Richardson did now appear in costume of the gym,
Your mark! get set! away he went, the hurdles fruit for him.
And Rogers, "Oh bon jour, monsieur! Votre nom est Perrichon."
A shark in math., and, when away, O how the girls do groan.
Next, Ned, as meek as Adam was before the latter's fall,
But when it came to raising Cain, the Sharpest of them all.
Tom Taylor last, the chairman he, so stern, so grim, so gruff —
Who fools with tools; of 'lectric shocks he ne'er can get enough.
But sudden on my troubled sight a line of camels came,
Then swift the visions passed away and all my mind was sane.
Though now brought back to health and strength, I'll ne'er forget the date
When o'er Sahara's plain they passed — the "stars" of '98.

I have had the pleasure during the past month of arranging the ornithological collection presented to the High School. The school has had great good fortune in coming into possession of this valuable collection and it should have the interest shown in it that it deserves. A collection, however, offers a danger to the student. He must use it only as a dictionary. The ducks on those shelves are no more ducks than mummies are men. With the destruction of their life their personality vanished, and without their environment half their charm is gone. A collection to be used in the right way must go hand in hand with field work. A cabinet scientist is a man to be pitied. The best order is to go into the field first and to the cabinet afterwards. The stuffed specimen then recalls much of interest. But the reverse order is good too,— let the stuffed specimen interest you in the living. Life is what one goes afield to see, and there we find it. The interest we have in a collection is only in birds as bunches of feathers. Life is what they lack. Use the collection,— but in the using do not forget that the specimens before you are only in a very small part birds. REGINALD HEBER HOWE, JR.

SKETCHES

I

STUDYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

THERE was no help for it. I had simply got to let the football practice go, and stay at home and get my Latin lesson for tomorrow. If I didn't, why, my quarter's mark would show it. I selected a comfortable chair beside the window, and began to unravel Cicero's third oration against Catiline, but somehow I didn't feel quite so interested in the way the Quirites were to remember Cicero's services as I did in the game of football that was going on between four small boys in the lot across the street. Then I thought of the football practice down on the common. I knew Ted Freeman would never get those signals right, and,— here "Quirites pro tantis rebus" caught my eyes and brought me back to study and Latin. But as I glanced up again, I saw a young lady go by, —what a gait she had! If I couldn't walk better than that —! But who's the fellow on horseback? How he does shake up and down! Ding! came from the clock. Gracious! five o'clock, and I did three lines at a jump. But somebody was making candy! I must find out what kind it was, and I went out to the kitchen only to find that some stove polish was burning. Disgusted, I came back, and renewed my acquaintance with Cicero and his friend Catiline. Two lines more, and the door-bell rang. The postman, I thought, and away I went to get the letters. But, no, it was a book agent who wanted to see "the lady of the house," and had to be told three times that she was n't in, and we had a "complete set of the Century Dictionary." Then what a racket there was upstairs, how could any one study! and I was going up two steps at a time to find out that my small brother was exhibiting his menagerie of two-legged bears, lions and tigers. After seeing the circus depart to the playroom, I once more began on my Cicero. But I spent half the remaining time in looking up a word which was in the notes, and when the supper bell rang I had done only half of it. "Never mind, it is an awful hard lesson, and it could n't be done in an afternoon anyway," thought I. "I'll finish it in a study period tomorrow," and I went to supper.

J. T. F., '98.

II

A SWISS SUNSET

Every evening just as the first pale blush of sunset tints the heavens, Hänsl, the wood carver, leads his blind wife out on the porch of their little cottage.

"Now the gates of the sunset land are opened, Lisbeth, and the dear old sun will say good-night to the earth. It sheds its softest bits of gold and rose about the Schwarzburg. I know it loves the Schwarzburg, for is not the great high peak the last to be folded in the purple mist at night, and the first to be lighted with rosy hues in the morning?

"I can see Peter and his goats coming down the path; he is hungry for his supper, and the goats cluster closely about him as if they feared the narrow paths and the great dark night, away from him.

"Marie, the fiddler's daughter, stands in his doorway, watching for Gorg and the bright ribbons he has promised to bring her from the city.

"Dame Margot calls to her little ones, anxious to get them under cover before the night falls and the elves roam about the valley.

"Now the Schwarzburg is left gloomy and alone, Lisbeth, and the pale moon lady will soon be out with her star children.

"Let us go in.

"The great God is good, Hänsl;
"The great God is good, Lisbeth."

E. L. B., 1901.

III

"THE GOOD SAMARITAN"

Jostled by the surging crowds, overloaded with bundles, but nevertheless cheerful and good natured, my heroine was slowly and wearily picking her way along one of Boston's exquisitely narrow sidewalks.

Many a kind word and slight gift had she already bestowed on poverty and suffering, and as many times had she sighed for the unfortunate ones and thanked God for her own comparatively easy lot.

But, as she drew near her destination, a sight, at once pitiful and perilous, met her sympathetic eyes. There, but a few paces ahead, slowly crossing at the corner among vehicles and cars — there, in immediate danger of being either trampled down by frightened horses, or of being overlooked by the motormen, was an old man with head bent, feeling his way cautiously with his cane, but entirely ignorant of his dangerous position. He was assuredly blind.

Without the slightest regard for her personal safety, the good-hearted woman dropped her cherished bundles in a hasty and helpless heap, and rushing up to the poor cripple, with her heart aching on account of his sad condition, she exclaimed: "My poor fellow, let me guide you ——." She said no more, neither did she carry out her offer; for, as the "poor fellow" turned to her in evident surprise, she read on his hat not the customary sign, "I am blind," not an appeal for help, but simply,—"Switchman, No. 207."

R. D. B., '99.

IV

ON THE "SUMMER PLAYGROUND"

"What's your little brother's name, Max?" I asked the older of two dirty, dark-skinned little boys. I had taken one sticky, grimy hand in each of mine and walked away from the group of quarrelsome children who were cooling bottles of pink soda-water and other highly colored beverages under the stream of running water from the drinking fountain. We had chatted pleasantly until we reached the happier atmosphere of the playground. Then, that I might introduce the new-comers to the teacher, I asked my question. It aroused no response save the deeper closing of the dark lashes over the large soft eyes. "What's the little brother's name, Max?" I repeated. "I don' know," came the reply, while the lad's head dropped low with bashfulness. "Do you mean you don't know the little brother's name?" I said, thinking he had not understood my question. He nodded, then said softly, "My mother hardly knows." "And your mother does n't know his name either?" I questioned gently. Then with a little laugh I quickly asked, "If he were over

there and you wanted him to come here, how would you call him, what would you say?" "I'd say, 'Veifke, come here,'" promptly answered Max. "Then Veifke is his name, is n't it?" I asked with triumph. "I don't know," came the reply, with the same bashful uncertainty as before. As I stooped to pat the poor, muddled, little head he added confidingly, "Ve are Jews. My mother do not know English. She do not know his English name."

* * * *

"Poor little souls! They think me 'toney' now," said the teacher, whose direct simplicity and sympathy with the children had delighted me all summer. I at once laughingly demanded the cause for this change in feelings. Tommy's small two-year old sister had been discovered dancing and splashing about with her little bare, dirty feet in the pail of drinking water which stood in one corner of the playground. The novel sensation had called forth shouts and squeals of glee which at last disclosed her mistaken use of the vessel in question. "Tommy! Tommy!" called the teacher, "your baby's in the water pail! Run and get her out, quick!" The little care-taker left his other small charge and ran promptly to pull Teeny from her bath. He seemed somewhat puzzled by the teacher's dismay, but he was accustomed to obey and quietly tried to calm the baby, who shrieked her disappointment at being interrupted in her frolic. "Now children," said the teacher, turning to the group which had gathered about, "two of you take the pail and empty all the water out, then take it into the house and scrub it out well. When you are sure it's clean, fill it up and bring it out." A hush fell upon the little company and in the stir of preparation to obey, the teacher heard them murmur, "Ain't she toney? Won't let us drink out of the pail Teeny's been soakin' in."

H. P. H.

Two Senior fellows were so excited, on the morning of the "Maine" accident, that they "cut" the "bird talk," braved the elements, and bought two papers — which, by the way, told them less than they already knew.

NEWS NOTES

The sun on last Tuesday morning heralded in the first day of the spring months in the midst of the finest weather we have had for some time. Let us hope that there will be an exception this once to the proverbial rule about the lamb and the lion, and also that the next four months will be as delightful as the present one promises to be—in more ways than one. Think what they mean to you, class of '98!

For the benefit of those who may doubt the probability of the cornball story in the current issue, we wish to announce that the incident on which the sketch is based is a true one.

Hearing one of the declamations on Public Day there was brought immediately to our mind, "Out of the mouths of"—— but we won't finish. It would be too mean.

We have not realized until recently that we received more than full value from "Pyramus and Thisbe." How many of us saw or heard at the time "Much *Adieu* About Nothing."

There were no sketches in the last number of THE SAGAMORE but this month they appear again. Remember that compositions and short themes are just what we want for the sketch department.

Very few know that notwithstanding the fire and enthusiasm with which he delivered his declamation on Public Day, Ben Lancy was suffering from a sprained knee.

A week ago Tuesday, being George Washington's birthday, the school had, as usual, a holiday. As it happened, a snow storm unfortunately (?) occurred on the day before, severe enough to cause the ringing of the no-school bell and thus affording the scholars four successive days of vacation.

On the day after Washington's Birthday, a senior happening to pass through the lower corridor, saw a group of kindergarten children gathered with their teacher, about the picture of the "Father of his Country." The teacher was telling them something about the great man. When she had finished one small tot, who had been standing with a rapt, intent little face on the outskirts of the ring, suddenly exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "Oh! how I'd like to kiss him!"

Upon seeing the programme of the sports, a small boy asked his sister, who was a little older, what a "potato race" was. "Why, the Irish, of course," she answered, with a wise little toss of her head.

Mr. Sanford has deemed it best to exclude the exchanges from the Library. Of course we regret this step but cannot help seeing its wisdom and justice. We wonder if the Library is as thronged now as it used to be before their removal.

Some of our readers may be interested to hear that the story, "Miss Nancy's Opinion of Afternoon Teas," by Freda Sawyer, '97, was printed in the last issue of the Smith Monthly.

Mrs. Hornbrooke of Newton, gave a very interesting talk before the school on "Birds." We hope her earnest and eloquent plea in behalf of these little feathered creatures was not made in vain.

February 18 was the first Public Day of the school year '97–'98. The exercises held in the hall went off very satisfactorily, and were highly appreciated both by school and visitors. The selections of the orchestra were enjoyed very much, especially the "Stars and Stripes March" which received an encore. The speakers were unusually good, and in addition a more elaborate style of entertainment than has before been attempted was instituted by the presentation of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and the performance of a few scenes from a French comedy. The work of the third class boys in the former was remarkable, the presentation of Pyramus being far from amateur. We cannot refrain from mentioning, likewise, the mirth-provoking make-up and gestures of Moonshine. The entire programme was excellent.

We regret very much that M. Harsell Smith, the class editor of '99, has left school.

Did the J. Murray Kay essays cause anyone to cut school? We hope not.

We solicit "news notes" from everyone and anyone. Few realize how difficult it is for two or three persons to write what is termed the "news" of the entire school.

Mr. Lincoln has charge of the large Senior Class in Arithmetic. We hear that some of his pupils have trouble with the "up-to-date" methods.

In the Fourth Class a division in English Grammar has been formed. Judging from some of the composition work which has come under our notice we most heartily endorse the teaching of this subject.

Do not be alarmed at those long streamers floating from the Bulletin Board in Room 10. They are only the questions for the Senior College English Class.

Though a misunderstanding, we made, in the editorial column of last month, a very careless and amusing mistake, which calls for correction. We earnestly urged every member of the school to try for the J. Murray Kay Essay Prizes, unmindful of the slight consideration that only the Senior Class could compete. For an unintentional humor page the editorial did very well. However, as the authorities have been obdurate in their refusal to change the conditions of the essay, we are obliged to suffer the public humiliation of an apology. If there are any "lower classes" who, in accordance with our suggestion have been laboriously grinding on the essay, we humbly implore their pardon, and only wish we wore a placard reading, "Hands off."

Two secret societies have sprung up this year among the boys, and, as a result, there seems to have been a larger number of escaped lunatics in town than ever before. The names, if we have the Greek straight, are Pi Nu Phi, and Gamma Delta Psi. Come Tau Beta Beta, resign your monopoly! "There are others."

The following are a few alumni notes:—

John Taylor, B. H. S. '93, is at present Acting Manager of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Burlington, Vermont.

Grace Hopkins has gone to California for the winter.

Grace Matthews, B. H. S. '93, Smith College, '97, is pursuing a post-graduate course in History at the Chicago University, where her brother is a professor.

George Taylor, B. H. S. '90, is at work for the Refrigerator Manufacturing Co., at York, Penn. His brother, Wm. B. Taylor, also B. H. S. '90, is construction inspector in the Mexican Central Railroad.

Emma B. Noyes, B. H. S. '93, is teaching in the High School of East Andover, Mass.

Dr. Ed. Wood Allison and bride, formerly Louise Carpenter, are spending the winter in Capri, Italy.

The unframed photographs in the Cut Room have been catalogued and a printed list of them is to be made shortly.

The "favored few" who ushered at the Gymnastic Exhibition held in the Town Hall some time ago were deeply grateful to the powers that had smiled on them so graciously.

Our jokes this month are largely exchanges. Perhaps it is better than that they should be original, but, nevertheless, "originals" would not be unacceptable.

Norman Talcott, '98, has left school and gone into business.

The birds are now settled in their new cases in the upper corridor. Please don't anyone ask them to "come off their perches."

A brilliant Senior passing from the Hall on Public Day was heard to remark, "Charley Chandler was the moon, but Earle Potter was the star."

Miss Smith and Miss Britain are taking Miss Frost's Latin during her absence.

Has n't someone the energy to write a "class poem" dealing with the girls?

The Fourth Class boys are very enthusiastic over the work in gymnastics given them by Miss Howell and Miss Jacobus. They have already formed eight Basket Ball teams.

Mrs. Norton has recently been to New York to visit the domestic science department at Pratt Institute. On her homeward trip she made a short call upon Miss Tomlinson.

As a variation from Cicero, Mr. Place recently entertained the First Latin pupils by reading aloud to them a ghost story in Latin.

Some of the First French scholars are attending the course of eight lectures given at Harvard by M. René Doumic on "The History of French Romanticism."

The Seniors who have joined Miss Eddy's Reading Class are finding it very interesting. They are reading "As You Like It" now, trying to give a good interpretation of the thoughts and emotions which influence each character. This class is the first one, not connected with the study of Art, which has been permitted to meet in the Art Room.

The last debate in the Hall was between Jack W. Horr and J. Nelson Manning, on the question, "Resolved, that Chinese Immigration should be Restricted." Mr. Horr presented the affimative.

At the request of Dr. Channing several of the '98 fellows acted as ushers at the Free Organ Recitals given in the Harvard and First Parish Churches.

We know that all pupils, both past and present, of the B. H. S., are sorry to hear of Miss Frost's illness. After one or two vain attempts to resume her teaching, Miss Frost has given up and returned to her home in Waltham.

A Senior lass amused us greatly the other day when, in speaking of the exchanges, she said, "Lots of the boys go to the Library just to read the exchanges ; I don't know so much about the girls."

Some of the members of '98 learned for the first time on Saint Valentine's Day that they were "good girls."

Second Latin A and Second Greek have been divided, the boys being put in one division and the girls in the other. We hope this is not the beginning of an anti-coeducation movement.

Every one was glad to see so many former members of the school present at the sports. It seemed like old times to see the '97 fellows get together and cry once more, "Hit her up! Hit her up! Hit her up again! Ninety S–E–V–E–N."

The members of Senior Latin are becoming quite proficient in Latin conversation. Indeed the Roman tongue is so natural to them that a few days ago they added to a very humble petition for a shorter Cicero lesson, "Responde nobis Latina statim!" Trembling at their audacity they awaited the reply of Mr. Locus. It came, brief but to the point, "Certissime."

The time limit for the J. Murray Kay essays was extended, in accordance with an almost unanimous appeal, from March 1st to March 7th. To our knowledge nine persons commenced work on the essays; of these two dropped out, and of the seven left, five wrote on the "Metropolitan Park System," and two on "Brookline's Relation to Norfolk County." What a "cinch" for one of the two.

Mr. Sanford took up two periods one morning early in March by an informal discussion, on various matters, with the Senior boys. At 10.50 on the same day, all the boys of the school were assembled in the Lecture Room to hear a brisk enthusiastic address on "Character" from Mr. Wilson, a short talk along the same lines by Mr. Packard and a few suggestions from Mr. Sanford. Several of the fellows, at the same time, made an appeal for support of the "baseball nine" during the coming season.

The last committee to hold the reins of the Senior Government consisted of Helen Jones, Grace Mason, Norman Talcott, Max Andres, and Thomas Taylor as chairman. The new committee for March has just been elected. Its members are Grace Mason, Victoria Goodspeed, Chandler Hovey, Thomas Taylor and Fred Driscoll.

The editors have decided that the majority of Sagamore readers will not be incommoded by the omission of the Debating Club Reports from our pages. This step to which we have been driven by financial consideration, may be displeasing to some; but the few must sacrifice their wishes in the interests of the many. Hereafter notices of the Debating Club will be found in the news notes.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE baseball season will soon be upon us in full swing, and with it the question of victory or defeat. We are going to have a strong nine this year, including several of last year's players, and many new ones possessed of we know not what ability. Its manager is the "saviour of '98's honor" at the sports, its captain "the pitcher invincible." It was largely on account of an appalling lack of interest that we made so poor a showing last fall. We must shake off this degenerated spirit, and atone for our indifference with redoubled energy and enthusiasm. Prospects are bright on our "baseball horizon." Let us not permit them to become clouded! Let us be intensely loyal to our nine; let us buy tickets, let us attend all the games, let us

cheer ourselves hoarse, and encourage our representatives to good hard work, let us wipe out the dismal remembrance of the foot-ball season, let us win the championship!!

We hope that all the High School pupils appreciate how much is being done for them by the Music Committee of the Education Society. The Young People's Concerts given in Shailer Hall are so instructive and delightful that they must appeal to all lovers of good music. Miss Helen A. Brooks talks in a very pleasing and interesting way about a composer and his works, and renders, during the hour, as many as ten or twelve of his pieces upon the piano. There is also a vocalist at every concert who sings some of the most famous selections of the same composer. The first concert, which was given within school hours, was a hasty review of the last year's concerts, including selections from the works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. Miss Caroline G. Clarke sang Bach's "My heart ever faithful," several little German songs by Schubert and a selection from Handel's great oratorio, The Messiah.

At the second concert, given on Thursday afternoon, March 3d, Mendelssohn's life and music were taken up. Miss Brooks played many of his familar "Songs without Words," his overture to "The Son and Stranger," and to "Fingal's Cave," and a theme from the "Hymn of Praise." Miss Edith Torrey and Miss Eleanor Guild were the vocalists. We hope that the attendance at the last two concerts will be as good as at the first two, that we may show the Music Committee our appreciation of all they are doing for us.

We have received many congratulations upon having had our leaves cut. For a while the change may shock some of our readers who have always taken pride in the "style" of our paper. But we have seen so many Sagamores and so many tempers sorely damaged by those uncut leaves, and we have been tendered so many urgent appeals for reform from our Exchanges, that we believe the crossing of the Rubicon from "style" to "convenience" was a wise step.

Last month we were very much pleased to print contributions from each of the four classes. We hope that the appearance of their classmates' work will encourage others of the lower grades to submit articles of any sort to The Sagamore's judgment. We do not wish The Sagamore to be a class paper,—although its contents prior to last month have pointed rather significantly in that direction,— but we desire it to be in reality, as well as in name, a "school publication."

ATHLETICS

NEWTON — BROOKLINE TEAM RACE.

FOR the first time since the memorable race of '96, on the 22d of February we met Newton High School in a team race, and again the red and blue was trailed in the dust by the boys from the Garden City. The occasion was the annual winter meeting of the Newton H. S. A. A., and was held in the gynasium at Newtonville. The hall was packed, but only a few ardent Brookline supporters made themselves evident by their enthusiastic though ineffectual rooting. The race was practically won on the first relay, Newton jumping into the lead at the start and steadily increasing it until the gap between the two teams was about twenty yards. On the next two relays Brookline about held her own, but as the fourth pair of runners entered on the last relay it was evident that Newton's lead was too great to be overcome. However, Horr of Brookline ran a plucky race, and cut down considerable of the lead, but Keyes breasted the tape ten yards ahead, and Newton had won in 1 minute and 38 seconds, the fastest time ever made on the track by any relay team. The teams ran in the following order :—

Brookline — Quinlan, '99; Richardson, '98 ; Dorr, '99 ; and Horr, '98 (Capt.).
Newton — Chase, '98 ; Barnard, '98; Daniels, 1900; and Keyes, '98 (Capt.)

Brookline's interest in the interscholastic meet this year was considerably weakened through the inability of Lancy to compete, on account of an injured knee. He was looked upon as sure of a

place in the 40-yards dash, and Brookline's hopes of scoring a few points were dashed to the ground by his accident. However, Horr and Richardson in the hurdles and Dorr and Converse in the high jump, all made creditable showing, and the victory over Newburyport in the team race was something to be proud of. The fact that two other team races were run in slower time shows that our team was far from being the poorest.

Newburyport drew the pole, and took the lead at the start, and at the beginning of the second relay Brookline was five yards in the rear. On the first lap of the second relay Brookline took the lead, only to be passed on the following lap. Dexter next took up the running for Brookline, and although fifteen yards in the rear, began to overhaul his man in a way that set the Brookline adherents into a frenzy. He finished in magnificent shape, barely a yard behind his opponent. The last relay was nip and tuck the whole distance. Horr got the pole and the lead at the very start, and there followed a battle royal. Less than a yard separated the two men until the last lap, when Horr drew away slightly and won out by three yards. The team :—

Brookline — Waldron, 1900; Strickland, 1900; Dexter, 1901; Horr, '98.
Newburyport — Snell, Sofford, Burke, Colby. Time 3 minutes 31 1-5 sec.

B. H. S. A. A. INDOOR MEET.

The ninth annual winter meeting of the B. H. S. A. A., was held in the upper Town Hall, March 3, and for the first time since '96 defeated '95 the junior class won more points than the senior. What should have proven an unusually interesting set of games was seriously marred by the continual missing fire of the starter's pistol. Otherwise the meet went off smoothly, and the class competition between '99 and '98 was remarkably close. Skilton, '99, was easily the "star" of the meet, winning first place in all three field events. Horr, '98, was a close second with two firsts, a second and a third. Marshall, 1900, proved the "darkest" horse of the evening, winning the potato race by two yards, while Hall, '99, again won the slow bicycle race handily. The summary :—

20-yards Dash — Won by J. W. Horr, '98; L. C. Richardson, '98, second; T. A. Quinlan, '99, third. Time 3 sec.

25-yards Hurdle Race — Won by J. W. Horr, '98: E. N. Dorr, '99, second; T. A. Quinlan, '99, third. Time 4 sec.

Slow Bicycle Race — Won by H. T. Hall, '99; F. E. Rice, '99, second; C. L. Perkins, '99, third. Time 3 minutes 27 sec.

Potato Race — Won by C. B. Marshall, 1900'; J. Nelson Manning, '98, second; A. E. Vogel, 1900, third. Time not taken.

Running High Jump — Won by S. Henry Skilton, '99; R. L. Shewell, 1900, second; G. R. Ainsworth, '99, third. Height 5ft. 1 3-4 in.

Jump, Step and Jump — Won by S. Henry Skilton, '99; J. W. Horr. '98, second; J. T. Floyd, '98, third. Distance 26 ft. 8 in.

Shot Put (16 lb.) — Won by S. Henry Skilton, '99: C. E. Hovey, '98, second; J. Nelson Manning, '98, third. Distance 28 ft. 8 in.

20-yards Dash (4th class) — Won by H. Dexter; D. Hennessy, second; H. Watson, third. Time 3 1-5 sec.

Points by classes:—

	'98.	'99.	1900.	1901.
20-yards Dash	8	1	0	0
25-yards Hurdle	5	4	0	0
Potato race	3	0	6	0
Slow Bicycle	0	9	0	0
High Jump	0	6	3	0
Jump, Step and Jump	4	5	0	0
Shot Put	4	5	0	0
Totals	24	30	9	0

CARROLL L. PERKINS,
Sporting Editor.

That the Gymnastic Meeting, held under the auspices of the Physical Training Committee of the Brookline Education Society, was a great success was shown by the crowded hall and the enthusiasm of the spectators. As the programme was arranged to show the scope and development of the gymnastic work in the public schools of Brookline, there were exhibitions given by all grades from the Primary up through the High School. Exercises in wands, dumb-bells, jumping, vaulting, and in marching and æsthetic calisthenics were given by the High School girls, and a swimming land drill was presented by the Fourth Class boys. The evening closed with an exciting game of Basket Ball, between the School Team and a Substitute Team, in which the former won. The most striking feature of the meeting was the ease, the freedom and the perfect naturalness which pervaded all the exercises.

—, '98.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

John T. Floyd, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

We have always found that our readers preferred to have articles, clippings, jokes, etc., kept separate, as the paper is more interesting and better appearing if clearly divided. However, if the readers of the Student's Pen like a mixture let them continue it *ad infiinitum*.

* * *

We would remind the Argyle News that the exchange column is not a place to slander and insult other papers. The Penn Charter Magazine is one of the most admirably conducted of our exchanges, notwithstanding the Argyle News' opinion.

* * *

"Alphonse Daudet" is the subject of a sketch in the Aggie Life.

* * *

An interesting serial upon a "Trip to the Island of Jamaica" may be found in the C. M. T. S. Register.

* * *

There is quite an amusing story called, "Under the Radical Sign," in the Fall River Premier. It is reprinted from St. Paul's H. S. World.

* * *

The amateur dramatist in the Signal has evidently read J. K. Bangs.

* * *

Wanted.—A school paper which has in it no article on the Klondike.

* * *

A very fair love story may be found in the Newton H. S. Review.

"The Cave of the Winds," in the Cherry and White, is interesting and well written.

* * *

An "Alibi," in the Pennant, is an exceedingly amusing story of a falsehood "found out."

* * *

We would recommend the perusal of Laselle Leaves to the girls; it may interest some of them.

* * *

A new cover graces the alumni number of the Chauncey Hall Abstract. Here's a suggestion for our own paper.

* * *

The editorial page of the H. P. H. S. Chronicle is remarkably good. The contents of this paper are always of a high degree of excellence, but we wish that the story entitled, "Richard Ware's Hearth Fire," which has so many excellent touches, might have been massed, and perhaps written, with a little more care.

* * *

The High School Recorder for February is a remarkably good number from a literary, if not from an artistic, standpoint. The two prize stories are better than the average school paper articles, but the illustrations, contrary to the Recorder's custom, are really ludicrous. The prize poem is ancient in subject and matter, and stiff in treatment. However, the issue is well worth perusal.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Unto a little nigger
'A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly
A hungry crocodile,
Who with that cold politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat
Without dressing, if you please."—[Ex.

"Where ignorance is bliss, t' is folly to be Y's."

Trying to find their seats in Copley Hall were two dignified and severely proper Boston ladies. They paused in the aisle perplexed, and one, examining her ticket, said to the other, "Are we Y's or J's?" Finally, without a smile, they adjusted themselves for a delightful evening among the Y's.

The latest story from Klondike is that a man was caught out in a windstorm. The ground was dry and dusty. When the man got home he coughed up $73.15 in gold.—[Ex.

While witnessing a game of baseball last summer, a boy was struck on the back of his head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.—[Ex.

Sunday-school teacher—"It is now eighteen hundred and ninety-eight years since the birth of our Lord."

Small Chloe (feeling called upon to say something)—"Golly! How de time do fly!"—[Ex.

It was remarked the other day that in case of war with Spain, our "Maine" chances would be gone.

"I always wondered where all the Smiths came from, but I found out when I went to New York."

"How 's that?"

"I saw the sign up, Smith Manufacturing Co."—[Ex.

Republican—"McKinley's duty is to restore prosperity."

Democrat—"I am afraid his is too big a duty."

Friend, to farmer—"Does your son stand well at college?"

Farmer—"Well, I should say he did. The first time he came home he had a pin with '98 on it."—[Ex.

Pat tried to get into a crowded room where they were holding a Democratic rally, but the man at the door barred him out, saying, "There 's no room here." "Will yez plaze till me where it 's moved tu?" asked Pat, innocently. "It was here yesterday."

Elderly lady—"Conductor! Conductor! Stop the train, I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, madam, there 's a switch just this side of the next station."—[Ex.

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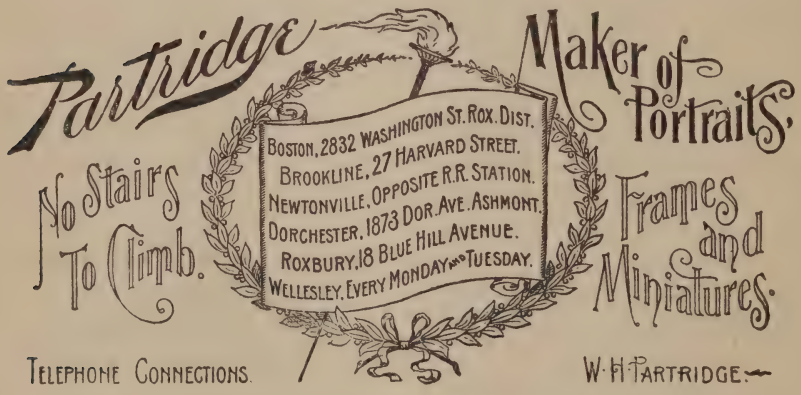

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 APRIL, 1898 NUMBER 7

THE MADONNA OF SANGIANI

THE morning sunlight poured over the high roof-tops and flattened itself against the fronts of the houses across the street. Few people were passing at so early an hour. A fat priest with his hands folded over his broad stomach trudged sleepily along in the shadow, and a short way behind came an unkempt woman carrying a basket on her head. Down the opposite pavement just bordering into light, Pasceola Sangiani hurried along with firm short steps. His quick brown eyes, glancing everywhere about him, absorbed greedily the crimson kerchief around the washerwoman's neck, and the clear blotch of shadow cast across the flags by the spire of San Martino. The soft morning air was very refreshing, and Pasceola threw back his head to enjoy it to the full, and the strip of paling blue sky overhead. Then he stopped with stiffened eyes and chin tilted upward. In a window three stories above him a woman's face was outlined against the half-open shutter, her elbow resting on the ledge. Pasceola in his shabby gray suit, down on the pavement, forgot the colors, the street, the people and the morning air —he was with the saints in heaven and his two eyes were looking at the mother of God! A ragged vender down the street trundled his cart along over the stones crying, "Aráncé! dolce aráncé." The woman, starting, glanced down and for a moment Pasceola looked up into her deep black eyes; then his own lowered and a glow spread through his brown cheeks. The people seemed to crowd about him; he raised his cap, made the sign of the cross over his breast, and hurried on.

At the corner of the street Pasceola turned and presently was fumbling at the handle of his little studio door.

Within it was quite cheerless to him, despite the light which illumined the clouded panes. He drew his easel out hurriedly and sat down at the fresh canvas, brush in hand. The rattle of wheels and passing footsteps outside dinned louder and louder, but they fell on deafened ears. Pasceola, bending over the growing picture with rapt eyes, forgot to listen. At last he threw his brush down and stepped back.

Long, long he gazed intently, till a little sob rose in his throat. Then he took the picture reverently and laid it behind the curtain and went out to his mid-day meal.

II

The next morning Pasceola came down the street again, looking upward all the way, as he approached the house where the face had been. Directly in front of it his heart commenced beating a little harder, for there it was at the window again, and this time its owner was staring down into the street where some little children with shrill, joyous cries played in the mud. She did not see Pasceola and he went on with a faint line between his brows. Yet all day he thought of the face he had seen at the window and the look he had read in her eyes.

"Sacra dea," he muttered over and over again to himself before the day was dead. "Is life worth the living, with so much of sadness in the world!" And that night Pasceola dreamed of the face and it remained with him when he awoke again in the morning. So the days rose and fell like the tide on the shore. Pasceola began to avoid the street and the more he did so the more he thought of it, and gradually zeal for his painting faded away.

One afternoon a fellow-artist came for him to go sketching out on the bay. "It's the best chance we shall have, Sangiani," he said, and Pasceola went reluctantly.

The keen salt air from the sea blew in, wrinkling the water as it came. Back toward land a purple haze hung over the city and the distant villas of Baiae.

While his friend sketched industriously Pasceola leaned over his untouched work and dreamed, with his head resting in his hand.

Once a fish leaped out of the water beside the boat, its curving body glistening in the sun. At the splash Pasceola moved impatiently. "Am I possessed?" he thought, and frowned at the somber needles across the bay. Then his eyes softened. The sky was pink where the sun had left, slowly descending into the sea. Pasceola glanced up and saw — his Madonna!

She sat in the stern of a pleasure-boat, leaning back among the cushions. There was a woman with her but Pasceola saw only one. As the boat drifted slowly by she raised her full black eyes and looked coldly at the two men, and away from them again to the horizon. Pasceola watched her out of sight.

"Sangiani, culpa mea," cried the friend, "did I bring a fool out here with me? Why do you stare so after the barge? Has the dark-haired woman bewitched you?"

Pasceola smiled faintly.

"It is time we went back to Naples, Ladini," he said and sighed.

After Pasceola Sangiani had stumbled up to his room, and while he sat on his bed staring into the cracked mirror before him without seeing his face, Ladini and another of his friends had a long talk concerning him over a fat bottle and a smoky lamp.

The result was made known in Sangiani's studio a few days after. There was to be no evading it, he looked pale and the country air of Tivoli would make a new being of him. Pasceola looked out of the window and answered nothing.

"You will go?" asked Ladini.

"Yes," answered Pasceola, and when the door was closed and their inquiring looks behind it, he flung on his hat and went out alone.

A feverish oppressive heat wavered over the whole city and almost choked him, but he scarcely knew it, and stared stupidly in wonder at a big goat which had fallen exhausted beside its cart, a long red tongue dripping from the poor beast's mouth.

When Pasceola came into the street something all over him began tingling strangely, He walked slowly along with eyes on the ground until he knew he was in front of the house. Then he looked up. Every shutter was closed tight and the plaster faces of the

quaint overlapping stories glared stolidly in the hot sun. Pasceola leaned against the doorpost wearily and wiped his face. He realized suddenly how hot and still the street was. A swarm of flies hummed about his head until he beat them off and went very slowly back down the street.

III

That summer, spent among the empty shrines and groves of Tivoli, was a dream to Pasceola Sangiani. Later, when it had gone and he tried to recall its scenes and pleasures, there was only one sight that would come back to him in distinctness—a little black-eyed girl driving her goats up the mountain side and smiling shyly when the stranger asked her to stop and sit for her "retratto."

The afternoons were still warm when Pasceola came back to Naples, leaving Ladini and Giácomo behind. "It is too hot yet," they had said, so Pasceola returned alone.

He paused now in front of the house, as he had done again and again before. Just over his head, where a little balcony railing ran across, the shutters and low window had been thrown wide open to let in the breeze. She was sitting there close beside it, leaning against the back of the chair, and in her arms lay a baby fast asleep. Its small fist resting on her arm twitched convulsively, and a tiny tear was slowly trickling down the puckered little face. The mother watched it with a wonderful light in her dark eyes. Then she lifted the little one to her and kissed the drop away, smiling down at the startled eyes that opened before her.

Suddenly, as the cool air blew in, she turned her head and saw Pasceola's brown eyes through the railing, looking up at her out of a strange white face. In an instant a deep blush sprang over her wan cheeks and with her free hand she caught the shutter and quickly drew it to, closing in the darkness.

Outside, the late sun had disappeared below the houses and the people along the street were breathing as men do who have risen from hard toil. No one noticed a gray figure hurrying by in the shadows and stumbling uncertainly up the narrow steps that led to the little studio door.

Once inside Pasceola sped a glance around the musty room where his few pieces of furniture lay gray beneath their three months' dust, then he sat down on a low stool in the very middle of the faded carpet, covered his face in his brown hands and cried with deep, panting sobs.

IV

A man had stopped a moment at the end of the stone walk, to look off at the sunset. The whole bay was deep-crusted in shimmering crimson light from the sky, and everything about the water's edge glowed as with flame. The reflection shone on the man's face and reddened his brown eyes.

"That is just what I want!" he said half-aloud, and then he glanced about him. Fisher-women, carrying great baskets of the shiny creatures, were passing noisily to and fro in their short skirts and clumsy shoes. A cheaply-dressed woman holding a child by the hand, stood very near him, gazing down into the water. The gleam of the little one's golden hair attracted his eyes. He paused as he was about to turn away, and looked at the mother. Her cheeks were hollow and red, and there was an unnatural expression in her dim black eyes. The man started and muttered something, then he turned quite pale and went on his way past the shops and through the Villa Reale to his little studio at the top of the narrow steps.

A warm fire, blazing on the hearth threw its shadows across the tapistry and heavy carved chairs. The man locked the door after him and then went straight to the corner, where he drew out from behind the faded curtain a picture covered with dirt. He brought it to the light and brushed the dust gently off. The big clock by the window ticked, ticked merrily as the minutes flew past. Someone knocked loudly on the door and called "Sangiani, have you forgotten what happens tonight? Come, or you will be too late!" The man inside bent down and laid the picture on the hot coals. Then he stood erect with tightly closed lips and watched the canvas curl and blacken. When it was quite gone he relieved the impatience outside.

"I am ready, Ladini," he said.

V. R. G., '98.

"SATELLITES"

'Twas when the crash of battle loud resounded through the land,
And every boy of '98 had gone with sword in hand,
That in the girls' gymnasium, seen through the open door,
Were nine and twenty maidens fair, a-scattered o'er the floor,
Their heads were nodding wildly, and their tongues were flying fast,
As many a bandage white was rolled, and many a sigh was cast.
The Adams are in evidence,—first "timid" Florence B.
Whose arguments come spicy, to the point, and frequently.
Hurrah for Captain Helen, with her ball and violin,
Whose maxim is, on every point, "I'd rather die than sin."
Another Adams does appear, whose sprightliness is great;
The perfume of Arabia will her presence indicate.
And then our little "Barber," demure to look upon,
But sharp in every foreign tongue way back to Xenophon;
Of all the wicked sinners Elise you cannot beat;
"Spontaneous combustion" has been termed her laughter sweet.
Among the group a "Dexter"ous lass, in bicycle at"tire;"
Who studies out her "Polly Con." while splashing thro' the mire.
Who is that blonde beside her, with the thoughtful, anxious eye?
'Tis Lilian; her cousin Fred she thinks of with a sigh.
In bold relief, an Indian girl—the laughing Beulah D.,
Who's famed throughout the T. B. B. for chocolate P-I-E.
Miss Sagamorey Dutton,—harmonious, is it not?
She gets "mixed up" once in a while, then blushes on the spot.
The dimpling Gracie Farquhar next skips round the busy throng,
With "alchemistic mysticism" sprinkled in her song.
"O vive le Roi, vice-prexy! and long live the King of France!"
The dwarf who, in her sketch book, draws old "Moses in the Manse."
And royal blood still shows itself in England's stately queen,—
Victoria with "boisterous" voice, although of gentle mien;
Miss Harriman "Society," next rustles into sight;
Be sure that, when you spell her name, you spell it Mar-gue-right!
Ah! little Effie Heywood! the proud winner of a prize!
Who writes the sweetest stories; there is genius in her eyes.

Miss H. R. Jones, a charming girl, a second Gibson she,
Who longs to add to all her arts the new photography.
Miss Larkin too, who can deny the neatness of her pen?
Her comps deserve the marks they bear when handed back again.
The pale, tall, thin Sabina, an athlete unsurpassed,
Who almost lost her life one day in swimming 'round too fast.
Here's calm, unruffled Hazel, the music-loving lass,
Whose English versions of "das deutsch" so oft upset the class.
Grace! dignity personified! O lustrous auburn hair!
O, H in Latin! H in Greek! and H's everywhere!
Who wishes a giraffe to see, gaze at the class's "Belle"
The "saint" who's always called a "brick" by those who know her well.
As for Miss McNamara, to her words I bid you hark,
If you have never had the luck of listening to a "shark."
Did you think "Plummie" was a grind? How little you do know!
"The sweetest bit of '98;" her friends have dubbed her so.
Miss Mary G. L. Quinlan next, who never missed a chance
To reel off Rhet'ric by the yard, with many a modest glance.
Then Marian, the girl who makes class meetings brisk and gay,
And she can sing with lark-like skill, and she can "vault" they say.
Then Patty, "rich" in branium, who fills the music-stool,
When e'er the other pianist absents herself from school.
Reliable Miss Sander K., with pensive brow and dark;
Her German's good, did not her voice suggest a — ? —
Ask Gertrude for her resumé on "Jeanne d' Arc's" life and fate.
She likes French — at a distance, from Room 10 to "Chambre" 8.
The dear "soul!" Madame Perrichon, a flow'r of rosy hue;
You mention "sixes" and you'll strike the number of her shoe.
And here's Miss "Mabel Orchestra," who knows each "hymnal" air;
She's like her instrument itself — she's upright, grand, and square.
And last of all is one of whom you've oft been "Towled" before,
She came from Salem — there she must have learned the "witches' lore."
These patriotic maidens, whom I've mentioned, each in place,
Had finished all their bandages, and packed them in a case,

Which off to Cuba then must go for all the sick and maimed,
To bind up wounds in Uncle Sam's illustrious cause sustained.
T'was just as if — the constellation in a war engaged —
While Vulcan, Saturn, Jupiter a worthy contest waged
'Gainst hostile planets, strove with zeal unchecked the female stars
To aid their heroes, working hard each Venus for her Mars.

AMONG THE HEREAFTERS.

FOR a long distance a wide canal stretched blue and unruffled between two deep yellow stone walls. Here and there another canal crossed it, or it widened into a huge square. At intervals along its banks vast structures of strange shape and material towered up, while once in a while carved doors marked "Not open Sunday" seemed to lead down into the ground. Over the water numerous persons were gliding along apparently without the slightest effort, and at one side of the canal a table rested evenly on the azure surface.

There were three beings seated about the table, each leisurely sipping some kind of beverage.

"I wish I could remember just who and what I was in the last world," exclaimed one of them, meditatively. "A few facts are fixed firm in my recollection, but beyond these I have no remembrance of my life before I came here to Mars. This is the clearest of those memories: I was a boy, small in stature, great in mischievous ability. My father had bought me a little tin hatchet and I was anxious to try its steel. One day when my sire was absent I commenced my surveying career. I surveyed the yard until I found a cherry tree with a bird's nest in it; and, as I was an enthusiastic egg collector, and as I thought there might be one in it and didn't want the little birds to hatch it — I wanted to use my own, you know — I commenced to cut down the tree. It was a very healthy, tough piece of wood, but at last my "fell" purpose was accomplished; the tree swayed and crashed to the ground. I was

doomed to disappointment though, for the nest was a last year's one — empty. When my father came home and beheld the sad disaster he said to me:

"My son, who cut down yon tree?"

"Father," I answered manfully, "I saw that the tree was rotten at heart and would soon die; so, as I wished to make myself useful, I cut some fire-wood for mother."

"The tree was not decayed," he answered, "but I would rather all my trees were cut down, than my son tell a falsehood." And he gave me a penny.

"I have occasional glimpses of a former life," continued another Martian. It seems that I was a gay, unprincipled cavalier in the court of some sovereign, for the following incident persists in my mind: Once I knew that my sovereign — a maiden lady, methinks — was going out for a stroll. It had been raining hard and the ground was muddy. I was dead broke; and racked my brains for some plan of winning her gracious majesty's good and substantial will. Suddenly I bethought me of an old mackintosh that hung unused in my wardrobe, and I fished it out. It was alive with moths; indeed the lining was almost utterly consumed by their ravages, but, na'theless, I put it on and, arrayed in the best laundered of my ruffs, went forth to meet the queen. Soon I found her and walked along with her, keeping a weather eye open on either side, until I saw a depression 'mid the cobble-stones where mud and water had congregated thick. By easy but steady shoving, I impelled her royal highness to the shores of the formidable mire, and carefully spread my moth molested mackintosh before her fairy feet encased in fine French shoes — which, by the way, needed sore the attention of the royal boot-black. Then, hoping that she didn't see the moth holes through which the mud was oozing fast, I looked up, smiled my sweetest smile — though 'sooth it rankled sore, for she was far from lovely — and gad! her gracious favor was well won." "As for me," went on the third Martian, "no one event of intense interest bides here," tapping his brain. But I will relate the little that I do remember, and then reveal to you an incident that has occurred here in Mars. Anon.

"I was a writer of books in the nether world. I was a clever fellow, a user of the most wonderful figures and phrases, a classic student, a lawyer, a philosopher, a sage. And this is exceeding remarkable, my friends, in that I was an ignorant play-actor who never had an education. You know, though, 'poets are not made—but borne,' which, annotated means 'writers of jingle are not made [to stop jingling (understood)] but are endured.' To the strange happening that I promised you—hearken! A mortal lately coming here to Mars, did bring a volume tucked tight 'neath his pinion and, imagine my surprise, gentles, the volume was mine own. In perusing, I gave short time to the body on't, for that amounted to little; but the notes! oh gentlemen, the notes! If ye crave noble 'uplifted' thoughts, deep sentiments, two-fold construction and 'far-fetched' meanings, hie ye to the notes."

"Are all your works noted?" inquired one of his comrades.

"Aye, noble sir; fortunate for my renown 'tis so, for though I lay claim to minor intellect, a Klondike of knowledge may be struck in the notes. I read, moreover, an introduction to my work that cleared to me things I never penned before. In 't, too, I found that many say t'was not myself that wrote my works, but e'en another. Now then do I rebel, fair Martians; avaunt such false imaginings; for all that is salt is not 'bacon.' Let's away. It coldens." Then the three arose without moving the feet at all, and whizzed away on the surface of the water, until they reached one of the large squares. Here they separated, the wood-cutter going directly home, the carpet-layer to a dance, and the most noted of all through one of the doors labelled "Not open Sunday." H. W. B., '98.

There was "a hot time" in the old school on April 1st. How many forgot that it was permissible on that day to fill the most innocent-looking bon-bons with treacherous red pepper, and to sustain the assertion that "there's daggers in men's smiles?"

SKETCHES

I

MISTRESS Peggy Parsons came skipping down the lane, daintily holding her frilled flounces from the mud and eyeing with pleasure the two small feet clad in her great-grandmother's pink slippers. The air was warm and bright. Peggy felt unusually happy. The birds sang, and she mocked them. A cow moved and she laughed. Now she hummed a song, and now she stopped to pull some gay colored leaf to decorate her hair. A big flapping sun-bonnet hung over her shoulder, and a mass of yellow hair framed her sweet bright face. Happy, happy Peggy!

A cow was coming down a path leading from the lane. The bushes crackled as she browsed on the dainty tips, and a little bell tinkled from her neck. Peggy didn't laugh. A cloud burst over her face. She screamed, she turned, she fled. In her haste Peggy Parsons left her dear great-grandmother's slippers floating down the stream. Oh, Peggy!

E. A. C., '98.

II

SHESTOS

"When I am a man I shall be a great man," he said, "I know there is power in me." People believed him. Sometimes he looked up into the stars when the mood was on him, and there he saw mighty things. Magnetic influences crept into his soul, filling it with exaltation; the charm, the inexplicable lifted him out of human clay and bore him up where he belonged. At Cambridge he carried off all the honors. "A fine chap that," said one of his friends, "but too high above the rest of us poor devils!"

So thought the world in general — that is, the ordinary clay part, the majority who have no souls. The world received the prodigy fresh from his Alma Mater with outstretched arms. "Here is the man we have waited for! It is now worth while to have lived," rang in his ears. Destiny interposed. Once a great philosopher raised the souls of men to lofty heights. His own had not strength to

resist temptation. Fate came to the prodigy in the form of a woman. She took his hand and pressed her lips to his brow. "I love you," she said, and he was lost. The wrong woman! Ah, what a pity!

* * * * * * * *

One night an old man fumbling to clasp a shutter glanced up at the stars. Somehow they glittered coldly and far, far away. After all man is but an atom. The old man pulled the shutter to.

V. R. G.; '98.

NEWS NOTES

"To be
Champions,
Or not to be.
That is the question."

At the last meeting of the Brookline Education Society, held in the Harvard Church Chapel, the subject for discussion was "The Responsibility of Parents in the Training of Children." The speakers were Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. Dr. Lyon, Miss Howell, Miss McSkimmon, Rev. Dr. Barbour and Dr. Williams. Before the discussion Mrs. John C. Packard played several selections upon the piano.

Mr. Tryon from St. Mark's School has been taking Miss Frost's, and, at times, Mr. Cole's place.

Did Mr. Sanford pass his vacation in Shelton, Conn.?

Miss Gerlach has been entertaining the senior class on Friday mornings with informal talks. Shall we never cease discovering new abilities in our French teacher? We assure her that should she ever decide to speak from the lecturer's platform, her houses would be far from small.

Dr. Lyon recently gave a very interesting talk before the school.

The speed at which the English classics are being perused by the seniors is something extraordinary. Pope's "Iliad" and the "Ancient Mariner" are devoured in an afternoon, with the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Roger de Coverly Papers" thrown in for dessert.

Both of the boys' secret societies have received and are wearing their new pins. The pin of the Pi Nu Phi Society was designed by a member of the class of '98.

We hoped at one time to issue THE SAGAMORE on the Friday before vacation; but we finally decided that the date was too significant.

Due to the fact that Mr. Bassett and Mrs. Norton unconsciously endeavored to perform different chemical experiments in the same bottle, strange "unsmelt of" odors pervaded the Assembly Hall on the afternoon of the third concert.

The lectures by Prof. William Davis on the "Relation of Man to the Earth," given in the C. F. Sprague lecture course, are being held in Shailer Hall, on successive Tuesday mornings at 8.30. These lectures are exceedingly interesting, and we surely ought to be grateful to Professor Davis for devoting to us even a small share of his precious time. The lectures will continue until April 26th, and the public is cordially invited to attend.

Certain members of our faculty have been especially favored of late with beautiful bouquets.

I. French A are about to take up Racine's famous tragedy, "Athalie," which was presented so successfully at Harvard this winter.

Frederick Driscoll and Frank Muldowney debated in the Hall, on the subject, "Resolved, that the time has come when Protection should be abolished."

Room 8 was the scene of great interest last week when the senior A's discussed "Les Souris" at length. Une demoiselle "avait tenu un très grand rat dans la main — mais c'etait un rat blanc." We know of a more remarkable case in Room 10. Une demoiselle a tenu, et tient à present, un très grand rat *sur la tête* — et ce n'est pas un rat blanc.

The third and fourth in the series of Young People's concerts were no less delightful that the two preceding ones. Selections from the works of Chopin and Schumann were rendered upon the piano or sung. The large number present at both concerts showed that the efforts of the Education Society's music committee have been appreciated; but we fear that many of the High School pupils have not taken advantage of this excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the best composers in the musical world, an opportunity that will be no longer offered, for the fourth concert was the last in the delightful series.

Adorned with owls, crescents, skulls and crossbones many of our scholars present a very wise and mysterious appearance.

We are most pleased to be able to announce that Miss Frost has so far recovered from her illness that she expects to be with us again at the commencement of next term.

During one of his lectures Professor Davis mentioned a "narrow belt in Greenland." The casual listener wonders at this insufficient protection, especially as the climate up there is not warm.

Robert D. Brewer has been elected II. class-editor.

The face of Ben. Lancy has for some time been gazing tranquilly on the boys in the lower corridor. He was honored by the Herald with a cut over the imposing legend "Secretary of the Boston Interscholastic Baseball Association."

The spring vacation extended from April 1st to the 11th. Another short respite will be given on the 19th.

Miss Hartwell joined one of the excursion parties which visited Washington during the Easter vacation. Another party was chaperoned by Miss McSkimmon, and included several of our pupils.

Miss Weir gave a tea to the High School instructors on March 24th.

Earl Robarts of '99 still holds the chess championship of the school.

Miss Frye spent her vacation at Plymouth. We wonder if she brought back Plymouth Rock garments for any of her fourth class youngsters.

The new song "Angel of Peace" is very appropriate and suits all but the jingoes.

Some of the High School people will take part in the Riverdale Casino Minstrel Show.

On the day when the March SAGAMORE was issued a mass meeting of the boys was held in the Lecture Room, in the interests of athletics. Sam. Lewis, Fritz Talbot and Herbert Foster addressed the fellows in behalf of the alumni, and protested against the indifference of the school to athletics, and the slackness of the players in the various sports as regards the rules and regulations. Special attention was directed against the much too prevalent practice of smoking, and the boys were told what time to go to bed. The purpose of the alumni was good, and we hope their efforts bore some manner of fruit.

One of the senior boys picked up a king of hearts on the street the other day. They say it was most appropriate.

Dicitur that Mr. Place "calls on" one of the senior class girls every day. Can this be true?

Two cripples have been seen lately hobbling about the building on crutches. They stick by each other pretty closely. "Birds of a feather, etc."

One of the "wits" of the school twisted the title "Burke on Conciliation" to "Burke Counselling a Nation."

"O tempora! O mores! In 'qua schola' vivimus?" Adulescentes seniores quinque cantum nuper "ceciderunt." Dominus Pacardus eos invenit, atque eorum nomina ad Dominum Sanfordum retulit. Post scholam ad Magistrum Sanfordum "instructo agmine" venerunt. Professi sunt sese Latinæ comparandæ causa remansisse. Quod, tamen, eum non permovit atque suum præmium acquum receperunt. "Et vos, Seniores!"

In the last issue of THE SAGAMORE we unintentionally omitted to express our heartiest congratulations to Philip Dunbar, B. H. S., '95, whose "Sic Itur ad Astra," that appeared in the Williams Monthly, was read to our senior class during an English period. We hope our graduates realize that not only are the alumni interested in the school, but that the school is interested in the alumni.

The German play that was proposed for the next public day had to be given up owing to the withdrawl of one of the "to be" participants.

Now we are beginning to realize the advantage of our ancient drill over the present system of swimming. Unless there are further mysterious explosions, the country will need "warriors bold" rather than "divers."

Notwithstanding a sign that appeared on the board in Room 10 recently,—"No Hall this morning!" search found our friend seated in Room 7 as "cool" as ever.

Owing to a severe cold Mr. Cole (no pun intended) was unable to be present on a recent Thursday morning, thus giving the entire school an unexpected study hour. We regret to say that several of the senior boys enjoyed it so much that on the following Thursday they were prompted to repeat the experiment with far less satisfactory results.

Time allowances have been taken away from all pupils who do not bring special requests from home.

Two of the pupils of first Greek have finished their college requirements, and have taken their preliminary examinations. The third member of the class still holds the fort — or should I simply say the "place" — in lonely majesty.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer gave a very interesting talk on Domestic Science at a Mother's Meeting held lately in the High School.

On St. Patrick's day many B. H. S. scholars wore verdant bits on dresses and coats. The emerald was not at all needed by most of its wearers, as it would be impossible for them to sail under false colors.

A new committee has been chosen to govern Room 10 during April. The members are Louise Frazer, Marian Richards, Fred Driscoll, Gardner Rogers and Tom Taylor.

The Debating Club held a meeting on March 30, in order to select representatives for the debate with Dedham. The fellows chosen were Floyd and Marvin '98, Brewer '99, and, as substitute, Williams '99. The joint debate with Dedham takes place on Friday evening, April 22, at eight o'clock, in the lower Town Hall. The question is, "Resolved, that Canada should be annexed to the United States." Tickets are only 15 cents, and every High School pupil should be present at the debate. A joint debate with Newton comes later, and will be mentioned in our next issue.

The senior class is busily preparing for its dance. Several class meetings have been held, the results of which are,— that "there shall be a dance," that "it shall take place, if possible, in the last part of May," and that "only frappé shall be served as refreshment." There are a few disappointed ones who deplore the omission of the salad, ice cream and cake; but the majority feels that it has voted sensibly in deciding to have no supper. We cannot help wondering, however, if the dance will be as well attended as usual by the juniors. The president of the class was empowered to appoint committees to attend to the manifold duties occasioned by the forthcoming dance. When THE SAGAMORE went to print, committees on decorating, music, refreshments, matrons, and invitations had been chosen. Since we have not yet heard of a wax committee, an order of dances committee, a patron committee, or a "spoon" committee, (N. B. they had no "spoon committee" last year), we know not how many more will have to lend a hand to bring about the crowning feature of the year — the Senior Reception.

THE SAGAMORE

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MAX G. ANDRES, '98, Advertising Manager
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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Harold W. Bynner, 50 Harvard Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance SINGLE COPIES — 15 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, J. Nelson Manning, 41 Clark Road, Brookline.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing the Advertising Manager, Max G. Andres, High School, Brookline.

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WHEN we vigorously protest against the passive attitude assumed by so many of the school in regard to THE SAGAMORE, we mention a matter that has been touched upon in this column before. All are very willing to read, enjoy, criticize and censure; but how many ever consider such a thing as improving their paper by means that lie in their own hands? Surely every one of our school readers often has some bit of interesting news which would not, in all probability, reach our columns except through him. Yet he will not take the trouble of ascending the extra flight of stairs that leads to THE SAGAMORE

box. Few realize how hard it is on one or two to bear the whole burden and responsibility of the "news notes." Please help us out in this particular. Leaving the "news notes," why do not those of the lower classes who, perhaps, deplore the fact that '98 monopolizes THE SAGAMORE, make an earnest endeavor to widen the scope of its articles by contributing something, it matters not how long, nor on what subject. "I have nothing that is suitable," you say. Let the Board decide that. We have heard it said by older persons that the contents of THE SAGAMORE have fallen into a certain sameness of style — a rut from which they rarely swerve, and that accordingly, our average articles seem somewhat "tame." Again we appeal to the school to lend a hand in turning us out of this rut. Do not judge what ought to be in THE SAGAMORE by what has been in it.

IF we may be pardoned for becoming more personal, and perhaps a little harsh, we address especially the class of '99. You must brace up, Juniors! Reflect that next year THE SAGAMORE should rest chiefly upon your shoulders. We have been several times advised that THE SAGAMORE should suspend publication in '98–'99. We do not at all concur with the sentiment expressed in this remark, which seems to us an insult to the Junior Class. Yet what caused the suggestion? The belief that '99 has done so little heretofore in making THE SAGAMORE, that, as a Senior class, it will not be equal to the burden of supporting it. What an unevitable reputation! But really, it ought to be considered a common disgrace by every one of you if THE SAGAMORE should, by any chance, be obliged to discontinue its existence, on account of your lack of interest and resulting inability, or even if you should have to surrender the reins of the paper's direction to a lower class. Remember then, '99, that you have only three more months to prepare for the decision of a "question of honor."

THE following are the subjects that have been announced for the Lincoln essays. The award of the gold medal, however is,

made with a view of three factors,—the essay, the English work for the year, and a special English examination.

1. The books that boys read.
2. Some odd corners of Boston.
3. A professional bargain hunter.
4. The tendency of the modern newspaper in the recent troubles with Spain.
5. The essentials and non-essentials of school life.
6. How shall we become good conversationalists.
7. The play impulse in grown-up children.
8. Why is America the country of the future?
9. What I would choose for my own memorial.
10. The people I want to help.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

Baseball is now in full swing. Three weeks of hard practice have brought results; the team shows marked improvement in fielding and batting, and the squad has been cut down to about twenty candidates. So far all the conditions have been favorable for a championship team, the elements have smiled upon us, the candidates have worked hard, we are financially sound, and are fortunate in the management. Fellows, take advantage of your opportunities; to win the championship means much harder work than that already put forth. Study and play ball, play ball and study. Sacrifice social engagements, sacrifice everything for studies and baseball. In other words, win the championship! I shall merely mention that all-important item of support by referring you to the editorial columns of the last number. The list of candidates: Kernan, Hall, Downs, Skilton, James, Horr, Foster, Burr, Wilcox, Perkins, W. Adams, J. Adams, Robarts, Dexter, Wead, Lancy, Driscoll, Fox, Dearborn and Cushing.

A partial schedule:—

PRACTICE GAMES		LEAGUE GAMES	
April 14	M. I. T., 1900	May 3	Hopkinson's School
April 20	Harvard 1901	May 7	Boston Latin
April 22	Roxbury Latin	May 13	English High
April 26	Harvard College	May 24	Somerville High
		May 31	Cambridge H. & L.

SWIMMING

The first series of aquatic sports under the auspices of the Brookline High School Swimming Association were held at the Bath House, Tuesday, March 28, at 3 P. M. The principal event was the team race between Brookline High and Waban School, Brookline easily winning. The events:—

One length of tank open, (80 ft.)—First heat, won by R. C. Batchelder, Waban; second heat, Dunn, Roxbury High; third heat and final, G. Evans, Waban; Fred Driscoll, 2d. Time—17 3-5s.

One length of tank, open to Brookline Grammar schools—Won by H. LeMoyne, Devotion school; Frank Philips, second. Time—18 4-5s.

Four lengths of tank, open—Won by R. McCormick, B. H. S.; P. Fox, B. H. S., second. Time—1m. 34s.

Diving competition, open to Brookline High—Won by G. R. Ainsworth; S. T. Strickland, second.

One length of tank, open to Brookline High—First heat won by S. T. Strickland; second heat, C. W. Lewis; third heat and final, won by Fred Driscoll; C. W. Lewis, second. Time—17 3-5s.

One length of tank, B. H. S., fourth class—Won by G. Osgood; H. Watson, second. Time—19s.

Two lengths of tank, open to B. H. S.—Won by P. Fox; C. W. Lewis, second. Time—40 3-4s.

Diving competition, open—Won by G. R. Ainsworth, B. H. S.; L. D. Somers, Noble & Greenough, second.

Diving competition, open to Brookline Grammar schools—Won by Benj. James, Devotion school; Walter Fetcher, second.

Special team race, Peirce Grammar school, vs. Lawrence school—Won by Pierce.

Team race, Brookline High, fourth class vs. Roxbury High—Won by Roxbury.

Team race, '00 vs. '01—Won by '00.

Team race, B. H. S. vs. Waban—Won by Brookline High.

BASKET BALL.

In the first inter-class game of the year, the class of 1901 defeated the class of '98 in a hot game, Monday forenoon, March 27.

CARROLL L. PERKINS,
Sporting Editor.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

JOHN T. FLOYD, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

IN the Kodac from Eauclaire, we notice that a movement for self-government is taking place in the High School. We, who have tried the experiment, are very much interested.

* *
*

WE feel obliged to inquire what addition to a school paper a column is, which contains remarks such as "Ask G—— about Fanny," "Where was Harry's wheel on Thursday?" and the like. We consider personals of this sort silly and unworthy of any school paper.

* *
*

THERE is an interesting article on "Military Training in High Schools" in the Herald from Holyoke, Mass.

* *
*

WE wish to call the attention of the pupils of the B. H. S. to the fact that we regularly receive the paper of the Hampton Institute. Perhaps some would like to learn more about the school to which we send our scholarship fund.

* *
*

AMONG the more serious articles in our Exchanges, is one on "The U. S. Navy" in the Panorama.

* *
*

"A BOY'S Trip to New York" is one of the interesting articles in The Radiator.

* *
*

THE best feature of the Record from Newburyport seems to be its numerous sketches. Nevertheless, why not introduce a few long stories?

"SMALL but energetic" is the term we would apply to the Racquet.

* *
*

"THE Light from the Bowl" is an excellent story in the Signal.

* *
*

WE welcome several new exchanges to our desk; among them The Philomath, The Oracle, and The Enterprise.

* *
*

A STORY worthy of mention is one in the Mercury, entitled "In Social Retirement."

* *
*

THERE is a lengthy editorial in the Argosy on "Self Government." Some of the seniors might be benefited by reading it.

* *
*

THE Milton Orange and Blue always impresses us as being, perhaps, the neatest exchange we receive. We like the way it scatters its items through the paper.

* *
*

WE await with interest the conclusion of the story, "The Frenchman's Tale" in the High School Record.

* *
*

THE Echo's March number is unusually good. We most heartily congratulate the editors on the success of their new venture, "Heard in the Library," which impressed even us outsiders with its cleverness.

* *
*

THE Concord High School Voice is always bright and interesting. Its abundance of short and varied articles is perhaps the cause.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

She sat on the steps at the evening tide
Enjoying the balmy air;
He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stair.—*Ex.*

On the river; He—"If I were not in a canoe I would kiss you."

She—"Take me ashore instantly, sir."—*Ex.*

"The Charge of the Light Brigade"—A Gas Bill.

"Who is the belle tonight?" said she,
As they stood on the ball room floor;
He looked around the room to see,
And she speaks to him no more.
—*Ex.*

Why is a schoolmaster like a boot-black? Because he polishes the understandings of the people.—*Ex.*

"How do they tell the age of a turkey?"

"By the teeth."

"A turkey hasn't teeth!"

"No; but I have.—*Ex.*

Senior to Freshman (sarcastically)—"Where is your brain?"

F. to S.—"I don't know where mine is; but yours is in your cheek."

BACTERIA.

A chamber-maid, in a house where there had been scarlet-fever, had often heard "germs" mentioned in connection with the invalid. One day, when the patient's room was being cleared out and fumigated the maid was given a bag of clothes to carry carefully down stairs. A few minutes after she had departed with her charge, she returned, her face very pale, and gasped,—"Oh, Mrs. Willoughby, I've dropped the bag of gems."

A doctor, who was lunching one day with Gracie's mother, said laughingly to the little girl,—"You want to look out for microbes in that soup!" Some time later, when the doctor was dining with her again, Gracie looked up and inquired innocently, "Are there any of your crobes in the soup this time?"

A Definition of a Hammock—A spoon-holder at Love's Feast.

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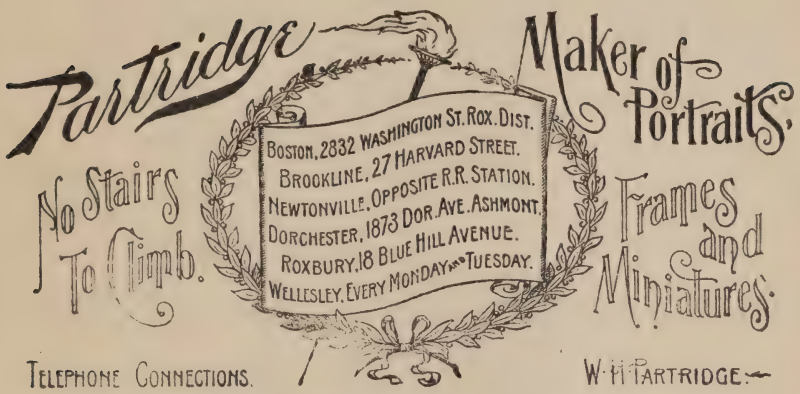

Class Photographer B. H. S., '98.

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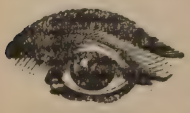

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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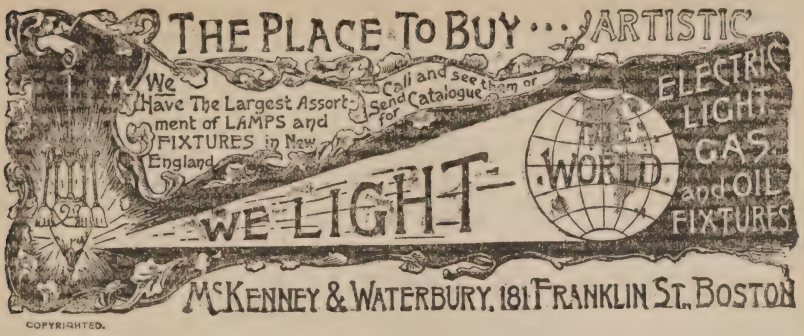
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VOLUME 4 NUMBER 8

MAY
1898

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 MAY, 1898 NUMBER 8

MISS ELIZA'S WILL

"I don't s'pose she'll last long, do you, Abig'il?" Miss Tavia bent her head to catch Miss Abigail's reply.

"No, I don't s'pose she will," said Miss Abigail, "but then you know, Tavy, thet you can't allers tell. There was Lish Stebbins, jest think how he lasted even after Doctor Nicols gave him up, and Eliza hes a wonderful constitution, you know thet, Tavy."

"Yes," Miss Tavia answered, "but everything now seems to point to the end. Seems as if the Lord hed managed things well, and was ready now ter hev Eliza an' take her home."

It was after her last words that the door of the room where they were sitting opened, and another woman joined them. She entered the room in a quick, decided manner and closed the door after her. She was tall and thin. There was a scrutinizing look in her eyes, and an air about her as if she could fight her own battles. People generally spoke of Hannah Abbott as a "clear-minded woman"; but she was not liked as well as her friends Abigail Hutchins, Tavia Tibbits and Eliza Huff. These four women had been together from childhood. Each now owned her own house and the farm accompanying it. Their homes, situated near one another, were the only houses within a radius of two miles, and the place was known as Huff's Corner.

Of the four it was stated that Eliza Huff had the most property. She had been an only child, and her father had been the owner of the woolen mills in the village. At one time Seth Ridland, a well-to-do farmer, had wanted to marry her; and sometimes Miss Abigail used to tell Miss Tavia that she thought Eliza was sorry she had refused him. Rumor whispered that he went often to Huff's

Corner even in these days and that since Eliza had bade him seek another, he had turned to Hannah Abbott. But no one could find the real truth of the report.

It was in the early summer that Miss Eliza had begun to fail in health. Although three of her neighbors devoted themselves to her, she much preferred Abigail Hutchins' care to that of the other two, especially of Hannah Abbott. The latter with her quick movements and sharp tongue rather annoyed her at times; but Miss Eliza kept the fact strictly to herself.

"Eliza wants to see us all," Miss Hannah announced, as she neared the others. "She says she feels a little stronger, and while she can talk she has a few words to say to us. I guess we'd better step into the bed-room."

Miss Eliza was bolstered up in bed, and there was an excited look on her face, as if she was prepared to undertake a great deal.

"Hannah said you wanted to see us all," Miss Abigail said to her, taking a seat by the half-open window, "but you mustn't talk much, fer I'm afraid you'll git too tired to sleep tonight."

"I guess not," said Miss Eliza, "but if the Lord 'ill give me the strength an' the words, I want to say somethin' ter you thet is *partic'lar.*"

They were impressed by her grave manner, and they noted with what a far away look she gazed at the flowers nodding in the garden. But at length she turned to them and broke the silence.

"You all know by this time," she began, "thet my time hes come. I'm as sure of it as I am thet the Lord appointed a time for my mother ter go. It's as plain ter me as though the Lord hed come ter me Himself an' said, 'Eliza Huff, air you ready? Your time hes come!' I've made up my mind to it, an' I've allers prepared myself ter go at this time o' the year, an' ten summers after mother. Before mother died she hed a kind of present'ment thet I sh'd go ten years after she did, an' I take it thet it was a message sent by the Lord, an' I'm ready an' waitin' fer the end. You've be'n my friends all these years, an' when I die I want ter be missed by you, But what I'm comin' to is *this.* You know I've got prope'ty, an' as your friend, I want ter feel thet when I'm

dead an' gone some of you will live to enjoy it. I've thought it all over, an' I've made my will. All I've got ter do now is ter put in the name of the one I leave it to, an' thet's the end of it."

She hesitated a moment.

"Well" she said presently, "there air three of yer — an' I never will divide a penny of the prope'ty. I mean it right, but I *never* could. It may be a strange idea of mine, but it's one o' the things I'm sot on. Father never believed in dividin' prope'ty an' I don't; 't wouldn't be satisfactory. So I've decided on ways an' means o' settlin' it. I shall leave it ter one o' you three, an' you can do as you want with it."

There was a short silence after this. Miss Eliza looked at each of them. Then she took up the thread of her subject again.

"Yes," she said, "I'm goin' ter leave it ter one o' you, but which one I don't know, fer I want ter do alike and fair. So this is how I'm goin' ter fix it. I've writ your names out separate on slips o' paper, an' I'm goin' ter git Minister Bradley ter draw one, not knowin' which he's a-takin'. The name he draws sh'll be the name in my will, an' accordin' there'ill the prope'ty go, ter be done with as she thinks fit, but fer myself I'd never divide it: 'twould go agin me. It's one o' the notions folks says I hev. Now, we'ill leave the rest 'til termorrer, an' git Minister Bradley, an' then — we'ill know."

She sank back at her last words, exhausted. Not one of them spoke. The ticking of the clock, the noise of the trees stirred by the breeze, and the crickets chirping, alone broke the silence.

Finally Miss Hannah and Miss Tavia said good night, and Miss Abigail was left alone with the patient. She smoothed and arranged the pillows, in a deft way, and said she was afraid Eliza had excited herself too much, but bade her try to sleep. Then she left her and went out to the kitchen which was within easy call.

The following morning Miss Tavia harnessed her horse and drove over to Minister Bradley's, telling him that Miss Eliza was very low and was anxious to see him at once. Minister Bradley accompanied her back to Miss Eliza's.

It was a beautiful, bright morning and Miss Abigail had opened the blinds of the end window in the sick room, admitting a flood of

sunshine. Miss Eliza was expectantly awaiting the arrival of the minister and Miss Tavia. They came at an early hour and gathered in Miss Eliza's room. Miss Eliza summoned all her strength to accomplish her desire.

"Good morning, Minister Bradley," she said. "I'm real glad Tavy could git you ter come." Then she told him her plan and what she had decided to do.

"Abig'il," she said, "jest go ter my bureau drawer an' in the yellow box you'ill find a key. Git it an' go an' unlock the long drawer in the desk. There you'ill find an envelope filled with papers, an' I want you ter bring it ter me."

Miss Abigail complied with her request, and soon the packet was in Miss Eliza's hands.

"There," she said, but with an evident effort, "there they be, the slips — an' my will. Abigil, I want you ter git the pen an' ink on the kitchen mantel shelf, so's all can be ready."

The minister looked at the faces of the four women before him, then he looked at the slips in Miss Eliza's hand. Even he was excited. "There they be," said Miss Eliza, weakly holding them up in her hand, "draw."

"It shall be as you desire, Miss Eliza," said Minister Bradley. There was a breathless silence in the room. Each waited expectantly for the climax.

Minister Bradley put out his hand and drew, then he gave the slip back to Miss Eliza without looking at it.

There was a pause, for Miss Eliza's eyesight was dim. "Hannah L. Abbott," she read at last. "Abigil, the pen an' paper now — an' open the will — there — " she feebly wrote out the full name; then the statement was signed by Minister Bradley and the others. Scarcely one of them spoke. Miss Eliza leaned back on her pillows, and they left her to regain quiet once more.

The day passed. Miss Eliza, for the most part, lay quietly asleep, being roused now and then by Miss Abigail, to take her medicine.

"She slept dre'dful quiet all day," said Miss Hannah to Miss Tavia as they were sitting in the little back kitchen next to Miss Eliza's

room. It was one of Miss Eliza's ideas not to have anyone in the room with her for any lengthof time. "She's slept dre'dful quiet; but I think she's goin' fast. I doubt ef she lasts much longer."

"Yes" said Miss Tavia, "She's goin' fast, I think myself, an' this mornin' was a tax."

"I s'pose so," Miss Hannah answered. "It does beat all how the idea of settlin' the property ever come into her head, don't it? I think I'll shet my house up this winter and come over here ter live. Eliza's house was allers warmer 'n winter than mine. I sh'll move the stove from her best room an' put it in the ell chamber, an' hev it fer mine, 'cause 'twill be handier. An', Tavy," she added, in a graver voice, "I b'lieve I'll marry Seth Ridland. He ain't as't me yet, but I'm certain he intends ter— *real certain.* He's a good honest man, an' we can live here real comfortable, after Eliza's dead an' gone. I b'lieve I'd be happier ef I was married. I sh'll fix the best room over different. I've a mind to cover the red sofy an' the chairs, an' I never could abide thet picter done in scrolls, thet Eliza's mother did afore she died. I sh'll take it down an'"— She got up then to fix the fire before she resumed her conversation.

There was a stir in the sick room, the door was ajar, but the two women did not hear another sound. It was Miss Eliza. She was sitting up in bed, and there was a strange look on her face.

"My goodness!" she gasped under her breath, "I've heard it all, every word she said, *every* word. When I'm dead an' gone she's comin' here—*here* to my old home where I've lived, an' ter what I love. She's comin' here ter change things, ter fix up — and ter marry Seth Ridland. I never wanted the best-room stove in the ell chamber. I never could rest easy in my grave knowin' 'twas there. An' the sofa an' them chairs. Father bought 'em nigh onto twenty years ago, an' I wouldn't hev 'em changed fer nothin'. An' the scroll picter, the one thet mother worked with her own dear hands, she'd take it down. Thet picter thet I prize so high. I b'live mother couldn't hev gone so easy, knowin' thet picter was goin' ter — ter strange han's. It mustn't come ter be — O, Lord! — what shall I do — what shall I do ter keep it? An' Seth — Seth an' me was good friends. I allers liked him and I did feel real sorry after

I told him to go. I didn't stop ter think much about it then ; but I've thought of it since — many a time. Hannah Abbott must not come here. I couldn't go quiet, an' know how my old home was goin' ter be changed after I'd gone. Oh Lord! I'm not ready ter go, not half ready. My conscience ain't easy knowin' as how things thet it's be'n my duty to care fer is ter be treated. It's my duty now ter prevent it — an' O Lord, let me, an' the only way I can, is ter *live*, ef the Lord'ill see fit. I *will*, I've got strength yet — an' I'll git well — with the Lord's help — I'll git well, an' ef Seth Ridland still wants me, I'll — I'll — "

She was weaker than she thought, for she fell back on the pillows. But her determination was fixed.

When Miss Abigail next went in to see her she found a great change in her. "Abig'il," Miss Eliza said to her, "I b'lieve I'm goin' ter git well after all, an' thet the Lord'ill see best ter let me live."

Before many days she was able to sit up, and asked to see Seth Ridland. He came at once on being sent for. He had not seen Miss Eliza for a long time and he expected the meeting to be an awkward one. But it was not, for Miss Eliza was composed and quiet.

"Glad to see you better, Eliza," he said to her when he came in, "an' settin' up." "Yes — I'm goin' ter git well," said Miss Eliza, "an' Seth — I've a few words ter say ter you. Awhile ago you wanted me, I didn't quite know my mind then. But I've thought it over — an', Seth, I do like you, an' if you still want me, I'm ready."

"Well," Seth Ridland answered gravely, "I do want you Eliza."

So they were married, and every one seemed pleased over the new state of affairs, even Miss Hannah. "I never did like Eliza's kitchen stove," she told Miss Tavia, "an' really I'm more us't an' happier in my own house — an' single." E. H., '98.

The date of the Senior dance has been definitely settled upon. It will occur on May 27th.

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

(After "Men of Harlech.")

Men of Brookline, o'er the ocean
Do ye hear like waves in motion,
Tramp on tramp in wild commotion,
Battle's distant sound?

'Tis the march of hostile nation,
Coming on with no cessation,
Though of high or humble station,
They shall yield their ground.

'Tis humanity that's calling,
And fair freedom's flag that's falling;
'Tis foul tyranny appalling,
Bids us rise and fight.

Men of Brookline, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Fight for Cuba, land so gory,
Cuba! Law! and Right!

——, '99.

In order to procure candidates for the Prize Speaking contest, it has been determined to set apart a day on which every member of the school so disposed can display his "rhetorical powers." Out of this number six boys and six girls are to be chosen for the final trial. This is a resurrection of the plan pursued in the old building and has been resorted to now because of the insufficient number of public days held this year. The second class is determined to "win or die," and you know, Seniors, or ought to, "unto what perseverance attaineth." So for the honor of '98 don't let the prize slip through your — tongues.

A SIX O'CLOCK TROLLEY

"RESERVOIR," I shouted as my car stopped in front of Park-street church. A crowd of people scrambled onto the platform, and, as soon as the car was full, I pulled the bell twice and we were off.

When we reached West street I began the wearisome task of collecting fares. I started at the farther end of the car and took the fares of several business men who were so intent on their newspapers that they could not see some ladies standing in front of them. A few seats from them was a small, shabby child holding a huge box filled, probably, with finery for some wealthy woman. She looked so cold and hungry, and her little feet were so wet with slush and mud, that I pitied her, and forgot to frown when she handed me five pennies.

Next to her sat a portly old woman, handsomely dressed, who handed me a five-dollar bill with the tips of her gloved fingers, while with the other hand she pulled her gown away from the muddy clothes of the child. I changed the bill and gave her back the five pennies which I had just received, for I felt a sort of spite against her snobbishness.

The next person was a young Harvard man, with a dress-suit-case tucked between his knees. He had a law-book in his hand, and I had to poke him and say, "Fare, please," before I could arouse him.

On the opposite side sat a man and a woman, evidently from the country, who gazed at the advertisements in the car and remarked in loud whispers, "Now, ain't that purty!" and, "Wouldn't Ruby like them things, though!" When I asked the man for his fare he wanted to know how much it cost to ride in "this here car," and upon being informed, he fished a large wallet out of a carpet-bag and gave me ten cents, saying to his wife, "Purty high ter pay fer what yer feet could do, but we'll make up fer it when we get back by sellin' a mite o' milk."

While he was talking, I passed on to the next person, an old gentleman in a fur overcoat, who was reading the war news.

Beside him sat a tired mother holding a baby, while a small boy of four knelt by her side, looking out at the lighted shop windows. When I came to them the boy turned around and, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his first trousers, said in accents loud: "Wait a minute, Mr. Man. Do you charge for the baby?" His mother smiled wearily as the little one piled tops, strings and balls on her lap trying to find the end of his pocket and ten cents. At last he handed it to me, saying, "Here's the money for mother and me."

When I had collected the remaining fares and returned to the back platform, I had to chase off several small boys who were clinging to the steps and thoroughly enjoying their free ride.

M. A. P., 1901.

SKETCHES

I

A LOVER OF FLOWERS

THE meadow was fairly alive with bright flowers and all the new green things of spring. The wild flowers lifted their faces to the sunshine, while a light breeze just stirred the rustling grass, and nodded the daisies' heads. Bees and butterflies flitted about with a drowsy hum and a flash of color.

Suddenly the tall grass parted far down the slope as a tiny white sunbonnet emerged from the weeds, and a little arm clutched at the tall grass, as the white sunbonnet made its way laboriously through the daisy field, trampling down the grass in a long, irregular path.

The little bonnet drew nearer and then I saw it belonged to the dearest baby face in the world! She stumbled along as best she could, talking busily to the flowers all the while, and only once lifting two great blue eyes from the posies in her hand,—a few drooping buttercups, which her fat little fist clutched tightly.

"Burra-tups—burra-tups," the baby lips were trying to say, and on she came, all red from the toilsome walk. Then she saw me and

stopping, caught her foot in a naughty weed, when over she tumbled, in a round, disconsolate little heap of apron and bonnet.

"Poor baby! All frightened and grieved!" I said as I stood her right side up once more, and adjusted the expressive sunbonnet over her curls, and kissed away the swelling tears.

"My burra-tups — for Mamma!" said the quivering lips reproachfully, and I looked about for the faded flowers. Then with delight she spied them, fallen among the weeds, and she grasped them tightly in both fists, as without a word she went trudging on in a hurry, murmuring softly to herself, "Dear burra-tups dat Mamma and me loves!"

—, '98.

II

A COUNTRY ATTIC

The Old Smith house was to be sold at auction, as the last of the Smiths had gone west; and all intending purchasers were requested to "examine the contents of the elegant mansion." Being, as all summer boarders are, full of curiosity I determined to explore the "elegant mansion," and, after having spent some time examining the lower stories, I went up to the attic. Such an attic! One one side, under a large window, was a portrait of Habbakuk Smith, who had emigrated to the land of the free some two hundred and fifty years before. Hanging on top of the window were several large ears of pop-corn, which the mice and squirrels had already been nibbling. At the right of the window the roof sloped down to the floor, concealing any amount of old blankets and other trash, while at the left was an old bedstead that Noah might have slept in. Next came chairs enough to seat a hundred people,— except that no one could sit in them, as not one had a whole seat. An old hornets' nest and four volumes of Congressional records, both moth eaten, next came into view; and I probably should have seen much more, had not the auctioneer come up just then and begun to hold forth on the merits of the chairs. Since I did not wish to purchase anything, I immediately left the mouldy old house and wandered back to the hotel.

C. L. C., 1900.

III

ONLY A JAR OF ROSES

It is only a jar of roses that stands on my table, but their delicate perfume, floating out into the room, seems to bring me a whiff of the summer, which I know June alone can bring. As I look at the dark crimson petals of the flowers, with here, and there, a spray of maiden-hair fern, scattered among them, and then out on the bare fields, over which the dead leaves are whirling scattered by the gusty March wind, I cannot help contrasting the beauty of the roses with the barren and dormant condition of nature. Yesterday they were in their prime. Not a green leaf had withered, not a petal had faded, to mar the beauty of a single blossom. Some of the buds had just opened, unfurling in profusion a mass of perfumed leaves, which filled the air of the room with a delicate fragrance. Today, though age has crept in, they are beautiful still. Beautiful in spite of the fact that the tips of some of the outer petals are withered, and slightly curled, or discolored. They are passing through that stage of life that a man is in when he finds his hair turning gray. Tomorrow they will wither, wilt, and die. But they will not have perished in vain. Just as each person who leaves this world, has in some way made it better, and more beautiful, my jar of roses has contributed, to its little world, its share of brightness, perfume and beauty.

E. W. M., 1900.

IV

"A LUCKY VENTURE"

The sky was almost as blue as the water and reflections of soft clouds rippled and waved on its heaving surface. There seemed to be two seas and two skies.

On the deep, a little bark now rose and dipped, now swayed to and fro, now sprang and plunged like a frisky courser sporting in the sea. Two words gleamed as if written with fire on the dingy wooden sides of the ship, "Buena Ventura." What name could have been in better accordance with the auspicious attitude of the elements. The lazy sailors sat about the decks, rubbed their hard hands contentedly, chewed their well-earned quids and felt no more

fear in the midst of that vast deep than babes in their mother's lap. Suddenly they jumped to their feet, and gazed eagerly at a speck far away toward the horizon—a speck that moved. They knew what the speck was and fear clutched at their hearts.

The little boat scudded ahead, seeming like a live thing, with every muscle, every tendon stretched to its utmost. But nearer, nearer came the swifter ship and lower, lower sank the hearts on board the "Buena Ventura."

A puff of white smoke issued from the pursuing vessel; but there was no splash in the blue sea. Then, as the brave little fugitive still raced desperately on, there was another puff, and this time, but a short distance ahead of the "Buena Ventura's" bow, a column of seething foam leaped high into the air like some white and dripping sea monster.

At last the chase was over and a tiny square of white cloth fluttered pathetically from the mast of the "Buena Ventura." Then, proud in her victory, the United States Gunboat "Nashville" steamed majestically up and captured her prize with its crew of twenty men.

The first shot in the great Spanish-American War had been fired.

H. W. B., '98.

ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS

Three times the watchful papers have seen the Spanish fleet,
Three nights their sweeping searchlights reflected o'er the deep:
Three times their boasted squadron has captured "la Paris;"
'Tis now to bombard Boston their ships have put to sea;
And still from sunny Cuba despatches come to hand,
Which say they've cut the cable, according to command.
One day Havana's taken, her forts in ruin laid,
The next, that's all a fable, the fleet's still at blockade.
The Oregon is captured! A Don's ship gets away!
The Oregon is safe now! She has been seen today!
A mutiny on board next, the Spanish fleet's delayed,
Which yesterday was coaling, and for a fight arrayed.
Of black and three-inch scareheads, we very soon will tire,
A "yellow" blaze they'll help to make in starting up the fire.

J. T. F., '98.

AN EXCITING CHASE

IT was the first heavy snow of the season and a group of boys had congregated on a street corner to enjoy the snow, no matter at whose expense. There were large boys and small boys, but all were apparently ready to jump on a pung at a moment's notice, or to fire a snow-ball at any mark, stationary or in motion.

Suddenly one exclaimed, "Oh, fellows! Look; see what I've hit." The speaker, in throwing at a lamp post on the opposite corner, had struck a large negro full in the face. The boy ran for his life; and the negro, as soon as he found that the ball had not killed him, followed with enormous strides. The other fellows straggled along at a safe distance, hoping, at least, to "see the finish" of their companion.

The boy ran down the street, around a corner; here the negro was baffled, because there were two alleys leading out of the street at this point. Now the boy knew that his house backed on one of these alleys, and in a dark closet in the attic he saw himself already safely hidden.

"Which way did that young rascal go?" inquired the colored man of the smith at the corner.

"Oh, down that one," said the man pointing to the wrong alley; The smith was a friend of Johnny's. Down the alley plunged the negro.

Johnny, in the meantime, had dashed into the basement kitchen, almost overturning, in his haste, the stout cook, who was approaching the door with some pudding to cool in the snow. But on he went, not stopping until he had reached the dark closet upstairs, where he lay hidden until supper time. Then feeling like a nocturnal beast he ventured out of his lair, attracted, no doubt, by certain distinct odors proceeding from roast goose and fritters. How wonderfully quiet Johnny sat at the table that night, expecting after every ring of the door bell to see a black giant pop in at the door.

But the man never came for his revenge; and as Johnny walked in the middle of the street for a week, "so's to be able t' run if th' coon show'd up," he never encountered the just retribution which he expected.

H. D., 1901.

NEWS NOTES

'Rah, 'rah!
'rah 'rah 'rah!
'rah 'rah 'rah 'rah!
B-R-O-O-K-L-I-N-E!

Come, boys! Wet your whistles!

"What's the matter with Manning?"

Sturgis Coffin, B. H. S. '93, Marshall Stearns, '95, and Rufus Wilbor, '99, have enlisted.

"Billie" Smith, B. H. S. '97, and Harvard 1901, is now singing in both his class and the Varsity Glee Club.

Why were there not more than four senior fellows at the baseball game with "Hoppy?" Come, boys, arouse a little enthusiasm!

The books received by the winners of the J. Murray Kay prizes have been collected at school and have had the Book Plates inserted in them.

We reported wrongly in our last issue that Miss Frost was coming back for the last term of this year. Her health will not permit her to return before September.

There may be some in the school who have not heard that May Lewis has been chosen Captain of the Smith 1901 Basket Ball Team, and Freda Sawyer Captain of the Sub-Varsity Team.

The doings of the last few weeks have called forth some sparks of patriotism among the senior girls in the form of red, white and blue bows. All ought to be wearing the "colors" in these exciting days.

During one of Room 10's study periods, Mr. Sanford made a "very beautiful and touching reference" to one of Tennyson's poems. We believe it had something to do with a "brook that runs on forever." Anyhow it appealed to all who heard it.

Quite a sensation was aroused among the girls the other day when it was announced that a young Frenchman was to be present at one of Miss Gerlach's classes. The unprepared girls trembled at first, but were immediately relieved upon hearing that the young man understood no English.

Shortly after Austin Parker's departure, the class received a short note from him. We were much surprised to learn that he had already participated in the capture of two prizes; for in his letter he said, "we took the Priscilla at Fall River" and "a tug at New York." This news inspired in many breasts a great desire to enlist.

At length a Century Dictionary has been placed in the High School Library.

Mrs. Norton is giving a course of lectures at the Boston Normal School of Cookery.

Mr. Bassett has left his composition work in the High School to coach Harvard delinquents.

The Brookline-Newton Joint Debate occurs at Newton, May 20, 1898. Support your school!

Norman Talcott '98, who left school a short time ago, has recently joined the Battery Reserve and is now stationed with his company at Fort Warren.

"Newton" has accepted a challenge from "Brookline" for a chess contest between the two schools, to be held in the near future. There will be five players on a side, and Mr. Wilson will probably select our representatives.

Rev. Mr. Nash, Rector of the church at Chestnut Hill, recently gave the Senior and Junior boys an exceedingly good and helpful talk on "team play." All who heard him were much impressed with what he said. Let us hear from him again, if possible.

The war-cry of the Senior Class seems to be "Hooray for Death." To the dismay of some of the more sensitively-organized girls these words have of late resounded frequently in Room 10 and the blackboards have borne them inscribed in "red and yellow." How young some people can be!

The present issue of THE SAGAMORE has been held back purposely, as the next number will be joined with the July number and will not appear until after the graduation exercises. We make our final appeal for manuscript contributions. Let our July issue be just as good as you and we can made it.

Several of the senior girls chanced the other day to be passing along the gravel walk of a neighboring estate, when one of them, stopping, exclaimed, "Just hear that beautiful bird." The others listened to the wonderful music growing nearer and nearer until it suddenly ceased just as a man behind them halted his wheelbarrow to pick up a spade.

The following may be of benefit to some of us, as it does no harm to see ourselves at least once in a while "as others see us." One of "our kindergarten" maids pointed out "her school" to an uncle. "I thought that was the High School," he observed. "Oh well," she answered, "there are a few other children upstairs and 'round; but—it's my school."

Two of the three senior exiles have atoned for past offences, and are now reinstated among the manifold privileges of Room 10.

Mr. Sanford has started his Third Greek Class on their journey through the Anabasis. Most of them think it is indeed an "anabasis."

The committee now in power in Room 10 consists of Marian Richards, Helen Adams, Fred Driscoll, Tom Taylor and Chandler Hovey.

Pupils of I. Coll. Eng., are now deep in the mire of their preparatory work. How many are mourning over the "finish" of Burke and the Iliad?

Henceforth, the senior girls instead of taking gymnastics, will attend informal talks on "The Home" given by Mrs. Norton, Miss Weir, Miss Marshall and others.

Judging from a paper written by a Fourth Class pupil on a comparison between "The Iliad" and "The Aneid," some of the First Class college students will have to look out for their laurels.

A new scheme has been devised on THE SAGAMORE Board. There is now a committee of four to decide upon "sketches," another to procure "jokes" and a third to take in charge the "news notes." Other contributions come before the whole Board.

Mlle. Gerlach has been entertaining the senior class Friday mornings with informal talks and readings. Shall we never cease discovering new abilities in our French teacher? We assure her that should she ever decide to speak from the lecturer's platform, she would have no difficulty in filling her houses.

Tom Taylor when elected this month for a fifth term on the Room 10 "committee," tendered his resignation. By an almost unanimous vote, however, the class refused to consider his return to private life, and accordingly, for another month at least he will occupy the pedestal of chairman and curb the unruly spirits of the "self-governed."

A group of girls (some of them "new girls" we hear) in extraordinarily strange costumes might have been seen, one night recently, dancing to the strains of a hurdy-gurdy. Mr. Bangs himself could hardly have invented more striking combinations than were here presented in the animated forms of his Satanic Majesty, Ophelia, The Heavenly Twins, King Richard and others of equal grandeur. Many from the school were present, and had a good time, notwithstanding remarks to the effect that "a party can't be very pleasant, with only 'make-believe boys'."

The afternoon class in gymnastics has been discontinued for the rest of the year.

A large United States flag, purchased by the Senior class, is soon to adorn Room 10.

From "4 to 6" on May 14, a reception to the Senior Class will be given in Room 8 by the Gamma Chapter of the Tau Beta Beta.

Expressions of wonder were very audible in Room 8 some time ago when Mademoiselle announced that she had "life-preservers" outside all of her windows at home. A bright scholar afterwards discovered that she meant to say "fire-escapes."

Recently one of the editors of THE SAGAMORE visited Mrs. Lindsay in Plymouth. The seniors will be interested to know that Mrs. Lindsay is enjoying her work as Principal of the Plymouth High School very much, and has not forgotten her old class in Bethany. She wished to be remembered to all her old pupils.

In the late Minstrel Show given by the Riverdale Casino there was a very artistic dance by Russell Stearns, Edwin Brush, Lowell Richardson, and Henry Skilton. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Brush, attired as young ladies, performed their parts with a great (?) deal of grace. May we not, in the future, see them perform with the Cadets?

Tuesday, May 3, was the last day of Prof. Davis' course of lectures on "The Relation of Man to the Earth." The school has listened to these geographical talks with much interest and profit and there is a general feeling of regret that they are over. At the last lecture Prof. Davis showed three geographical models illustrating the theory of rising and falling sea-floors. Prof. Davis has the rare power of telling an interesting topic in a more than interesting and delightful way. The boys who may later have the pleasure of studying under him are certainly to be envied.

The joint debate between Dedham and Brookline was a great success in every particular but one, namely, the other side "one" (won). The lower Town Hall was pretty well filled, quite a contingent from Dedham occupying one side of the room. All three of our boys did well; but Mr. Brewer bore off, on our side, the laurels of the evening. It seemed to us as if some of our arguments were a little more solid and practical than Dedham's; but we were easily vanquished in regard to delivery. All three of the Dedham fellows spoke unusually well, and their debates showed studied preparation. We acknowledge our defeat with good grace, and only desire another contest in the future when, perhaps, the scales may be turned.

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ON the morning of Wednesday, May 4, Mr. Sanford presented to the expectant school the noted Evangelist, Rev. B. Fay Mills. We had been informed that the address was to be a justification of the present war and were accordingly eagerly attentive. Mr. Mills characterized his speech as "words of cheer" and entering into a discussion of fighting in general he showed what vast progress we have already made in the amelioration of the conditions surrounding war and prophesied a comparatively speedy attainment of war's total abolition. He believes that this grand result will be brought about by a system of international arbitration and that the present war will give the world —

or at least the English-speaking world—a tremendous impetus on the road leading to this ideal end. He mentioned the probability of our converting Cuba into a "neutrality" like Switzerland or Belgium, lands to which all of the greater powers have pledged everlasting peace. To Spain, Mr. Mills applied a slight modification of the "golden rule,"—"We should do unto others as they ought to like to have us do unto them," and he commented on the real benefit that the war will probably bring to the poor old monarchy by reinstating it among the more civilized peoples of the earth.

If we may express a humble opinion, it seemed to us as if Mr. Mills argued that the war is justified by its probable results rather than by its causes. He did, indeed, class the development of the motives of war, beginning with primitive man and ending with us, as follows: 1st, love of fighting; 2d, greed of conquest; 3d, vengeance; 4th, self-defence; 5th, love of liberty; 6th, humane intervention; and called the last a nobler, more righteous justification of war than any the world has yet known, the motive of the present conflict. We agree with his arrangement; but ask our readers,—"Is this a war of humane intervention?" Is is not, rather, a war of vengeance? As the soldiers leave in the trains, what does the crowd shout, what do parents and friends repeat? Is it "Fight for the poor reconcentradoes?" Alas, no! Would that it were! As this nation enters upon war it takes for its battle-cry the disgraceful watchword of those unprincipled newspapers whose efforts have contributed so large a share toward bringing about the present situation. We do not declare, as did our ancestors, for "Liberty or Death;" but cry, judging where we should not, "Remember the Maine!"

That Mr. Mills' address was most stirring, patriotic and noble, however, we bear willing witness, notwithstanding our personal view of the question, and, indeed, the marked enthusiasm which he aroused among the pupils showed their hearty appreciation and approval.

Austin H. Parker, '98, has the "great good fortune," as our principal says, of participating in the present conflict; and is now

on board the Prairie doing patrol duty up and down our coast. His leave-taking aroused much enthusiasm among boys and girls alike. On the morning of the day when he left Boston, Austin came to school in his sailor costume, and made a farewell speech. He told about the Minnesota on which he had been for some time, and about the Prairie for which he was bound; then he passed through the aisles, shaking hands with each one in the room. The boys, at Mr. Sanford's suggestion, gave several ringing cheers, which the girls applauded, and as Austin went down stairs an answering cheer came from the direction of Room 7 which had waked up to what was going on. Amid the excitement and the tears that ensued, someone suggested that as many as could go, give Austin a good sendoff at the train. The idea was well received and it was decided in double-quick time that the boys, under Mr. Packard's care, and the girls, under Miss Frye's, should assemble at the Providence station and witness the departure from Boston of our share of the Naval Reserve. At 3.45, the depot clock witnessed a goodly number waiting with expectant faces. And they did wait; for it was found that the train left at 4.45 instead of at 4 as had been supposed. The spare time however, was profitably employed by most of the party. Some shopped, others visited picture galleries, while others went down to the Minnesota and greeted Parker as he left the old vessel. As the sailors entered the station by one of the side doors, our brisk cheering commenced, a cheering that was to be almost incessant for about twenty minutes. The B. H. S. boys yelled, the B. H. S. girls waved handkerchiefs and flags, and Austin smiled excitedly. There was a dense crowd on the platform, but by a series of wedges the fellows kept Austin pretty well in sight and in sound. At last the train glided slowly out of the station while the crowd gazed and cheered. Parker was on his way.

We call to the notice of the school committee the fact that our building sorely lacks a respectable flag. The present banner is disgracefully small. Literally and figuratively it looks shabby.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

BROOKLINE High defeated Frye's School in the first practice game of the season on the Playground, April 5.

April 14, M. I. T., 1900, defeated Brookline High at Brookline.

Roxbury Latin lost to Brookline High on the Playground, April 22, by a score of 16 to 5.

April 26, the Harvard College nine defeated Brookline High at Cambridge. Score, 7–0.

Brookline High won from Adams Academy at Quincy, April 30. Score 11–10.

The interscholastic season was opened at the South End Grounds, Tuesday, May 3, with a victory for Hopkinson over Brookline High, 7–4. The weather was unfit for clean baseball and took all the snap out of the contest. Stillman and Manning both pitched good ball, but Hoppy's support was better. The score :—

HOPKINSON.

	ab	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Clark c,	5	1	3	3	16	7	1
Parker m,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wood 2,	4	1	0	0	0	0	1
Ware 3,	5	0	0	0	1	1	1
Wright s,	2	1	0	0	1	0	1
Ladd 1,	4	0	1	1	7	1	0
Stillman p,	3	3	1	2	2	5	1
Cole l,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Emmes r,	4	0	1	1	0	1	0
Totals,	35	7	7	8	27	15	5

BROOKLINE HIGH.

	ab	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Wilcox 3,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Hall, l, l,	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Kernan c,	3	1	0	0	11	2	0
Downs m,	3	2	1	1	2	0	0
Horr r,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Skilton 2,	4	0	2	2	3	2	1
Foster l,	3	0	0	0	6	0	1
James s,	4	1	0	0	0	2	0
Manning p,	1	0	0	0	3	7	0
Robart l,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	29	4	3	3	27	13	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Hopkinson	2	0	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	—7
Brookline	0	0	0	1	0	2	1	0	0	—4

Two-base hit, Stillman. Stolen bases, Clark 4, Wood, Wright 2, Ladd, Stillman 2, Hall, Skilton. James. Base on balls, by Stillman, Wilcox, Downs, Horr, Manning; by Manning, Parker, Wood, Wright 2, Ladd, Stillman 2. Struck out, by Stillman, Wilcox 2, Hall 3, Kernan, Downs, Horr, Foster 3, Robart, James 3; by Manning, Parker 2, Wood, Ware 4, Ladd, Cole, Emmes. Double play, Stillman, Clark and Ladd. Passed balls, Kernan 4. Wild pitches, Stillman 2, Manning. Hit by pitched ball, by Stillman, Kernan, Manning, by Manning, Cole, Wright. Umpires, Weeden and Fallon. Time 2h 35m.

Willie.—"Timmy Jones went and hit me an awful crack with an apple."

Papa.—"On purpose?"

Willie.—"No, on the nose.—[Ex.

"What is space?" the teacher asked,
The pupil trembling said,—
"I cannot tell at present, sir;
But I have it in my head."—[Ex.

"That remains to be seen," said the boy when he spilt the ink on the table-cloth.—[Ex.

"His Lordship and His Ladyship"
Win courtesy and praise,
But "His Warship" is the title
Most respected now-a-days.—[Ex.

"Yes," said the head of the pin, "I suppose I am fairly successful. I am always on top and I never fail to carry my point."—[Ex.

Sympathizing Steward. — Lights bother ye, mum?

Very Sick Passenger.—N-no, I think it's my liver.—[Ex.

"What would be your notion of absent-mindedness?" asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was cross-examining. "Well," said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a leetle absent-minded."—Ex.

Doctor (just arrived at the scene of accident).—What on earth are you holding his nose for?

Pat (kneeling beside the victim).—So his breath won't leave his body, of course.—[Ex.

Tramp to officer.—"You know bread is the staff of life."

Officer to tramp.—"Yes, but that does not justify you in making life one continuous loaf."—[Ex.

A little fellow, who had his wits about him when the contribution plate was passed at church, administered a rebuke to his mother, who on the way home was finding fault with the sermon.

"Well, mother," he said innocently, "what could you expect for a cent?"—[Ex.

"I call that redundancy," remarked a tramp to his confrère, when he saw, over a tailor's shop, the sign, "Cleaning and dyeing."

A Harvard professor dining at the Parker House, ordered a bottle of hock saying: "Here, waiter, bring me a bottle of hock — hic, hæc, hoc." The waiter, who had been to college, smiled, but never stirred. "What are you standing there for?" exclaimed the professor; "didn't I order some hock?" "Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "You ordered it, but afterwards declined it."—[Ex.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

JOHN T. FLOYD, *Editor*

"Quod si ipsi haec neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."

Does the exchange editor of the Quill review his exchanges three or four months after they are received? In the April number he suggests that we add an exchange column to our paper. We remind him that we have had one since December.

* * *

An especially neat paper is the Mercury, and its lengthy exchange column is worthy of much praise. Interesting advice as to what a school paper should be like is contributed by the faculty to the current number.

* * *

Why not a poem or a story in the Tabula? Such additions would improve it very much.

* * *

One of the most pleasing features in the Journal from Pittsburg is the large number of news notes, which must make it very interesting to the members of the school.

* * *

"The Sword of a Gentleman" in the Signal for April, promises to be a most interesting story.

* * *

An exchange column would greatly improve the Recorder from Lynn.

We can all agree with the article on "Yellow Journalism" in the March De LaSalle.

* * *

Let the Premier lengthen its exchange column, and put something else in it beside a list of the exchanges.

* * *

The April issue of the Student's Pen contains a very good article on "Manual Training."

* * *

Why does the Panorama still mix its advertisements, exchanges and other articles? We have seen so many protests against this poor arrangement that we had thought nearly all the school papers had discontinued it.

* * *

We are sorry to have missed the previous numbers of the Lever which has just reached us once more. It is a well conducted paper.

* * *

The appearance of The Autocrat would be much improved if the editors would cut down the size of their pages and put the paper more in magazine form.

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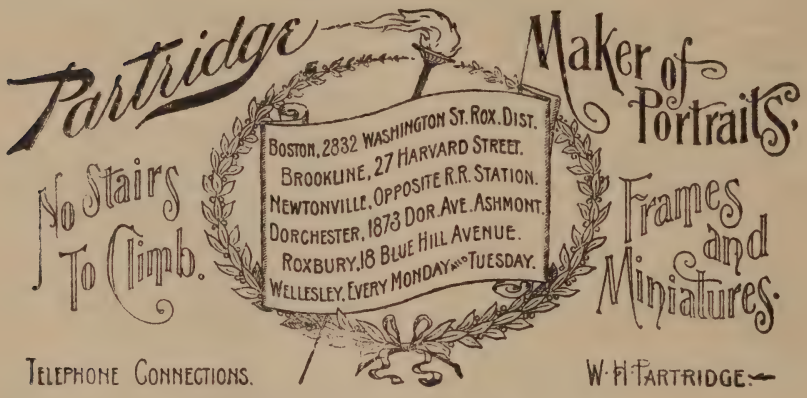

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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